

**ATOMS OF SILENCE**

have you yet  
played your cello

or is it still  
and silent  
set in the walled-  
in fireplace

resonant with warmth  
of varnished memory

imagined and  
filmed hands  
strumming sound  
in black and white

nothing  
edited out

grayhound gamboling  
on the heath  
dark owl hooting  
soundlessly

in the cells  
of memory

in the cells of memory  
between  
stone walls  
and  
bare skin  
and  
shut eyelids  
a movement  
like music  
always arriving  
always receding  
existing nowhere  
like time  
like death

the longest wait  
is the one  
without sound

*for Jayne*

**NORTHUMBER**

he remembered  
a conversation  
on the fell  
with no one  
a shadow  
on a rock  
ghoststeps  
on an endless path  
moonlight  
above  
a caul  
of clouds  
the haar  
across  
moonface  
dull aura  
he said that  
memory gives birth  
to infinity repressed  
no one said  
the unturned stone  
holds no song

**William Cirocco**  
*Atoms of Silence*



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