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Period 7

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My great realization

A noise within the silence

Silence, I always believed I was comfortable with silence, that lack of sound, the absence of aimless chatter. But only now in this time I have been alone so often, sealed in solitude, have I realized that true silence is something difficult to obtain. There seems to always be some sort of sound whether it be a rustling of leaves or the whistle of the wind. And in times when I have emptied my brain and long to just exist in silence I have started to notice the noise within the silence. And it tears the solace I one felt away, I feel as if the noise will never stop as if there will alway remain a small buzz in the back of my brain, A dot of color in a room of white. I suppose I should find it interesting to observe the sounds surrounding me, and maybe I would feel that way if my thoughts were threaded correctly, but I'm afraid that is something I am unable to control. Instead I feel as if I can never be truly quiet, and find contentment in this skin I occupy. For, as soon as my ears are filled, I've observed that a chain reaction occurs and my mind is filled simultaneously. And the more I ponder this the more the puzzle starts to piece together in my mind. If I were to look at the definition of silence it would be the lack of noise or percy worded the “complete absence of sound” and on a literal level this would prove me correct. For, there truly never is a complete absence of sound, at least not in this body. Recently I've heard about the quietest room in the world said to be an anechoic chamber at Orfield Laboratories in Minneapolis. With a background noise reading of –9.4 decibels, for comparison a speaking voice is around 60 decibels. But surprisingly the average person can barely last a minute in this room and can even go mad. This is because even in this absolute silence they can hear the sounds of breathing the shifting of joins and even the flow of our own blood. This makes me relive maybe human beings or anything for that matter are not made to be silent. But even with this information I still crave to be immersed in quiet. And for some reason unknown to even me, I think I could last longer than anyone else in that room.

