

# 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;  
never visits,  
Suddenly, the longing's gone  
and the silence is quiet,  
peaceful, shining, a precious treasure.  
Golden, at last.