

## Silence

by Mark Jantz

My life is full of noise,  
Partitioned by pockets of silence.  
Emptiness heavy with significance.

A mossy forest glade.  
A bobber floating on a still pond.  
The last page of good book.

Conscience in the heat of passion.  
A lost chance to comfort.  
A terrible announcement.

An empty chair.  
Unanswered letters.  
The response to, "Where's your dad?"


A wordless prayer.  
A small still voice.  
Sorrowful peace.

I have the right to silence,  
To seek the wisdom in it.  
But it is empty.

Dear Resentencing Review Board,

I am respectfully submitting the above poem for your consideration. My hope is that others who have had similar experiences can find something from it.

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Thank you  
  
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