

**To Whom It May Concern**

The silence was impressive.  
Bigger than any word  
or neglected plan.

Some time ago I might have met you  
but you were far too busy,  
ultra occupied and other committed  
to hear what I didn't say.

Now the memories of this  
beat in my head like birds  
blinded by too little light  
and being left in cages without mirrors.  
They want to fly out, try to get by  
on only feathers and folklore  
ignoring the larger cycle of things.  
They want to say bits about loneliness  
and the quintessential auras  
on soaring to the moon  
and other desolates.  
They want to sit timidly in your palm,  
all pulsing heart and softness  
being stroked and whispered to,  
being told they can rest awhile  
without fear or wilder moments.

I tried to let you see it,  
opened my mouth and was sure  
there were whistles and worms  
in your view  
but the silence was all that grew  
and I appeared like a star  
or a part of a cloud,  
belonging rather than gliding,  
ignoring in the place of prayers.

—*Barry Dempster*