

## The Sound of Silence

*By Marilyn Reeves*

Sunlight dapples the water in bright, lacy patterns as it filters through the graceful branches of a willow tree mirrored on the pond.

Tiny fishes swim lazily to and fro just beneath the surface. One soundlessly plucks an insect that has landed there, unaware, creating circles within circles in the water, expanding ever wider toward the shore, and then lie still.

Bright yellow buttercups and shy purple violets smile back at me as I sit upon a smooth brown stone and dip my feet into the cool, inviting water; and then dry them on a patch of soft green grass, warming in the sun.

Across the way, on a fragile tree, a small, bright bird alights. He turns his head to and fro, as if surprised to see me there. Then he silently takes flight once more, resuming his travels to who knows where.

This special place awaits me – a refuge from the world around me. It is here, in the deep recesses of my mind, that I find tranquility, as I listen to the sound of silence.