

## **the silence that consumes me**

eyes stare with deafening silence  
surrounding me, they stare  
so i speak.  
words, so simple, shrink and scramble-  
such simple words they are.  
but my mind speaks something louder  
restraining me  
*protecting me.*  
or is that what They say?  
They get louder-  
but safer unspoken.

alone i feel  
for the sufferers of minds like mine  
are silent.  
unfelt, with no one to feel  
no one to feel like me,  
because like me,  
they do not feel aloud.

wide, dangerous eyes stare;  
into my thoughts, they stare, but  
written illegibly across my mind,  
even I cannot distinguish them.  
They get louder-  
a murmuring muffle of words,  
too crowded for only one  
to stand tallest.  
but together, confused,  
They swarm and swell  
into the silence that consumes me.

## Eyes hut

I keep my eyes shut  
too tight  
knowing that gentleness would suffice,  
but needing the pressure  
to be convinced that  
all that surrounds  
is darkness and myself.

Exposed  
In the dangerous daylight,  
I am desperately searching  
for more of myself:  
for stiff shoulders awkwardly relaxed,  
for eyes lowered by fear.

If they're not confident,  
At least their disguise is better than mine.

Undoable until it is done,  
But I keep my eyes shut,  
playing numb  
to the stares and frowns,  
Blind from  
The tilt of their eyebrow  
Or teeth bared into a smile.

I blend into the darkness,  
Fall into the cool comfort  
Of the shadow.

## Marionettist

The confused reflection  
Moves in the mirror  
Smiling, staring  
Straight into my mind  
Into the eyes that are not mine  
It mocks me  
for believing I am there.

The reflection leads  
until I cannot see it anymore, and  
I am merely a puppet.  
suspended on fraying threads,  
my arms jerking with random force,  
my eyes afraid to meet eyes  
because others might see the strange reflection too,  
see the strings tied around my wrists  
see the motions that are not mine.

What left I have weeps,  
tries to dissuade them  
from believing I am there.

The marionettist conducts me  
Until I forget to look  
For it's dance in the shadows.

## Inside the Film

There is a film between the world and I  
Invisible so that I think I can touch everyone outside  
But my words rebound back towards my throat.

I silently watch as the world blooms,  
Stuck inside a protection so thin and thick.

I watch alone  
Touching the cold walls  
Of my cell  
Pacing until my feet move as quickly as my mind.

So in it I pierce holes  
Hardly there, yet the world comes seeping in-  
so swiftly it floods.

Scrambling to repair it,  
I thicken the film.