

# Soilent Green, Sticks And Stones

the touch that connects-  
words that bleed  
the closeness that rejects-  
words mean nothing  
actions all rubberband lies stretched far  
intimate words spoken while in bed  
just pillow talk for the naive head  
everything in names  
ideas prone to a backwards motion  
an unknown cause, nothing named  
a thought people state-  
contadicting this false speech  
sticks and stones made of syllables  
these words will grow against you