

# Bourne toWrite...

creative writing  
workshops

## Silence

by Melody Bertucci

Silence the absence of sound, the abstinence of speech, the muted stillness. And yet, within silence there is so much more than only black and white, there is a library full of colours that speak louder than any deafening sound. Within the colours of silence there is mystery, meaning, longing, lust, hurt, healing, pondering, learning, growing, wisdom and depth.

One might ask oneself; “Why is silence so worthy of suspicion?” And well, is it? Why is a pensive phase of silence any more suspicious than a never-ending exchange of words filled with lies and manipulation?

Or is it perhaps that one may have looked upon silence suspiciously due to their own personal heavy conscious, leading them to project one’s insecurities and therefore making them find suspicion in everyone and everything?

For instance, is a person of a few words whose content to live in their own silence worthy of a suspicious title? Or rather, is that a knowledgeable and astute person that with the passing of time has instead used their senses; sight and hearing, to observe, take in and study to then converse only a few rare but wise and meaningful words, a person to admire and take note from?

Perhaps we look at silence in the wrong light when really, we should respect it and protect it, just like a fragile soul needs tending and care. Silence shouldn’t be painted only with suspicion, it should be explored and practiced more.

For when one does, one will hear all those things they've muted, like the choir of birds, the rustling of the leaves, the rain tapping on windows, the whispers of the wind, the deflating and inflating of lungs, life.

If we only stopped and listened, we would see that there is so much to be learnt from silence.