

Title: Small Sound Tinier Space

## Language

Is being succinct the point of language? I could say fewer words to summarize things, it would get the point across.

(I've always felt the need to over-explain myself because no one met me where I was at as a child).

And some people don't have time for anything else from you.

I am sad.

No one believes me.

I feel lost.

I drown

I hide

I stay

Lonely

Pained

Tumultuous

Long

Grief

Big

Choke

Small

Sound

Tinier

Space

No

Time

Dirty

Move

Hope

Light

Heavy

## If words were kisses

If words were kisses

We could have a wish exchange

And feel the warmth of speaking build in the air

Wholehearted answers

Strumming the sweetness between questions

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If words were kisses  
I would close my eyes to listen to you  
I'd wear earplugs to concerts  
Not taking the risk  
Of losing my ability to hear your sweet hopes  
And deepest sincereties  
The grandest, most produced music  
Would dim in comparison  
And I would vow to never interrupt you  
I wouldn't have a choice except to say what I mean  
If words were kisses

### **I don't feel better**

I hope that I never feel that small again  
Until I remember that I don't remember a time before anything bad happened to me  
I hope that one day the memories won't slice me open  
Until I look to see what's causing a sting  
I hope that I won't find any old memories hiding within the depths of my flesh  
Until another one pierces my heart  
I hope that I can be full of hope  
Until I remember how empty I've been  
I hope that I will find inner peace  
Until I realize I'm the one that haunts me

I don't feel better until I sit on my bed  
Until I braid my hair into a wet snake  
and I feel it on my neck  
Until I write down my feelings when I can't sleep  
Until I finally call it a night  
Until I've cried into my cardigan  
Until the busyness of the day distances me further away  
And I hope the distance stays