

Smoke Signals

Touché Amomé

In a desperate search for words
I am given a chance to breathe
It's the calm before the storm
It's my reason for everything
I'm sharpening a pencil on my writers block
To use when the words stop
I'll cut loose the cords that cut into me
To grow some thicker skin and shed insecurity
From outside I hear the echo of those empty words
I'm setting fire to that place I've built for my concerns
I'm not about to act surprised by actions when I'm desperate
If you f**k with a wounded animal you deserve to get bit