

The Conversation Killer

by Judith A. Lawrence

He speaks thunderously loud,
loud enough to drown out
what I might try to say.

If I speak in a breathless rush
it's only so I can complete a thought
before it's caught midair,
swallowed up in one gulp
and spit out.

I stand corrected once more.

And still I try to speak,
if for no other reason than
to let the words fly free
before they choke me.

