

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.