

A Poem by Jane Vella - 1992

Why Is the Poetry Silent?

The rhythm is wrong
The notes dissonant, strident
The chords confused.

Now life is a boom box
Noisy, intrusive, uncontrolled.

My poems are not made,
They come, when there is enough quiet
For them to be heard.

My work as a poet is to hush
To walk gently, slowly,
To rejoice in the silence
And to wait.

When the music of life is sound
The lyrics will be heard.