

Silence

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The enemy had withdrawn to fight another day,
and we were left to lick our wounds ... in silence.

Deafening racket suddenly ceased... met by
disquieting silence; ears straining to hear
nothing. A warm soughing wind gently swept
o'er the forest's canopy. Amidst the carnage of
war, nature's quiet discourse was surreal. A
gusting wind gathered between towering
hilltops, cascading down the canyon between,
bumbled across the upper canopy like shadows
over clouds. Rustling fronds swished pleasantly
and sighed a melancholy whispery goodbye.

The musical theme *Quiet Village** came to mind
as a jungle bird cawed and was quickly joined
by his choir.

* *Quiet Village*, 1957, by Martin Denny
[\[Full Album\]](#)