

## The Silent Type

### "The Gift"

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A loose collection of words come together then fall from the tip of my tongue in a form that feels flawed, like a gift that is given with intent of return. So now I'm selfishly pleading to bring them all back to the mouth where they were born, because you've said all that you want, so why must you keep repeating the flaws?

Whether venom or honey, whether poison or cure, whether violence or beauty, I present you no more than a offering of words that I've grown to adore. Though their life is fleeting, the persistence they lack is the reason they're pure. Still, I stab into pages quickly to pin them down before they're gone, but each new abuse keeps my fingers bruised, for even words will do harm.

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