

## "Quiet Fears"

*by Brian Shrock*

The hope of the heart grows small  
While the darkest possibilities light the mind  
When we cry out, longing for response,  
And nothing but emptiness is all we find.  
Speak into the wind, recognize no reply  
Strain to hear, wonder why.  
Fear and dread dance in the imagination  
When the only thing there...  
is Silence,  
The enemy of hope, companion of despair.

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