

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Out of Silence

by Steve Brown

We look for signs as the secret approaches:
the withered roses, owls brooding on
strange places. As the spider, we live along
fine lines, collecting the silvered droplets
as we may, barely alert to each
new tremor, the distant drumroll
of the horse's hooves, that pale rider,
far, hardly discerned, but coming furiously
to meet us, to unravel all our swaying web.
He hardly means to: it's not personal, but blind.

Out of the scarcely punctured silence,
this much we know – our flimsy battlements
are facing the wrong way; the clouds we read in
are just tattered rags; all our silver runs
to tepid water, pools blankly – then, away.