

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.

