

Now
 I creak
 on time
 With passed
 knowledge
 No longer making
 laughs
 Solemn
 knots in my stomach
 Contract
 knead my ease
 Cotton napkins
 creased
 pressed
 Never
 capture softness
 breast
 Heartbeats
 deep breathes
 Constant pace
 til sleep
 Ever smiling
 I see
 know
 Something bricks builds
 Now I'm
 numbed
 You've cocked the gun
 Silence waits
 its turn

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