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To: [Don Poss](#)
Subject: Poem - silence
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Poem - silence
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Deafening racket suddenly ceased... met by disquieting silence. A warm southing wind gently swept o'er the canopy. Amidst the carnage of war, nature's quiet discourse was surreal. A gusting wind gathered between towering hilltops and rolled down the canyon between, flagged across the upper canopy rustling fronds not unpleasantly, and sighed a melancholy whispering goodbye. The theme Quiet Village came to mind as a jungle bird cawed and was quickly joined by his choir. The enemy had withdrawn to fight another day, and we were left to lick our wounds...in silence.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone