

Talk Without Words

And Also The Trees

We look up, silently
Without quite music
My face four days old
You look newborn
There's fear in your frown, like mine
No distance away
Noticing your hand
Half round my head
And on my face
Protecting me, protecting me
Afraid of your frown, don't change
For me expressions
A button undone
The earth that's on my back
And in my hair
Portraying me, portraying me
You're so clean, untouched
Like me experience possessed
She breathes so tence
Flexes her hand
Don't relax
Projecting me, projecting me.....