



Silence

By Thomas Hood

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
 Or in the wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
 No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground:
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Source: Poets of the English Language

(Viking Press, 1950)

Poet Bio



An editor, publisher, poet, and humorist, Thomas Hood was born in London, the son of a bookseller. As a member of the London literary scene, he was familiar with Hartley Coleridge, Thomas De Quincey, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and William Wordsworth. Though he was known for his light verse and puns, Hood also depicted the working conditions of the poor.

More By This Poet

I Remember, I Remember

By Thomas Hood

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born, ...

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By Devin Johnston

We gathered in a field southwest of town,
several hundred hauling coolers...

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By Ada Limón

I like the lady horses best,
how they make it all look easy,...

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When I say *But mother, Black or not Black,*
Of course you are polyethnic, your look does not change...

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How to Triumph Like a Girl

By Ada Limón

I like the lady horses best,

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