

## Quiet

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This time of day it is quiet. I have written too much about noise and quiet, in the house, in the evening, while I meditate, in the Sinai with the black sky and the endless stars.

I have seen quiet as the quiet still voice,  
The storm goes by and leaves raindrops  
The fire goes by and leaves smoke  
But the still quiet voice shouts silence  
In the silence who can be heard.

Words have power,  
words strike,  
Cut through flesh to the heart  
Through the ears to the brain's synapses  
touching points, connections

as the blood is spilt on the earth  
and cries out from the ground  
spilt by words of power  
kill, kill, kill ...

The autumn cool is here now,  
The flowers are blooming polychrome  
Warmth at mid-day and cool at night

The heart's furnace burns redhot

stoked by words

that connect, synapse, from brain to hand

Unconsidered, immediate,

control lost in fury

control lost in amok

sound blasts the eardrums till they split, resonate

and the quiet is not heard.

Quiet not absence of sound

quiet in self, in being.