

# No Poem

Inara George

You're no poem once you open your mouth  
I never like what you say  
A carnation to cover your lips  
When you speak I fall away The exceptions are few in between  
I spend time just trying to forget  
Away, away, will you fall away?  
Let's pretend that we never met Keep yourself within yourself  
For all that you say, it never gets better  
In yourself, within yourself  
If I was you I wouldn't talk, I'd just keep dancing If all your moves were words  
And back steps were things you've denied  
You've said, that's right, your dead  
I'm dumb but not deaf and blind

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