

Whispers

Kurt Venables

*I sat alone
With the curtains closed
In a darkened room
On a day in June*

*I heard a tapping
The sound of laughing
A light touch that recedes
Barely perceived*

**And so it began
I was concentrating so intently
On completing my next task
That I almost ignored
The gentle intrusion
On my well scheduled day**

**I nudged open the curtains
And my sore eyes came to rest
Upon a sunbeam, rapping at my window
I threw up the panes and drew a long breath
The sunbeam laughed, and the green grass rustled below
My spirit soared, upon the whistling wind**

**Voices surround and comprise the din
We need to listen;
Not to the loudest voices, but to the softest;
To step back from the pace of daily life
And understand what is truly important;
To hear the whispers of light**