

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Something of the Winter Solstice

By William Doeski

Silence pools in the roadways.  
You could scoop up some of it  
to use when the holiday racket  
becomes brittle and untenable.  
This excess silence emanates  
like radon from granite boulders  
and smiles of self-effacing ledge.

You don't get this effect in cities  
draped in gold and silver tinsel.  
You won't find it seeping from books  
in the shop in the concrete plaza  
from which angry skyscrapers erupt.  
It thrives only in the rural zone  
where hermits like us prize it.

Your word-ward is too modest  
to smother the shrill conversations  
that spoil our morning coffee  
among the day-old baked goods  
withering in the hard luck café.  
To alleviate this useless talk  
you must prowl the gravel back roads  
with a shovel and scrape the raw  
silence from low spots and tamp it  
into plastic buckets with lids.

Don't expect me to help. I hate  
splashing myself with effects  
I can't easily wipe away.  
The holidays don't frighten me  
the way they did in our youth.  
Let them riot as they please.  
If the conversations rumple  
the plastic Christmas trees  
and get fake snowmen shivering  
then I'll fold myself like a moth.

You can store up all the silence  
you can handle. The dark days  
will come anyway, tickling  
under our chins. They've nothing  
to say that we haven't said  
or referred to the silence within.