

Faded Grey, In Silence

Mouth clamped tight.
My tongue burns with a thousand words.
You could be my everything,
but I won't even make a peep.
In my mind we've lived
that dream a hundred times.
It was so wonderful,
but you don't even know my name.
Is this the right place?
Could this be the right time?
Are we just cheating ourselves
by holding back with our everything?
If I open up and let you peer inside,
I'm afraid you won't like what you find.
All these emotions swell like a lake
behind a damn built for rejections' sake.
In silence, my thoughts are crime.
In silence, I'm left behind.