

## Silence

Hearken to the sound of silence,  
the voice of the divine,  
in the ticking of the clock  
upon the darkened wall.

Oh, how great the silence  
of lying in one's warm bed  
while sounds of mother's cooking  
wraps peace, like comfort around.

And can the mind travel further  
then when silence finds us following  
the hum of a distant plane  
tracing trails across the sky?

Or when in deepening dusk,  
with rake resting in hand,  
reminiscing in the silence  
of the call of passing geese?

How wondrous cashmere silence  
accentuated by delicate sound  
to settle upon us like a whisper,  
lift us into revery's realm.

Diane Melby

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