

## GENTLE SILENCE

Shriveled into a nut,  
“Why are we made this way?”  
A gentle hand of no answer  
gave the question new material  
and more enclosures to explore.

The wind blows the heart apart  
with, “You were not made this way.”  
I’m fifty miles from the nearest human  
by wind chime time. “Remember the voice.”  
I do. “You didn’t realize that anything  
is what you could have been, that’s how  
you are always made. The shriveling you did.”

I didn’t believe the voice. “It’s not belief;  
it’s trust in the universe that you are  
that brought the being you call made  
into existence that you name “echo”  
when the gentle silence gives nothing  
other than what you never could look for.”