

Life Jars

When I was a child,
I was told
silence is like light,
having colors and faces.

Walking through the country in the dark,
I used to fill a glass jar with fireflies.
It became my blue starry compass.
When I inhaled the silence,
I could hear quiet voices from living creatures,
each making music of its own life.

Now grown up,
every day's busy journey in this hectic city,
I thought our life jars must be full of mundane trifles and noises;
Yet wandering into ravines in this urban landscape,
I can find the silence, silence and silence —
Where it opens a door like sunrays breaking through.

Riding along the lakeshore,
I see the sunset's quiet reflection on the lake,
Port Credit Lighthouse topping its splendor.

A baby swan takes off...
I inhale the silence.

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