

Devon Marsh – Two Poems

Moment of Silence

Have you ever heard
a moment of silence?
Of course not.
Someone always talks,
or a spoon drops
in the adjoining room.
A person shuffles
to his ticketed seat.
People place orders
at the concession counter.
But no one counts
concessions. No one
records who does
and does not observe
a moment of silence.
If you have failed
to participate and
spoiled an observance,
don't worry: you will
have another chance.

Each of us
will experience
a silence.

Motion

I move along a highway through
leveled hills where I grew up.
Tree limbs occupied
this very space, affording
my vantage point on the world
at a height that pushed
the horizon away. I could
see the future, except this
road. This is not the space
I knew. The point I recall
remains where sun and earth
left it, outside a frame
of reference like an ancestor

who captured a photo
of long-forgotten faces
bearing familiar expressions.
My well-remembered place
is not a point at all, pointless
to trace back to, even accounting
for the motion of the stars.

Devon Marsh graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1987 and served as a Navy pilot until 1994. He earned an MBA from Brenau University and taught high school at Riverside Military Academy. Since 1996 he has worked in banking. His first published piece of creative writing was a poem that appeared in the 2006 *Kakalak Anthology of Carolina Poets*. More recently, a short story received Honorable Mention in the 2012 Short Story America Prize competition, and a poem, *Science, Fiction*, appeared in the Winter 2012 edition of *Dark Matter: A Journal of Speculative Writing*. Devon lives with his wife and three children in North Carolina where he works on the small piece of land he and his wife own, watches lots of youth soccer games, and blogs occasionally at <http://devonmarsh.wordpress.com>. He enjoys cooking, outdoor activity, reading, and writing. To make it all possible, he still works at a bank.