

# Sam Phillips, Private Storm

we lock the hurricane indoors  
looking for shelter, we deny and ignore  
afraid that our words bring clouds we talk in code  
the thunder or cruel perfection covers love  
and we're cold

the private storm  
and our souls are worn from the tears  
the private storm  
and it rages on through the years

no warning the ground pulls out from underneath  
we tiptoe through air until we see the blood on their teeth

time doesn't heal, the scars turn into wounds  
as we walk lightly silent screams in the storm