

Fake Empire (Thanks Matt)

by Jowell Tan

Do you know what I like?
Your voice.

Your voice is soothing,
Like a blanket on a cold night,
A glass of wine after a long day.

Your voice is yearning,
Like a sad song on the radio,
A yarn spun to make hearts break.

Your voice is guiding,
Like a light in the darkness,
A hand reaching out through a large crowd.

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Do you know what I fear?
Your voice.

Your voice is confusing,
Like a radio with signal issues,
Missing words forming misunderstandings.

Your voice is demanding,
Like an unreasonable patron,
requesting for things I cannot give.

Your voice is devastating,

Like a destructive tornado,
laying waste to the pathways of my heart.

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Your voice is all of these things,
Like a Pandora's Box of emotions,
Every day is a different day.

Do you know what I hope?
That your voice never goes away.

