

Words

Words sweep softly out the mouths of doves,
And nestled neatly, on some park bench or cushioned seat form a
blanket of trust.

Quick light and fleeting, whispers form, and dance around the
ears of lovers in a car, holding hands as they talk.
Alone in their world, Alone in plain view.

Words creating private rooms and shelters against storms of
stress,
An empty gaze, cold and devoid, brightens at a word, a song, a
story.

Angst and fears are sent sailing away on the tides of a solitary
sentiment,
Momentary, motionless, more than a lifetime, met gazes mold
lips against each other.

And in the beat of a heart and breath taken, echo out the words "I
love you,"
Words upon words, begin lifetimes of memories, opened hearts,
open arms, open lives.

Words, that give, that create, that build,
Words, that heal, that protect, that save.

But words are imperfect, they may decay, may hurt,
may scar,
Words may tear, rip and claw.

Torrents and tirades, red tinged regret, stinging at the soul of a
dove,
With wings like Icarus two beings fall, weightless, heavy, and
cold.

Words trap, tempt, and take,
Like chains on the ankles of a man, who crawling against fate.

Pulling himself up and banging at the door of a girl
Breathlessly whispers, "I won't give up."

Words are the response, and somewhere, among the angst,
among the stress and fear,
A dove whispers back, "Neither will I."

~ Brooks Ordich