

Thanking the Sweet Silence

An exquisite calm has set in
after weeks of chaos in my being.
That thunder, formerly so rockingly loud,
is now a muted murmuring in the distance.

My new peace is no more explainable
than the prior violence of vibrations
that was ripping my heart out by the roots
and leaving me to decay by a careless roadside.

Would that there were someone to thank,
even myself, if I somehow caused my own release
from those taut janglings and knifelike fear
into a timely if startling serenity.

The planets and stars are so hushed, so calm
that there seems little reason
for any iota of human stress and strain.
To emulate our silent orblike brothers

would seem enough to find peace of soul and mind.
But every orb has earthquakes, storms, and seething fires.
Its quiet, beaming benevolence through clear skies
may be a billion cataclysms deep.

Thank you, silence, from the depth
of my tumult as well as the pinnacle of my euphoria,
and may you permeate my porous existence
with a tempered bliss from deeper down than death.