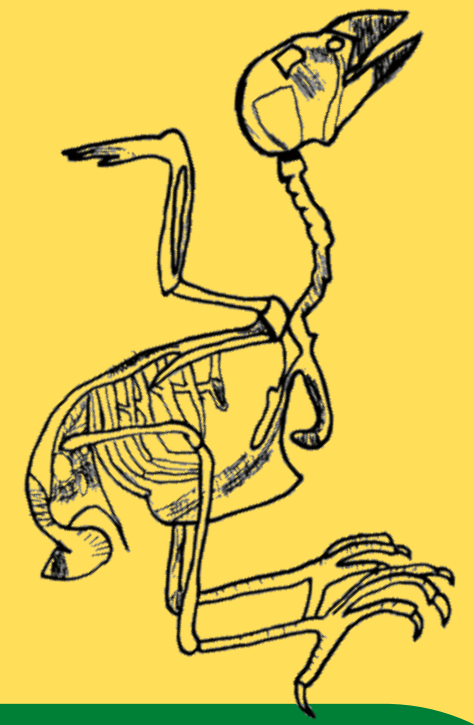


Breaking the Silence



it's cold and lonely here: a silent room.
the bodies shuffle, without speaking words.
who utters the first ones, who first will bloom?
no, blooming is for flowers, fly like birds.

a bird? the people look for their feathers
and touch their flesh noses, hoping for beaks
only they find soft lips like worn leather.
their mouths don't move, they're woven shut, their cheeks

are plump, no they're not birds, they want to talk
but how to break the frigid silence, how
to lift their sad bowed heads and make them walk
out from the room into the fires of now -

where a tongue sits flickering like a flame
whispering warmth, reminding them their name.



Karo Ska