Play Pen

by Kirk B. Young

I've misplaced my voice, my vocal chords are silent lacking speak and the floorboards here creak under the willowing weight of a ghost, phrases are a feat and my tongue it can't compete as communication comes through in the dark these concrete abstractions of time and space and if I were to erase the letters before these it'd make just the same amount of sense, which is to say somewhat striking as the sun shines in during the midnight hour. The crisis of a life that hasn't seen much strife amounts to little more than identity, formed and fitted and impulse transmitted through fiery arches of synapse and sync until I start to sink into sleepy eyed persistence my resistance to the distance is a polarized existence watch the light go on and off and on and off and before you know it there are four and twenty of the years gone by and I cannot comply with the call to cease the words even though it's just a surge of nonsensical data points with syllables through and through. But what does it mean to you, because words are just a collection of sound emotion is interpretation even when smiles abound, so hopefully I will fall asleep soon to join my lady in her dreams, it's an oddly soothing place where everything's as it seems and you can play with clouds until you move the earth. Ramble and rest and return to the river of consonants and constant couplings of letters and phrases and if you can't forge or find any meaning in them then no worries be had for more will come on down the line, we're only playing with this language you and I, this is just a dream and since we're in these fifteen walls encapsulated we can make our own world. I will move the earth. I will move the earth. I will move the earth.

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