

More Than You Think

Words are more than those sounds that come out of your mouth

(Or out of your snout if you are laughing hard, too!)

Words are more than the firings in your brain gone south

And are more than actual words you say now...or soon...

They are more than definitions you learned in school

(Or didn't, and you've been using them incorrectly),

They are more than memories, feelings felt, or cool

Sayings you heard over again they've taken root.

The words you choose are more to me than the air it takes

To speak them. More than the red blood that fills your lips

And lungs, even capillaries winding their way

In their minuteness to your stressing fingertips.

It is much more than the blundered twisting of tongues,

Much more than the clarity with which your speech rung.

No, your words are much more than nothing, than everything.

No.

Your words mean quite little in the grand scheme of things,

Especially here (I said, pointing to where my heart lies).

Surprised?

Between each letter created for clearer meaning

There is double meaning. Each sound is, I surmise,

A hiccup of the heart in the shape of the eyes,

The form of the smile, the lifeless way your laugh falls
In place of a full stop: the hidden, but giddy glee
Like a child awoken too early on Christmas morning.
Each gasp is the world where authenticity cries,
Where your heart beats to your mind and back down again
In collusion – what level of truth will exit
In a syllable exercise? A word is a stitch
On the satin strand that keeps our fine masks in place,
I know, and we choose the pace, the amount of reveal
To our lone human race. Now you know, too, my dear,
My love, my friend, that I do see more than I hear,
More than you'll admit, but it matters not one lick
Because, in the end, my words mean just as little,
Much less than the heart I give while, thank God, it still ticks.