

# National Health, Silence

&quot;The rest is silence&quot;  
With this her letters all begin  
She remembers numbers  
The message that his code was in  
She re-numbers members  
To look like parts of other men  
In its humid hollow  
His tongue will find its roots again

&quot;The rest is silence&quot;  
Towards it every number tends  
As it tends to matter  
The matter in a manner ends

'Neath a tree with leaves as big as she  
Breaking his code, she broke his code