

**LAUREN CAMP**

**Hush—18**

Tell me why being there was always ending,  
Tell it four times or six.  
I'm back to the way the liquid ran out of the cup.

Back to the twang of a body, and its declaration.  
From this I learned that I believe in grief.

I'm not revealing the gaps, the familiar  
repeating strange without echoes,

but want to remember driving into the mountains  
when there was hardly snow.