

## CONTOURS OF SILENCE

*Jan L. Ricord*

Tip-toe, tip-toe, tip-toe into the silent room where the ancient cradle lays, approach quietly to peer within. A sweet angle sleeps her breast moving gently, peacefully warmed in a cocoon of love. Her downy black hair frames her petite features. The long dark eyelashes closed on soft kissable cheeks, a cute little nose and pink bow lips moving in a sucking motion at an invisible breast.

Looking down at my wrinkled hand I reach out but stop not to awaken her, I smile. That hand would like nothing more than to touch the infant or to pick her up and hold her. I silently sigh before turning to leave the room, tip-toe, tip-toe, tip-toe.

I sit in the ancient rocking chair deep in thought. Many years rolled past and so many children have my arms held in this same rocker. My brothers, my own children and grand children, but this is my first great grandchild, my heart is filled with emotion, joy perhaps mixed with a little sorrow. I look down at my weathered hands. My time here will be ending.

My feet move to rock the chair silently, as my mind whispers, tip-toe, tip-toe, tip-toe.