Words

Not One Is Upright

Blind. Force the brain to bury itself inside a grave of empty words, because I'm running out of words to convey to you. Just what you'll find and where you'll find it but no, no, no. My voice is breaking. My tongue is twisted and held. I sit and stare at this empty page where all my thoughts collect then go their separate ways. I put the pen to paper as if to say: My hands are what will speak, I've got nothing of value to relay. Blinded. I am reaching. It's on the tip of my tongue and I'm afraid that is where it will stay. There's ink no spilling on my empty page. The picture it's painting is more than words can say. I've seen it before, this image on display. Ive seen it before. My words will fail you (so let me fail).

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