

# And Also The Trees, Talk Without Words

We look up, silently  
Without quite music  
My face four days old  
You look newborn  
There's fear in your frown, like mine  
No distance away  
Noticing your hand  
Half round my head  
And on my face  
Protecting me, protecting me  
Afraid of your frown, don't change  
For me expressions  
A button undone  
The earth that's on my back  
And in my hair  
Portraying me, portraying me  
You're so clean, untouched  
Like me experience possessed  
She breathes so tence  
Flexes her hand  
Don't relax  
Projecting me, projecting me.....