

# Silent

Through our window  
moonlight lances and strikes the soul  
clouds roll over dark uneven ground,  
the sky becomes the atmosphere

Inside, the lights shine outward to the road,  
and hearts reflect upon some secret hope;  
sometimes tears fall when stars cross paths,  
sometimes smiles, quiet adoration of the day.  
And the joy that passes through, or sorrow,  
has moment, walks and dies, as spirits must.  
Some pass this life in dark, setting with the sun,  
but angels remain to watch the silent earth.

Someone somewhere gazes up in wonder.  
The world spins, the blue espouses black,  
the stars breathe life into a grey-white moon.  
A red guitar offers cherished melody  
to our fading sighing evening talk;  
to a silent universe.

Pieces of the song are broken,  
words and powers yet unspoken:  
the mind of God and man evoking  
night.