

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-
contradicting this false speech
sticks and stones made of syllables
these words will grow against you