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The Silent One

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The Silent Ones

Silence.

A golden gift never received,
And one that he desperately craves.
Their words echo all around as the
Chaotic jumble runs through his mind.
Unable to shut them out, he chooses
To withdraw into himself and try to
Puzzle out the encrypted meanings.
The words still come,
in an increasing
Flow that he can never hope to keep up with.
Growing desperate,
He tries every which way to escape
The mockings, the insults,
The accusations and the useless advice.
Twisting and struggling within himself and without,
He is powerless to escape the maze they have woven.
Silence.

Denied to him at every turn,
His desperation increasing,
The pace becomes more and more frantic.
The words come at him faster and faster ---
"What are you...How can you...Who do you...Why did you..."
The smothering intensity of his pain and confusion
Reaches his capacity to contain,
And beyond.

Explosion.
Those encircling him stand shocked by the light,
And scramble at the end in trying to evade the blast.
When the debris settles,
Fingers are pointed,
The knowledge of society's wise is shared ---
"Drugs...Born evil...Wrong crowd...Mentally unstable..."
All have opinions, none have the truth ---
In a world of the cruel, the crazy,
The foolish and the self-righteous,

God help those who are truly sane.
Silence.
the golden gift now rewarded,
Words cannot reach him,
Hard as they try.
The wings they tried to clip
Unfold as he soars a new world.
Open and quiet.
Peace.

---Mike Gifford