

Vision of Passion

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Short Poems of Silence



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The earth hums with a rhythm that predates our stories, a sound too ancient for our tongues but known in the marrow of our bones. In the quiet spaces—between cities and within forests, under the night’s canopy and upon forgotten hills—the language of nature is spoken without words. It is there that the true voice of the earth rises, not in the noise of men but in the silence of trees, the whispers of wind, and the pulse of waters that shape the land.

This collection of short poems is a journey through sacred groves, misted valleys, and shadowed woods across the ancient landscapes of the United Kingdom, dedicated to a beautiful being, inside and out. In each city, the wild places still breathe, carrying the weight of forgotten rituals and untold tales. The forests, rivers, and stones have stood as witnesses to generations, their silence a deep well of knowing, their quiet a testament to a power that no city can overwhelm.

In these short poems, we listen for that voice—a voice older than memory, more patient than time. Through the structure of Arcades, each poem seeks to honor the places where nature’s spirit lingers, where the unseen moves in the spaces between, and where the silence is louder than the noise. We invite you into the sacred

spaces of Albingdon, Colchester, Edinburgh, Ipswich, London, Salisbury, and Wales, where the forests speak in ritual tones and the land hums with the presence of the divine.

In silence, we listen. In listening, we awaken. The earth's voice calls. Will you hear it?

Introduction

In the vast, unspoken quiet of the world, where silence stretches like an unbroken horizon, there is often an unacknowledged truth: even in the stillest moments, God speaks. It is not in the roar of thunder or the flash of light, but in the subtle whispers that echo within our hearts, calling us to listen. Whether it is in the most desolate corners of the earth, the stillness of a forgotten wilderness, or the infinite silence of space, God's voice finds its way to those whom heaven chooses.

This book is an exploration of that paradox—the way silence, the very thing we often seek to escape, becomes the loudest proclamation of all. For when we try to flee from the noise of life, we are often met with a silence that is louder, more profound, and more filled with the divine than anything we can anticipate. In this silence, God's presence is most powerfully felt, not as a distant absence, but as a profound invitation to listen, to reflect, and to hear the truth of our existence.

The Weight of Silence

Silence, it is said, is golden. Yet, for many, it is a burden. We run from it, afraid of the emptiness we might find within it, the questions it stirs, the unknowns it conjures. We fill the spaces with noise—distractions of our own making—convinced that in doing so, we will outrun the silence’s heaviness. But what if the silence is not something to be avoided, but to be embraced?

Consider the quietest places on Earth—the vast deserts, the empty forests, the isolated mountains where human presence is a rare interruption to the timeless stillness. Here, the noise of daily life fades, but in this retreat from chaos, a different kind of noise grows—something intangible yet unmistakable. In the absence of human voices, the wind, the earth, the stars, and the very air around us seem to hum with an ancient presence. In these places, God’s voice often speaks loudest, not through words, but through the quiet that surrounds us, through the invitation to listen.

It is a truth that in silence, God does not retreat; He draws closer. The more we seek to ignore the world, the more profound the silence becomes—beckoning, urging us to confront our innermost thoughts and curiosities, to listen not just with our ears, but with our hearts.

Arcade I: The Whisper of Earth

In the hush of the ancient soil,

Where roots run deep, and shadows coil,

The earth, she speaks without a sound,

Her voice is in the quiet found.

A hum beneath the stone and tree,

A call to all who choose to see.

Arcade II: The Breath of the Wind

Softly, softly, the wind does sing,

A breath that stirs the endless spring.

It whispers through the boughs, the leaves,

It carries tales the heart believes.

No noise, no shout, no thunder's cry,

Just wind that sweeps the sacred sky.

Arcade III: The Silence of Stars

In the sky, where stars do wake,

Their light, like silence, does partake.

A shimmer, a glow, so pure, so bright,

Yet still it speaks in quiet light.

In darkness, there is truth so wide,

The stars, in silence, do confide.

Arcade IV: The Moon's Quiet Gaze

The moon looks down with silver eyes,

Her gaze is soft, her silence wise.

She does not shout, nor cry nor plead,

But in her stillness, all hearts bleed.

For in her quiet, deep and cold,

She holds the secrets once foretold.

Arcade V: The Call of the Hollow

Beneath the hills, within the glen,

There lies a place untouched by men.

The hollow hums, a sacred tune,

It calls to those who seek the moon.

No echo, no sound, just pure and true,

The hollow whispers what we knew.

Arcade VI: The Gathering Tide

The sea, she waits in silent prayer,

A rhythm pulsing in the air.

The waves may rise, the tides may fall,

Yet in their stillness, they call us all.

A murmur soft, beneath the roar,

The ocean speaks, forevermore.

Arcade VII: The Final Breath

In the quiet breath of night,

When stars are still and hearts take flight,

God's voice is found in silence deep,

A secret only souls can keep.

For when we seek to still the sound,

His whisper's louder, all around.

Arcade VIII: The Mist of Albingdon

In Albingdon, where mist does weave,

Through oaks and elms, in twilight's sleeve,

The ancient woodlands softly breathe,

A secret song beneath the heath.

The ivy clings to timeworn stone,

Where spirits tread, their footsteps known.

Arcade IX: The Shade of Colchester

Beneath Colchester's shaded pines,

The woods hum low, in sacred lines.

The fox, the hare, the sparrow's flight,

All move in tune with nature's rite.

In forests deep where shadows play,

The earth remembers yesterday.

Arcade X: The Peaks of Edinburgh

High on Edinburgh's wind-swept crest,

The trees bend low at nature's test.

The firs and pines in silence stand,

Guardians of the ancient land.

Their whispers ride the northern breeze,

A prayer sent out to far-off seas.

Arcade XI: The Grove of Ipswich

In Ipswich groves, where willows weep,

The water's edge holds secrets deep.

The heron waits in still repose,

While wildflowers in silence close.

The greenwood hums in sacred tone,

A place where silence is alone.

Arcade XII: The Heart of London

In London's parks, where life is fast,

There hides a quiet meant to last.

Among the chestnuts, broad and tall,

Nature reclaims her ancient call.

The hum of leaves above the street,

A secret rhythm, slow, discreet.

Arcade XIII: The Stones of Salisbury

In Salisbury, the stones still stand,

A circle carved by ancient hand.

The yew and ash grow side by side,

Where earth and sky in silence bide.

The forest hums in ritual grace,

A meeting of both time and space.

Arcade XIV: The Wilds of Wales

In Wales, the wilds breathe full and free,

Where mountains meet the endless sea.

The forests rise in verdant glow,

A realm where ancient waters flow.

Through oak and birch, the winds do sing,

A song of roots, of earth, of spring.

Arcade XV: The Whisper of Silence

In the quiet lands where winds stand still,

A whisper forms, against our will.

Not in thunder, nor in flame,

But in the stillness, calls His name.

The void we seek to flee with haste,

Holds Heaven's voice, none can erase.

Arcade XVI: The Horizon Unseen

Where silence spreads as vast as sky,

God's words are felt, not seen by eye.

In endless deserts, still and bare,

His whispers rise, like morning air.

In emptiness, He speaks most clear,

To hearts who have no noise to fear.

Arcade XVII: The Paradox of Stillness

In fleeing noise, we think we hide,

From truths the silence holds inside.

Yet deeper still, the silence grows,

A voice within the quiet flows.

For in this stillness, God resides,

The noise we fear, in silence dies.

Arcade XVIII: The Burden of Gold

The silence, heavy as a stone,

Is feared by those who stand alone.

Yet golden are the words it brings,

When Heaven whispers on soft wings.

A burden sweet, we come to bear,

In silence, truth is everywhere.

Arcade XIX: The Empty Forest

In forests deep, where men have left,

The quiet hums, of life bereft.

Yet not alone, these woods remain,

God's voice resounds in earth's refrain.

The trees, the winds, the stars above,

Speak of His silent, endless love.

Arcade XX: The Sacred Mountains

Upon the peaks, where winds grow cold,

The silence sings a truth untold.

No human voice, nor foot does tread,

Yet God's soft words are gently spread.

The mountains hum with sacred breath,

Where silence guards the edge of death.

Arcade XXI: The Divine Invitation

In every silence, deep and vast,

God's invitation, sure and fast.

To flee is but to run toward,

The loudest voice we can't afford.

For in the quiet, hearts are stirred,

To hear the truth without a word.

Outro: The Path of Becoming

Arcade XXII: The Path Awakened

Beneath the boughs where shadows lay,

A path unfolds, the breaking day.

Not backward, nor in flight we tread,

But forward into light ahead.

The earth beneath, the sky above,

The journey now begins with love.

No turning back from where we came,

No echoes haunt, no fear to claim.

The steps we take are new, unknown,

Yet all the silence we have grown,

Becomes the voice that leads us on,

A quiet song before the dawn.

As the footsteps of your soul meet the earth's sacred ground, the journey does not conclude, but transforms. This is the truth of the silence you have embraced: the beginning that lies within every ending. The quiet places, the still whispers of the wind, and the forgotten corners of the earth where nature speaks—these are the thresholds to new horizons.

This collection was never meant to end in silence. For in silence, there is always the pulse of something greater, something unseen, calling us forward. The voice of God in the stillness has always been a beckoning, a promise of renewal, of growth, and of life that unfolds beyond the known.

The steps you take from here, infused with the breath of the divine, are not taken alone. They are guided by the earth beneath you, the sky above, and the eternal rhythm of life that moves within.

In the quiet we have learned, we carry the wisdom forward. In the silence, we found the beginning, not an end. This is the way of becoming. This is the path seen only by heart.

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