

**KARL PLANK**

**Gravity**

When night calls for sounds  
to cease, the barred owl  
yet cries "Who cooks for you?"  
and somewhere a woman  
slippers through the dark  
to a kitchen where water drips  
a slow beat on the worn basin.  
She nooses the tap with string,  
a strand that drops to the drain,  
and waits for each bead  
to catch the thread and  
descend into a well of silence  
not even night can bring.