**A Bountiful Silence**

John Muro

It is the in-between hour when

daylight slowly turns to lose.

itself in the embrace of evening,

and I’ve come in search of the

stillness that lingers between

the swell and hushed exodus

of the tides; those rare, fugitive

moments soon after discourse

is diffused and beaches itself

and time grows slack and one

must work harder to hear the

breath of an elusive earth exhaling

in the rasp of brittle, ice-crusted

reeds, the amplified rocking

of the wind in search of freight,

and the faint wails of white-

winged gulls, then gazing back

at the illuminated squares of

cottage windows where short-

sighted day has hurried to warm

itself, nodding drowsily by fire-

light, having left such endearments

to those of us who willingly

welcome the gradual lilt of loss

and the louder expanse of silence.