

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

September 26
by Sue Hitchcock

Silence

Waiting

A few birds twitter

But no bees hum around the ivy flowers
No dogs bark, no squirrels fight
No caws or seagulls mewing
No wind.

Tousled seedheads of dandelion and thistle
Wait, bemused, for the wind.
Grey tassels of seed hang heavy on nettles
and plantains thrust spikes like brown sparklers, yet to come.

Underground fungal threads are quivering in expectation of rain, of
Autumn.

It isn't death,
At least not for them.
But what have we to hope for?
We've all had friends die,
These two years past.
Let go, relax, wait and see.
Let it play out,
We may not win,
But let the rest survive.

