

The Silence

At the bridge two gentlemen wearing black frock coats and top hats are walking towards me. They are talking together quietly.

The river is silent, but only to ears that can hear silence. The current flows in constant, repetitious, rhythmical pulses. The water splashes and gurgles. Silence is the space between each lapping wave, the pause between each ripple. It is the undefined and, hence, the unnoticed.

There are times when you cease to be at peace with the eternal silence. You expect an answer, a voice, something to fill the vacuum, the void which punctuates all existence. You fill the silence with noise and chatter, with music and hymns, anything to relieve you from the tedious silence. Odious silence. Only the mystic understands that silence, too, has a voice.

The two gentlemen pass by me. And suddenly the voiceless becomes a scream, a long, moanful wail. I look down into the water. The moon pierces the clouds and takes the river for its bed. The cry echoes in my ears. The gentlemen understand. You, too, must learn what they already know, what I myself have taken a lifetime to fathom.