

Silence

A word taboo in my southern home,
more synonymous with awkward glances and fruitless small talk
than a Sunday evening dinner that begins and ends with grace.

Yet there's something about the sanctity found in a whisper,
or a shared glance with a loved one.

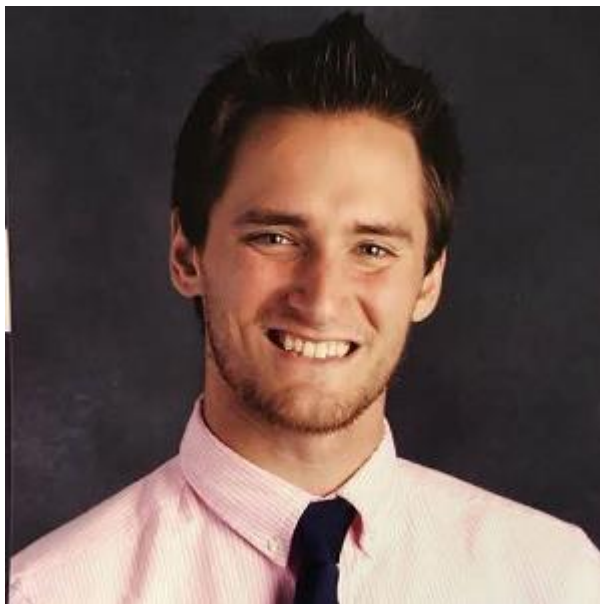
What words -- even those uttered with clasped hands --
can replicate such intimate moments?

My mother once said, "Quiet tables are indicative of a broken household."

But I see much more than listless patrons of a meal.

Before me sit linguists, musicians, and dreamers,
respectful believers of a language lost so long ago.

Initiates of the coming revolution.



Josh Jennings is an English teacher living in Sumter, South Carolina. He graduated from the University of South Carolina with a B.A. in History. Much of his poetry stems from experiences that have come from living and working in a small, rural school district. Josh is new to publishing, but is eager to share his work.

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