

Away

Emaciated
bones and need prominent.
I mask it in the voluminous clothing of patience and silence until
Eventually
hard angles poke through fabric and
even you must surely notice how I am

fading

away

My tongue has become curled in its parchedness.
I can no longer whisper in your ear
"I love you."
Endearments have dried-out in the desert of your absence
Here but not hearing
Looking but not seeing
Speaking but not telling...

Words laying flat and lifeless
like salt leeching out the moisture
Except when choices are words sharp and serrated
so that I

back

away

slowly
hands to centers core
holding
shredded ends together
and like all wounded mammals
retreating to shadow to lick the toxin from the wound.

I am here now, again,
plumply hydrated from the center's well
but
gauzed thick and hard and
softly impenetrable.
My words are choices and
drop solid like stone
"let your language be liquid
or watch me
confidently

walk

away