

I don't really understand
Why I'm feeling so disappointed with the images inside my head.
They enter so undetected.
But I'd never hurt a single soul.
My pulse is beating even faster when your words speak so bold.
I am learning not to speak, yet to listen.
I am learning that if I choose to speak at all, speak easy.
I'm coming to the conclusion that healing works best through silent bruising.
So just be patient for all you're losing.
Love is patient, love is kind.