

## silent

By Jaimin Luke Symonds Patel

can you hear it? in the trees? few they are i grant, but can you?

i go on walks, through the roads

and past the dotted green, those trees. i know it is just the wind, but i cannot help it,  
but take those rustles to be whispers. trees with no mouths yet voices possess. the wisps they  
utter do not utter themselves away.

hear, the cars pass and cut through those voiceless words. they bombard themselves through  
the leaves yet so smooth they go, waves brushing upon the shore with their rubber.  
even the trees they bend and dance in the voice they do not command yet the cars buses  
trains they go and buzz straight to where not darting.

but no match are these things for they that inhabit the walk. they glide through tweeting  
without halting the backdrop that drones on through it all never failing. the bustle of people  
stalking the same roads and parading their business busy as they are. never stopping never  
halting these things that never pause but see as i see it they are not shouting at all in all this  
noise is not a single assault nor drop of blood.

the invasion comes later. the pain comes later.

when the walks end and the world closes.

when the front door shuts and the windows steal.

that air. the voiceless whispers.

gone by none that you can see.

the real noise is in here.

can you hear it?

because i can.

and it is deafening.