

Silence

By Erin Bouffard

I'm not used to the silence,
I'm too caught up in the screams,
The quiet lingers after me,
It haunts me in my dreams,
The stillness suffocates me,
It's willing me to shout,
It's twisting in my throat,
Trying to get out,
The less I hear the noise,
The more I hear the words,
They're starting to strangle me,
And my vision just seems blurred,
The dreams are getting worse now,
They're eating at my thought,
I can't seem to form the words,
Because my silence has been bought,
It's long since condemned me,
My sentence is nearly done,
And the longer I prolong it,
The father I must run,
My sanity is nearly spent,
I think my time is through,
To this guillotine I walk,
And there's nothing I can do