

“Silence on the Winds”

There’s a silence on the winds
The echoes feel more hollow
Less resonant and more distant than thought possible

The silence is deafening
There’s a call, a yell, a scream, a plead for a response
What used to be gentle notes are now dull space

Searching for something to keep it close
Something to prevent it from ever escaping fully
Something that can fill the space
Something that will feel right
Something no longer lost but found

There are moments when the silence is not noticeable
There is a subtle peace in those moments
Peace in the absence of full conscious understanding that the silence is there
That the silence will now, until the final grain of sand settles unmoving forevermore, be ever
hanging on the winds

It is lonely
The rustling and reassurance of the wind’s notes are lost
Oh the things that they said and brought forth into this maddening place
Constant, always within arms reach
A call then a response
No more, forevermore
It is lonely

Were they taken for granted?
Were these sweet and powerful, resonant and impactful notes greedily taken without true thought
of the time when the silence would hang on the wind?
Could they ever had prepared for what was to come?

There’s a yearning for a quick refrain or trill to disrupt the silence
A yearning so deep and profound that to stare into it, brings fear of falling in

There’s a silence on the winds where there was once a syncopating song
A song missed and beloved more than could be written for many years to come

For now, there is just the silence
For now, there is uncertainty and trepidation at the quiet world
Eerily, haunting the moments of this chaotic world
If there is luck to be had and refrains remembers
There will eventually be new notes to pick up where the silence began

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