

The Sweet Sound of Shutting the Fuck Up

My most beloved tone of voice

*A whisper**

Like a secret you can speak
or an ear already bent, but
eager for more. A diary
you don't have to burn because
the breeze steals it
immediately, seals it
away in the realm of
nonexistence.
On a whisper I can sing,
weep, pray, weave
any tapestry my heart spits up;

it doesn't matter
if it's grotesque or cruel or violent in nature.
Whispers melt clothing, armor,
walls. My most skillful facade
dissolves in a secret breath.
In silence,
I'm naked.
In silence,
I'm heard.

**A whisper whistles out, pressure released. Bottles burst, but whispers temper our glass and balance our humors. Whispers understand, whispers help you understand, whispers want you to think before you speak. A taste test, a strand test, a toe in the unknown pool. A crutch. A tool. Whisper gratitude into the quiet for all it's done for you.*

Asher Rosen, 2024