

White Noise

by JM Prescott

I sit here listening to the silence which comes as a relief, like turning off white noise. There was a time when the music played and the signal was clear, but slowly and without me noticing, the white noise filled in the background behind the music until it overpowered it and I thought that the static was something worth listening to.

I don't like listening to the radio anymore. Nothing is clearer than a live voice with something to say. Give me a big field with no one around but the birds and I will send the bees away from me. I will deny all bugs to buzz.

There the birds will teach me to sing like I use to. They have harmonies I want to understand. I may fall out of tune but I will never forget the words of my heart. I will scream them loud to the open sky and pull the stars out of the blue to hear the beautiful things I have to say.

The clouds will be jealous of the stars, like the white noise envied the music, and they will try to block out the lights, but I will order them away. The birds and I will take to the skies and push back the clouds. We will set the constellations like sentries to guard the sky and we will tell the clouds not to come back unless they are ready to thunder. Until then, we will be watered by the whispers of the stars as they rain their beauty down on the Earth who has forgotten how to listen.

Take out your ear phones and look up. You're missing it!

Lightning flashes across the noonday sky and the stars answer it. The clouds don't dare return, but the thunder calls out of the clear. Strike me once. Strike me again. Send you white knife and split me

open. Pull the clouds out of my soul until my spirit runs clear. Like stars and water. Like thunder and lighting. Like one voice singing, a little sharp, the truth and poetry.

