

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Why is silence so worthy of suspicion?

by Janie Reynolds

All that is beheld,
and all that can be known,
where no external thing is there,
to stuff the silence
and fill the space,
like birdsong,
as it rides the air,
or the wind
as it blows,
or a child
as she cries,
are the deepest of our dreams,
rebellious recollections,
colouring the blackness
and padding it with fears.

The longer is the silence
outside the world of form,
the more we gasp in disbelief,
yet spellbound,
at what lies beyond
this world's illusion.

Silence,
is but emptiness,

but silent,
and still.
It is only what it does not say.
Is nothing but the words,
no thing,
and never,
not to be.

It is the lack of outside sound,
of any art external,
painted by another's brush,
a story told by strangers.

Suspense lies
not in Hitchcock films,
nor in the darkened alleys
in the midst of night.
But in our own imaginings,
mustered up from memories,
and fuelled by fear,
where we find that we are
horrified
by ourselves.