

Sounds of Silence (Issue 58) - David G. Marheis (2014)

Hello darkness, my old friend
Because a vision softly creeping
The vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains

Cry out full-throated: don't hold back.
Tell My people how to truly live.
They only pretend to act justly,
And so they fail to hear Me

In restless dreams I walked alone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night

Is this the fast I asked for?
Bending your heads like marsh reeds?
In public display of your righteousness
Is this what you call a fast,

And in the naked light I saw
People talking without speaking
People writing songs that voices never share
And no one dared

Instead, this is the fast I ask for:
Loosen the yokes of bondage,
Share your food with the hungry,
Lovingly calm their pounding aches

I've come to talk with you again
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
Within the sound of silence.

Raise your voice like a shofar.
Though they seek Me daily,
Not-doing what truly is holy.
Within the sound of silence.

Narrow streets of cobblestone
I turned my collar to the cold 'n damp
And touched the sound of silence.

A day for performing your piety?
Sprawling in sackcloth and ashes?
That serves only your narcissism?
Performing the sound of silence?

Ten thousand people, maybe more
People hearing without listening
Disturb the sound of silence.

Unlock the shackles of resistance,
Send the crushed souls to freedom,
Bring the wanderers to your homes,
With the sound of silence.

Fools, said I, you do not know:
Hear my words that I might teach you
But my words, like silent raindrops fell

Then your light will glow like morning
Protection will go before you,
When you call out, God will say, I'm here

And the people bowed and prayed
And the sign flashed out its warning
And the sign said, the words of the prophets are written on the subway walls
And tenement halls

If you remove from your midst
If you reach out to the hungry,
Then your light will shine in the dark
You will be a well-watered garden,
From you will come forth rebuilders,
You will be lifted even over high places
For the mouth of God has spoken it.

Silence like a cancer grows
Take my arms that I might reach you
And echoed in the wells of silence.

And your healing will sprout quickly;
God's glory will be your rear guard
In the still small sound of silence.

To the neon god they made
In the words that it was forming
Whispered in the sounds of silence

Oppression, menace and abuse,
If you ease the soul of the bruised,
And your shadows will be like noon.
A spring of unfailing fresh water;
To restore your foundations,
And nurtured in your soul's heritage.