

## **Silence Where?**

There is no silence here.

The hum and thrum of traffic

On the M1, the humdrum drumbeat

Of urban life. Strident sirens, squeals as planes decelerate.

Bass and descant constant.

There is no silence here.

The buzzes and peeps of invasive machinery

To predict, interrupt, advise –

So much noise and belligerence into lives

Unaware of its insistent intrusion.

There is no silence here.

The chirrs and whips and cheeps and chits,

Calls of birds whose colours, sizes vary,

Whose communications seep into spaces

Where Silence might sit in solitude.

There is no silence here.

The sibilant susurrations of soft conversation,

The chuckle of laughter, the emphatic ideas,

The turn of a page, the sigh of contentment,

Peace placing itself perceptively into the lap of sentient beings.

There is silence here.

Within the weathered wanderings of the mind.

Excluding the stuttering, rampant, tormenting fires outside,

Turning Time towards inclusion, to discover

In the velvet of our being Silence shining bright.