Really Golden Silence

By Helen J. Dixon

He rarely writes
though he wants the exchange;
Barely calls, but
claims to live for her voice;
Never visits, yet
needs to see her image.
He states all this
only when she reaches out.

She waits expectantly
for merely a word;
None comes, and the silence
is deafening, ringing in the empty room.
More tarnished than golden;
overpowering, it weakens her resolve
to continue the charade.

So though she needs to communicate, she
rarely writes;
barely calls;
ever visits,
Suddenly, the longing’s gone
and the silence is quiet,
peaceful, shining, a precious treasure.
Golden, at last.

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