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## **Assemble My Words**- 1996

*Gregory D. Wilcox*

I gather my words carefully  
Sometimes it takes too long  
By the time they reach fruition  
To speak them sounds so wrong

They've tumbled dry for hours now  
They're neat and clean and pressed  
And if by chance I wear them out  
My friends are not impressed

They see only the frilly lace  
And not the complex weave  
Complexity so astounding  
Their minds cannot perceive

Some disassembly required  
My metaphors too much  
I'm left behind to fend alone  
I've stumbled o'er much crutch

"Speak plain my friend" they say to me  
"Your jabber drives us nuts"  
"You go too deep in complex thought"  
"Speak plain you stupid yutz."