

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Word Play

by Penny Humphrey

I'm tired of words.

I've noticed that they only behave when I am behaving, being polite,

Watching what I say, thinking before I speak. Sucking on my pen before I write.

I'm tired of words.

The naughty ones, the bad ones, lurk in the darkest recesses of my mind and watch for state of play.

Watch for signs of temper, or infernal sarcasm. Spilling out, deciding what I'll say

I'm tired of words.

Now take the sarcasm, here's the sort of thing.

I met an old acquaintance the other day.

"How's your Dad?" I asked

"I'm afraid we lost him last year" was the reply

Out of the recesses jumped the sarcasm crew

"That was carelesere" I said

I'm tired of words

They get you into trouble like nothing else can. Temper is the worst of all.

They spit out of your mouth, the devils dance right in front of you

Grotesque, daring you to try and stop them but you can't, until the word regret sets in

But it's too late then, you can't re call.

I'm tired of words

Of other people's acid tongues

Of lies, of criticisms, of opinions given when not wanted.

Am I tired of words?

A very small hand slips into mine

Large round eyes look up at me

"I love you Grandma"