

Sweet Silence

*When all the world is quiet and all its voices stilled
T'is then, and only then, that hearts and souls are filled
With glories of sweet silence and unspoken sense of rhyme
Nuanced and refracted by broken shards of time*

*For mankind is mostly raucous, not heeding others' cries
Drowning out, by worldliness, the weeping and the sighs
That every living soul must share and is obliged to voice
To lay its bosom bare. Alas, there is no other choice!*

*But silence, silver silence, with accents, gold, of prayer
Grants sweet respite to an aching soul from all daily care
So husband carefully your time, its passage and its use
And save, at all expense, a time for voiceless muse*