

## Sixty Stories

### "Silence Song"

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God (with a cry of fear).  
She climbs up the stairs with her glass of water,  
Kneels down and turns the bed lamp on.  
The singing silence, her soaking shirt sleeves;  
It's kind of disappo but kind of not.  
Because she doesn't know if she's with me or if she's  
alone.  
The pattern of the blinds  
That reveal the morning on her discontented face  
And echo the imperfections in the room  
Like there the moulding and the wall separate.  
Joanna (small cry of fear).  
I have never felt like this before.  
I mean, as flat as the bedroom floor.  
I will believe in the Silence someday.  
(Dear silence hangs here still and thin  
Like you last loving look cast backward on me,  
This one small person.)  
Joanna. Part of me is living but, a part of me is dying.  
Dear Silence, bring me a new life.

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