

He Who Never "Speak"

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The summer months were not enough
To clear the shadows from your eyes
But then, a breath from far above
Brought the dust away from mine:

I wanted you to make me whole
A dream no mortal man can say
The degradation of my soul
Bid your faith in me away.

Epiphanies in short supply
Belated now, but not in vain
They rid me of the steady lie
That you were all I had to gain.

Completion brings upon my pen
A calm that I have never known
To hold aloft a clearer lens
And show you all that you have sown.

So tell of all that you can see
Of every season through and through
And when I use my mouth to speak
I will only speak of you.

I will only speak of you.

13:
Thirteen...
Thirteen months.

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