

## Silence

*Silent and alone I sit  
While moonlight bathes the shore.  
Watching the gentle ripples in the water  
Send bars of golden reflection flashing  
Across the surface of the lake.*

*All is quiet as I watch  
A deer emerge from out the underbrush.  
Restively he eyes the unfamiliar human  
shape upon the beach, then picks his  
Stately way to water's edge and drinks.*

*Again I am alone and still.  
The birds have settled down to sleep.  
Only a gentle rustle in the grass behind  
Betrays the passage of some furry  
Prowler making his nightly round.*

*Silent and alone I sit,  
Letting the silence edge into the corners of  
my mind.  
Quiet, like some deep penetrating cleanser  
Sifts down through the brain,  
And heart and soul.*

*Gently it works, and slowly,  
Leaving a clear and pure refreshment in its  
wake,  
Eating away the dust and grime of city  
streets,  
Washing the stains of idle, senseless gossip,  
Stilling the rattle of a noisy, rushing world.*

*Silent and alone I rise.  
Freely I turn to face the coming day.  
There are no terrors in the roar and tumult  
Of the man-made world.  
For I have been cleansed by silence.*

**From *Call It Love* by Henry Heald, Ottawa, ON.**