

A silence lives here.

A tyrant of un-creaking homes abandoned in their age and finding new youth in the growing of grass blades
a renovation
entirely unheard

the trees have stopped speaking for fear of the north wind's attention
and who with dying leaves wave flags of surrender, pleading with the spring.

A silence, that in billowing clouds settles in the pipes of unplayed organs
swathing the strings of stringed things
and jamming the minor

the fourth and fifth fall into the threads of molding carpet and the bleached wood grains scream a silent

silent

Hallelujah