

Words

(By Self-Wrought Pain)

By Robin B Lipinski

Verbs, vowels, adjectives, nouns, all words to describe words of two-legged creatures, man.

Women, man, not far from the beast, howl.

Beating the drum, blood running, hunters moon, Owwwhoo, Owwwhoo, Owwhoo!

Silent caves now, pictures painted to capture the word, leading to hieroglyphics, then to what we have now.

Profanity or words of wisdom captured both fleeting to show what we want when we really don't know how.

"I love you," meaning, I love you or hate you, let me smother you with words.

"I hate you," meaning, I love you or hate you, let me smother you with words.

Never, ever, let any human word get you down.

Write as you wish, say as you will, inflict pain or passion, after all, it is only words.

There is only one power higher than words, the power of listening, of seeing, causing laughter or tears.

I leave you now with what I only know how, words, more words, simmering, seeping, creeping from inside.

Bursting from my mind to my fingers, typing to escape those other dark things inside my mind.

Have a good night, keep your dreams pleasant and full of light, or else you too will be typing, releasing what's inside.

The End.