

## Words Unsaid

What have I to fear of spoken words—  
Which pass so glibly from poisoned lips—  
That twitch with sound and pout to kiss?  
What ache should I feel over what is heard?  
The soul is mute, but no less disturbed  
No silence is golden, no ignorance bliss

Truth and innocence sleep with the dead  
Shriveled brown roses pay tribute here  
Where no voice can sing, and no eye can tear  
But true unrest lies in what is read  
Between the lines, those words left unsaid  
There lurks the source of my unspoken fear

These passions in me, I dare not voice  
From the heart's rhythm are they awoken  
With one uttered word, the cadence is broken  
For awe and reverence, I have no choice  
But to silently feel that breath, warm and moist  
Breathe out the words that are spoken