

# Beckoning Silence

*by Allison Hockey*

Your silence is beckoning  
Drawing us near  
There's truth in a silence  
Come over here  
Tell me your secrets  
Tell me your lies  
Tell me the reason  
Why happy clowns cry...

And put on a show for the people to see  
And why people watch them and want to believe  
That the illusion is real and not ill-conceived  
But they tend to forget that the trick's up their sleeve.

Their lies are as white as the gloves on their hands  
But more guilty than innocent from the day it began.

