

Two Poems

By **Bonnie Thurston**

Silence

More often than not
the contours of life
nudge me toward
the edge of silence.

I am glad to go,
happily embrace
that comfortable place,
those enfolding arms.

Some find it arid,
terrible desert,
a dreadful wasteland.
For me, it blossoms.

The geography
of silence remains
native habitat,
home place and mother.

Silence, like a breast,
warm and nurturing,
requires nothing
and gives everything.

I go there starving
and am sustained.
I go there alone
and find God waiting.



Bonnie Thurston

Bonnie Thurston, professor of New Testament at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, is a former president and current board member of the ITMS. Her most recent books are *To Everything a Season: A Spirituality of Time* (1999) and *Women in the New Testament: Questions and Commentary* (1998).

The Other Side of Silence

Silence is hard as flint.
There is no evasiveness in it,
and no place to hide,
none of the shadows of language
in which I can lurk
like a frightened animal.

Silence, like the desert sun,
is harsh and revealing,
all thirst and no respite.
It forces me to face my fears,
to see myself as I am,
to hear my hollowness.

So here am I, Lord,
your anonymous anchorite,
hermit in the cave of the heart
with no shadows on its walls.
I must remain here and learn;
I must be still and know.