

Silence

You hear it in a quiet room
In the sound of a fan;
It falls apart in your head
With the invasion of a song,
It is what you break
On your first coffee date
Hoping to have moments
Filled with it, later
Slurping
On your soup, together.
It is also deafening,
In death,
A precursor to euphoria,
In birth,
It is somebody's choice,
An oppression, or maybe an escape
Until it becomes what it tries to erase,
Silence.

Asmita Bhattacharya
B.A. (Hons) English
Janki Devi Memorial College
2015-2018