

# 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.

