Silences
by
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The silences are eloquent.
The few voices eloquent, too, but pained.
Listen to both.
Let down the barriers between you and these needy.
Nothing need stand in the way of our sharing their lives.
Unless we fear sharing theirs.
But listen,
Some speak
Some verbalize without conventional meaning
Some say nothing and only from their eyes can we know
they know us for friends.
Some not even that.
Listen to the sounds and the silences.

A man whose every articulation
is a fierce struggle with erratic synapses
Tells an audience of the elite
That all people are of value
And moves the elite to tears.
He tells them that to understand they must abandon their distancing and know his world;
Listen and see.
They vow to try and hope they can.

Can you?
Can you forget who you are
And, undefended, let their message reach you?
Will responsive chords in you make harmonies with their notes and rests?
Or not.
Begin by listening.