

Silence is

when I don't know what to say to my mother when she cries

When I ask my father how do you love someone when she changes and he looks at me in defeat

When I tell my brother to stop hurting himself but he doesn't

When I try to talk to my aunt about her impending death and she trembles

When I talk to my grandmother in broken cantonese but she cannot understand me

When I talk to my deaf grandfather and he ignores me

When I ask God for answers but he doesn't reply me

Noise is

the overwhelming chatter at family parties

The banging of pots and pans on the kitchen sink when my mother is angry

The constant nagging my mother makes out of personal frustration

The singing of my father in the bathroom

The criticism of my relatives about me

Listening is

Understanding to why my mother left

Helping my brother overcome his suicidal thoughts

Responding the sound of a phone ring, knowing it is my mother asking how my day was

Overcoming my negative thoughts

Trying to forge a transformed r/s with my father

Being a shoulder for your friend to cry on

Sound is a story, we just have to appreciate the silence, the noise and the process of listening.