

Cinder, Silver Tongue

Consumed by thoughts but mouth not work, tongue left aside.

A simple ritual a thing so natural but the syllables still hide.

Its only you and its only me, I wonder just how easy talking should be.

The silence whips in like the tide, but just incase.

If you endeavor the news or the weather could end this orquard space.

Mid) Just take a deep breath and start again, say how are you doin and my name is