

THE SILENCE WHERE SOUND IS STORED

I wonder where all lovely sounds may go
When they are spoken, sung or breathed in air
And lingering briefly, fade and go somewhere;
Words of love or wisdom — the whispering low
Of leaves conferring high where breezes blow
Or bird-spun symphonies that all may share,
The stars of dawn, singing an ancient prayer—
All eloquence that beauty may bestow.

Such sounds could not be wasted; they must be
In some charmed place where silence is the key
And listening can unlock that golden door
So one may hear a long-loved tone once more:
And those in night's lone darkness may rejoice
To hear the comfort of "the still small voice."