

*o f t h e D  
s i l e n c e*

ditge / peoms  
af Agent C & I'm on Garfunkel

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*your  
words  
are the sails*

Helo  
darknes

my old frend

I've com  
to talk

wit yo  
agin

Be use avis on soft creeping  
Leftits see whiwasleeping

And this on thaasanted in my brain  
Still remains

Within the D of silenc.

Inest less dreams D alone  
Nw streets oobbleston

halo of a streetamp  
turned molar to the cold D

hemeyeserebbbed by the flash of a nonlight  
That splight

And touched the D of silenc.

And the naked lightsaw  
Tet hous and people, mamore.



Peopl talkng wout spkng,  
Pepl hrng wot lstng,  
ppl wrtnsngs tht voices versare

And no one dared

Disturb the D of silnc.

"Fools" said I, "You do not know  
Silenc likacancros.

Her my words tight tech yo,  
Takyarms tight rachout yo."

Bum words like silaindropsell,  
And echoed

In the wells of silenc.

And the peop bo D and pryed  
Toth on god the mad.

And the signshd outswar,  
in the words that it was forming.

And the signsaid words of the propehts are  
written on the sub  
And whisper'd

in the D of silenc."