

Telling in Silence

by Stephanie MacLaren

I want to tell you my story.
Pass breath through my lips and weave a sorted spell.
Spelling out the space between us.
Breath from the bones of memory bearing witness to my soul.

So I step up and stand naked in the center,
Fumbling for the path of words that have been laid out for me.
But the words do not betray the story....not mine.
Do they yours?

The words bumble around my lips and tongue.
Eschewing the profundities known to all that have gone before me.
Making known all that has been told to me,
Yet holding no particular allegiance to form least of all to me.
Bearing no resemblance to the hot screams of anguish so necessary in
their formation,
Cool words can speak only to the fiction of man.
Wiping clean the dense bush with the scythe of righteous truth,
They would have me pruned.

So I will part with the words.
Breathing them out to the space between us as my sacrifice to you.
Leaving them wanting for your sensing
Where they will dance and mingle with the web of your essence
No longer do they witness the truth of my intent.
Now they are mere flaccid reminders of a once meaningful existence.
Taken up by your story,
They bear witness more to you than anything I had to offer.

My truth is in my silence.
Words swimming, circling, claiming and running.
My words in my silence.
Bearing witness to my soul from which they came.

The truth is in the being not the telling.
Dwelling in the tender clashes of words that make a story lived.
I'll speak no more with their cool words,
But tell my story with the hot passionate words of silence.