

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Silence

by Fran Duffield

Silence, I discover, is something
solid as the atmosphere before thunder,
something you can actually
hear, taste, feel, bitter and cold

Silence as the machine stops,
the screen stops, the waving
and smiling freezes, back
to black, spirits in thin ether
dissolved like breath
in frost-clawed air

Silence is golden, after all,
a valuable commodity,
of which you can have too much,
a surfeit of ringing nothingness
empty of voices, full of longing,
broken only by sharp-beaked birds
bragging of their freedom

