

10 Silence

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Let my silence speak out
through these words.
Let it seep through these sounds
imperceptibly
as the air we breathe
permeates our blood.

Let the silence
grow as the words grow denser
thickets, bushes, thorny branches
standing in a windless evening;
silent
brooding darkly of day
passing shadow-like
into the dark.

The silence of deep deserted
eyes
and pitch black
tears.

The silence of moonlight
over the shanty towns.
The silence
inside a gun's mouth
when the bullet has flown.
The silence
of a child's twisted belly
and his old eyes.

Let my silence speak
as the eloquent silence
of lovers;
the silence of clouds passing
and black evening hills;
the silence of dew damply
falling over graves.
So the silence
can grow as the noise grows
about us of robots
and demagogic lights
that shriek out on the desolate highways
their neon screams.

So that the dark
can be discovered
So that the silenced
are not forgotten

Let my silence be loud.

Source: Horovitz, Michael (ed.) (1992) *Grandchildren of Albion: an illustrated anthology of voices and visions of younger poets in Britain*, Stroud: New Departures.