

A New Kind of Silence

by Judith B Miller

July 2013

From the path above, I witness no movement save the light breeze
that carries the stories of those who were once here
The clothes line now hangs empty except for the few wooden pins.
I stop, pause and look around
The garden once so lovingly cared for is unattended,
Weeds grow where once flowers blossomed in delight,
the spade stuck in the ground, did someone hurriedly take flight?

The bird feeders are gone; I listen and hear the silence of their song
The white rocker sits silently on the porch; inviting company.
The baskets of impatiens lining the stairs are absent.
One bedroom curtain is a little astray; perhaps I just dreamed they are away?

The bear, the deer, the fox, have they passed this way?
Have they too noticed the silence that blankets the little cabin?
Do they notice the way the majestic pines nod sadly?
The eagle lands high in the dead tree; and it too knows something is missing.

But the missing is good; it means something was there.
Years of family, and friends, conversation, laughter and tears,
card games and scrabble and crossword puzzles.
Had there not been that we would miss nothing
So the reverent silence tells us we have everything.
So let me pause here awhile in the new silence
and breathe in all that I know has been and is.