

Inside Silence

by Marjorie Skelly

A cave where each step down
brings you closer to it, illuminated darkness.
Even writing a poem is an affront.
Take away a sharpened habit like a pencil
or the invitation of lined paper.

More steps down, imagery slips into daylight.
The last few steps erase time and the currency of words.
Soon, the darkest black cannot be translated, a language
more foreign than the few humble words that formed
on the tongues of our ancestors before they were released from dry lips.

Stilled, no verses. More precious than stars
this gathering of nothingness, this fearless comforting void,
more noiseless than an unspoken thought preceding a whisper.
Deeper still, the steps end, an entrance begins,
The ending of all simile.

This poem will disappear
into wind and human effort
but once inside silence,
nothing else matters.