

Poetry

You're soft, sweet,
melodious;
intertwined words strung into phrases of harmony;
wisps of fragile magic encased in soft black shells.

You're loud, rough,
stormy;
stings and pricks of sharp ebony;
dissonant chords splotching the pureness of the page.

You're the quietness of a moment;
the whisper of the wind on a breezy day.

You're the rock and roll band next door;
the shrieking chords elbowing through the silence.

You're in every glance—
every heartbreak
every laugh
every tear.

You give
speech to music
wings to imagination
expression to the soul
life to dreams.

You're poetry.