



## Words Don't Come

by Janie Reynolds

Full of jagged worries, and the black holes of innocence and ignorance,  
how tortuous is the silence between us!

It is everywhere we go,  
there,  
unless we break it with our words.

We are just two lovers,  
trying to share the world,  
but we don't have many tools to hand.  
Words and sex are really all that come to mind.  
Walking hand in hand through the wood,  
silence is impossible.

Sages and gurus may lightly float on the petals of silent flowers that lightly float on the  
silent lake that lightly floats on the silent wedding bed between the water and the  
land,  
but between us  
cling only words  
and the thoughts that follow.

So sketching out our versions of the world for one another,  
we walk straight past the speaking tree  
and over the low-cast shadows of the late afternoon,  
lost in tangled, hapless clouds  
drawing lines that only cordon us apart.

How I wish I could put my self into words,  
not my mind.

I would place it where our lips meet,  
or our tongues tie.

And on our wedding night,  
we might then find some blessed relief  
of the flesh.

Because the trouble with words  
is they just don't come.