

## Silence

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Silence is an odd thing  
Because it is so many things.  
It can be maddening  
Or gladdening.  
There is a peaceful silence  
That comes after a frantic day  
Of hustling and bustling,  
Of rat-races and mad chases  
From here to there.  
It settles down over you like a warm, enveloping blanket,  
And soothes the mind  
With its mere tranquility.  
There is the silence of lovers  
When no words can express  
Their thoughts,  
Their dreams,  
When they are happy just to be with each other  
And need no talking to tell each other how they feel.  
This is so simply because they are in love.  
There is the silence of loneliness  
That creeps in when you aren't watching,  
That steals in because your mind has nothing to do.  
It beats at you, throbs in your brain.  
It gnaws at your nerves, and nibbles on your sanity,  
And makes you want to scream just to break the silence  
Because it is so loud.  
There is the sacred silence of God.  
It is holy.  
It is peace.  
It envelops your whole being with its sanctity  
And quiets your every shattered nerve.  
It comes when the day's tensions have robbed you of your tranquility,  
And it soothes the tired muscles of your overworked body.  
It is blessed.  
It is everlasting.  
This is silence.