

# Silence

*by* Jill Chan

I let go  
of my properties,  
my work.

I let go  
of this room,  
its dimensions.

I let go  
of the dreams  
of sleep.

I let go  
of the door,  
its entering.

I let go  
of objects,  
their uses.

I let go  
of the night,  
its beauty light.

I let go  
of the missing,  
of the way they go.

I let go  
of wars,  
the death and scars.

I let go  
of the pain,  
how it has remained.

I let go  
of certainty,  
of how I leave.

