After the Absence of Sound Appears the Presence of Material

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AFTER THE ABSENCE OF SOUND APPEARS
THE PRESENCE OF MATERIAL

If sound can be broken,
and it will be,
and broken into over and over
again in visible syllables
dropped from vaults of glass domes,
sound can stand still
as it has to, so what is still
must be gone away from
to be wanted more.
Who hears a scrap of thought
can’t help listening for the next,
put this with that,
put it over this
loved one’s voice,
moist as it fills in notches
silence hacks away.
Scissors into silk.
Wood speaks to mud,
milk against tooth,
swimming up from depths
too deep to rise above.
Why go there?
Where the sign points to before
it is always too late.
And then a sudden blast
after which everything is quiet.