

Belson, Here's To Your Health

Every piece like you is delicate
When puzzles count for more than rhetoric.
Your answers, your questions, your half-held head.
So we're taking the time to see through
If everything you said turns out true, but
It's not what you said.
Are we on our way?
(You said it's over now.)
Here's a toast to you for all you do,
And a finger pointed toward the door.
If one and one and one is three,
There's one too much for you and me.

Interrogation.
We fall short with writing.
It's not what you said at all.
It's in the way you said it.
Let repose be the string
That ties your mouth shut
So you'll say nothing at all.
Is this what you wanted?
(You're so much more than this.)
You are the one.
You are the one thing I regret.