

There was silence in heaven for half an hour
by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [March 4, 2015](#) issue

The full inhalation
before the coming of the kingdom.

Pencils scuttling over legal pads,
hands whispering in beards.

Friend, I know the sound
of your water bottle flipping open.

Brother, I've memorized
your bare feet on wooden floors.

One of you runs a bath upstairs,
a year of sorrows draining down.

One of you spreads out a manuscript,
pages setting sail in your fingers.

The lake sobs on the shore.
Rain perpendiculars the panes,

Beloved, and you stretch
your knuckles to the ceiling.

The golden censer of thunder
shudders just above the shingles.

We pass around a bowl of candy,
holding each other's breath.