Comfy Silence

Instead of the cicada's chirps at all hours and the cars whizzing by in the distance, I can hear nothing but my breathing and my thoughts.

There is no artificial waterfall running, or the whir of a washer. It's just me, and the sound of the dogs breathing.

I don't hear the chime of notifications, the loud clack of a space bar.
The shower isn't on in the back of the house, And no light hum comes from the overhead lights.
No air flows due to the fan not turning.

It's just me, my deep breaths and my thoughts.