

Absence

Someone's watching me
fascinated about my book

it was quiet but felt noisy,
his eyes that were staring at me in silence, while his soul was absent.
I was present, he wasn't

hearing music, that's why the absence.

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Searching for batteries for his hearing aids,
he was present, I wasn't.

Turning on and off,
being present or absent,
he was in charge of it.

Why the fascination about trees?
Wind, birds singing, leaves flying around?

Loud and noisy,
but the peacefulness of nature -
That was silent.

Cutting down trees?
Taking away their silence,

the part, where they get loud and noisy -
and become the past.

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Not for him,
Taking away their hearing,

the part, where they get blessed
with the sense of silence and presence.

Presence and absence,
he is in charge of it.

-Nadin Nasser