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The Cost of Quiet

Demitri Cullen John Carroll University, dcullen21@jcu.edu

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The Cost of Quiet Demitri J. Cullen

Their voices echoed through my house, Bouncing from the walls like a Flying flock of rubber balls, Clanging, crashing, disrupting Each and every inner thought. Like church bells at midnight, They rang out where everything Should Be Silent.

"Enough", I whispered. I can take no more. "I need you to be quiet." My soft words split through the Incessant pounding of the Bouncing rubber words until All their eyes were on me And the house was Silent.

The echoing cry of quiet grew until The silence was unbearable And one of them took me to The side as the sound of Voices clamoring to life forced away the silence. With cold eyes and a Wagging finger they Told me I Should Be Silent.

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