

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## The Language of Repose

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A listening Silence lingers in her halls  
And steals on tiptoe down the shabby stair,—  
Almost a shadow darkening the walls—  
Almost a presence standing by her chair:

A Silence sweet with laughter that is still,  
And clamorous with feet that run no more,  
That leans and whispers to her heart until  
Young voices call old greetings from the door:

A brooding Silence folding like warm wings  
About her weary heart, shutting away  
The tumult of unnecessary things—  
The discords of an alien, empty day:

Beyond her door a city roars and shrieks;  
The traffic presses on her garden close,  
But Silence dwells with her and Silence speaks  
The lost and lovely language of repose.

—LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.