

untitled.

their nights grew quiet
And barren
their conversations never knew again
What it was like to give birth
to life
to love
to substance

Silence
In its purest form
Was swaddled there
Between the sheets
Stillborn and
Unrealized

fear
Coiled between every inch and fiber
Of fabric

Pure fear
And they loved to drench themselves in it.
Because they hated
Who they had become
Neither one of them wanting
or needing
To address what they had lost

And with every breath they took
They knew
and they waited
For
Those nights where
Silence
Spoke the loudest.