

Deaf in Conciertos

Your soul never fled to
bask in the chaos

in the world. It flocks
to rest itself in the

buzz of a
murmuring concerto.

Your soul yearned to saw
at the strings of your cello

as you played me a
somber melody of

your tangled secrets.
Secrets that never

coursed through me.
Secrets that were never

folded into a paper airplane
and thrown to tear through

my body and collapse
like a house of cards.

Your bow
etched its quarter and

half-dotted notes
intricately in my palm

as I grappled to
stroll at the pace

of your fluttering
music pages.

Music We Spoke

The music we spoke
was 'come home soon' music
that overflowed with
tattered conversations
and
broken car radios.

The music we spoke
was 'i miss you' music
that was blurred with
smudged mascara
and
damp tshirts.

The music we spoke
was 'never come back' music
that shattered with
dancing lies
and
hollow screams.

The music we spoke
was more than
just music
that fluttered between
our lips
and palms.