

The Art of Disappearance

Today I sink into the stillness,
hidden in the timbered barn,
while dust turns slowly in beams of light
and the evening sun bleeds into the hay.

Tomorrow I'll hide in plain sight:
a limestone statue in a walled garden,
rain gathering in my folded hands
as footsteps fade between the shrubs.

I'll take shelter between the top shelves,
where dead poets' ink grows faint,
a smudged bookmark in a forgotten tale,
resting in the quiet space between pages.

You may find me in the theatre
long after the applause has died,
bare feet crossing the silent stage,
lost in a sweep of black velvet wings.

Or out in the misty meadow at dawn,
where sheep move like drifting smoke
through dewy grass and wildflowers,
before the world has fully woken.

In the abandoned glass house,
where ivy strangles the iron frames,
fern breath clouds the broken panes;
above me, the night air holds the stars.

At the edge of the unhurried river,
I'll lie on wood worn smooth by currents,
my legs hanging over the slate-dark water,
holding the reflection of the sky.

I'll sleep underneath the scarecrow
in the leaning gold of the rye;
the afternoon hums thick with crickets
as butterflies mistake me for warm stone.

I'll drift on the bottle-green lake,
a leaf twirling beneath the rain,
while cormorants bank against the shifting grey;
mist settles like a cloak against my skin.

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