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The Day No One Talked

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by Jason Boog

The day no one talked dawned just the same as any other day. As the sun rose slowly, a few birds began to chirp hesitantly. A lone cricket hummed its little tune beside the pond, and gradually the rest of the morning sounds followed.

Just a mile away, the farm began to move, each hand doing its daily chores, without a sound. There was no bothersome morning chatter, only stillness.

In its own way, it was peaceful.

Many miles away, the city began to awake. Traffic moved at sluggish morning speeds, an occasional car horn rising above the busy traffic sounds.

The crowded sidewalk flowed smoothly, the swish-swish of feet the only sound. No hate-filled words were spit between grumpy pedestrians, no pushing or shoving. There was only a dazed silence, eyes never meeting.

Police officers stood at various corners, watching the quiet procession. They too bore an expression of wonder, not quite understanding the unfolding day.

A street person sat by one alley, playing a sad guitar, no voice to sing along. A few coins lay at his feet, but not enough for a meal. No words of complaint were raised, only the quiet shuffle of hundreds of feet that soon drowned out the soft guitar.

High in the sky, one or two clouds drifted lazily along the horizon. It looked like rain.
Far away, the president looked out his window after breakfast. His country was quiet, no one was talking. His plan had stopped the harsh words of anger, and in that quiet his nation would have peace. It almost seemed right.

The day continued, people died, and others were born on the day of silence. Not too much had changed, and the world went about its business as best it could.

As the workday ended, the hazy afternoon traffic carried its people home. Clouds moved faster, covering the once cheery blue skies. Humidity rose, and the footsteps became heavier, but no one spoke.

No happy children's voices were heard that hot afternoon, and families instead gathered around flickering television sets. Soundlessly pictures danced, images with no particular meaning. Still, the world watched, hopeless, because it was the day no one talked.

Dusk gathered its shadows, and the setting sun was invisible behind thick masses of clouds.

The president finished dinner, and smiled. The first day under his idea had gone well. The silence had hidden the hatred, the ugliness of his world. He did not suppose he could ask for more.

He left the table, and a gentle rumble of thunder rolled about the dark skies. Lightning flickered, and the first drops of rain fell. The sun had gone away.

Back beside the pond, lost among the deep, dark forest, one man was alone. While he sat on an old stump of a tree, the rain fell harder, washing over his body. The humidity faded, as it would be cold soon. Thunder roared in its own fury, and lightning tore the dark night sky.

Nature would be silent no more. The hatred crashed with the thunder, the anger flashing across the land where no one would talk.
In the rain he stood, and he could see no moon. He laughed, and at the same time wept, raising his arms to the unfeeling sky. No one could hear his small voice, buried by the storm, in the empty forest.

No voice answered his own, because it was the day that no one talked.