

Silences

by Fran Duffield

Silence isn't

always empty, is it:

your silences spill down the walls

now, as I wait

for you to speak again, you

who always bore down, force feeding

your words

are silent now, no blaring reasons

why you are right, no

more excuses,

only halting syllables, unfamiliar drops of apology

and my anger freezes

in the empty air

into a hard frost

of silence