Icy Shoulder

DESA

There is a point to your charades.
I had those vague gestures bagged before yesterday.
You ignore each other's questions.
Somehow your shoulders can freeze a room.
It's high time you broke icicles from under your heart.
Tell the truth.
Let them melt in the turmoil and run down gutters to the bay.
Your next smile could be seconds away.
I'm slipping on your icy stares.
Vibes stifled by by your lack of care.
Wounds like fangs in your mouth penetrate the skin.
Starved for caresses as venom rushes in.
One can't breathe while choked with puppet strings.
Second hand lacerations.
Tossing and turning the page before it's red
with the blood you know can't hide behind a frozen exchange.
The clock ticks you off.
Asks the same questions.
So what are you after?
How can tears turn to laughter?
So what are you after?

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