

## Dick Haymes

### "The Sounds Of Silence"

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Hello darkness, my old friend. I've come to talk with  
you again.  
Because a vision softly creeping left its seeds while I  
was sleeping  
And the vision that was planted in my brain still  
remains within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone, narrow streets of  
cobblestone  
'neath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to  
the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon  
light  
That split the night and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw ten thousand people,  
maybe more.  
People talking without speaking, people hearing  
without listening.  
People writing songs that voices never shared, no one  
dared disturb the sound of silence.

"Fools," said I, "you do not know, silence like a cancer  
grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you, take my arms  
that I might reach you."  
But my words like silent raindrops fell and echoed in  
the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed to the neon god  
they made  
And the sign flashed out its warning in the words that  
it was forming.  
And the sign said "The words of the prophets are  
written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls and whispered in the sound of  
silence."

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