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WORDS

S.J. Day

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WORDS

S. J. Day

I don't have the words.
I wrestle silently, internally,
As you sit remote in hand, images successively flashing
Upon the box that is your god,
Formulating a means to elicit my thoughts.
The mangled letters fall into rank
And present themselves to you
An explanation of my sadness.
But as they travel from mind to mouth,
From mouth to ear
(Is it me or the pizza bargains deluging
The void black that envelops us?)
Transformation.
Illegitimate comprehension fires the pistol
Of your race. You jump from the starting gate
And run headlong, a thoroughbred.
Consumed with the quest, the dissemination of my fears,
You charge toward the finish
(Faster than the glowing advertisement
Spews forth its accolades)
And claim your prize: disenchanting me.
No sooner won than forgotten,
A trophy on your shelf
Dusted off with provocation of desire.
Commercial over, your god consumes you
And I sit transfixed on my nail bitten hands.
I'm aching to rectify your erroneous achievement
But I don't have the words.