

# A House That Is Silent

by Rebecca Smillie

Some houses speak,  
They moan and sing and creak.  
In the day and through the nights,  
Under the floorboards and through the pipes.  
Within the attic and between the walls,  
Sounds echo through their wooden halls.

But other houses are silent,  
Not a sound escapes their doors.  
Their bricks are blank and speechless,  
Wordless are their cabinet drawers.  
Their rooms are cold and mute,  
And even in the day the silence is absolute.

To some a noisy house may seem disordered, violent,  
But what troubles me more is a house that is silent.