

Words

Words are futile and empty.
They just aren't enough.
They can't let you dream my dreams
or feel my feelings.
They can't show you the pain
or make you hear the laughter.
They can't vanquish my nightmares
or bring a heart back to life.
They can't return what is lost, heal wounds,
or fill voids.
They won't encourage change
or ignite a cause.
They can't destroy or maim or
devour.
They will never ease the ache of suffering
or dry up a well of tears.
They can't save or renew you.
They'll never change your mind.

They're too feeble to explain
the paths I've taken,
the mistakes I've made,
the fears I wrestle,
the nights I face,
the hopes I cling to,
the stories I carry.

They're a cry for understanding
or a scream for help in the dark
that won't move you.
They can't haunt you
with their music or dissonance,
with their love
or their hate
or their indifference.

It's only in how they're shared and received
that they find their power
to kill and revive..

—*Rachel Schade*