

# Beneath the Silence

It is not the fact that my mind  
Won't ever shut up that bothers me.  
It the deafening silence beneath the noise

Under your words

Beneath my heartbeat  
Below the music  
If my mind didn't ramble  
On and on and on  
I might have to throw myself  
at your feet and beg  
for mercy  
For noise

For a reprimand

and respite from the  
Silent purgatory

For as my heart beats  
Pumping necessary  
Fluids  
Gases  
Nutrients

So loudly the pulse  
Is a steel drum inside my ears  
Dancing on the silence  
In truth it *is* silent  
It no longer

cries

yearns

sings

For you  
for the world  
for myself

Because I've  
Seen too much  
Heard too little  
The lament of another soul  
Praising my existence  
Since you've gone so that now the

Metronomic

Incessant

Comforting

Tick tock tick tocking  
Of the clock is perceived in  
*After* instead of *time*

And still beneath the noise  
My heart  
The World

Your heart

Is Silent.

*Claire Henderson*