

There I sat gazing at the setting sun,
Feeling His pulse in the trees around.

The silence of nature spoke to my deepest self
Of her Maker and His only Word:
And the silent rhythm of nature sang
Of His simple rhythm flowing within me.

In the stillness of my heart I heard:
"Man needs silence to turn to his true self,
To hear the silence of God everywhere,
And to stand before His Silent love."

In silence man meets his true self,
In silence he hears his other self,
In silence he loves deeply,
And in silence he forgives spontaneously.

2. The clock struck the midnight hour
Breaking the dead silence of the night.
The shrill notes woke me up
To lie and listen to the sound of silence

Soon faded the resounding tick-tocks
Leaving me alone to the soft voice
That whispered in my ears:
"Silence is wisdom."

The selfsame sentence
Turned me to the Proverb:
"Even a fool who keeps silence
Is considered wise."

3. Amidst the thunder
And barks of the midnight dog,
I hear the silent steps of silence.
The enchantress of the night.

Here she comes in white robe,
Glittering in the moonlight,