

## Without a Sound

Headstones

she wore a beautiful dress to her own death  
and everyone agreed it was tasteful  
She had declined to meet their eyes  
for at this point she was unable  
she held her breath where the water met her steps  
steemed herself for the journey  
fantasized for years that there'd be no tears  
for them all she was in no freakin' hurry

without a sound, without a sound, without a sound  
without a sound, without a sound, without a sound

gracefully she mimicked dreams  
played out each and every scene  
cancelled the paper while making tea that morning  
with every obligation met she climbed the steps and into that dress  
she hit her marks and the exit planned was glory  
her mindset was elaborate  
no need for a jacket, stimulant, depressant, or placebo  
she'd been alone for years with the grinding of the gears  
waiting for the pull of the ocean

without a sound, without a sound, without a sound  
without a sound, without a sound, without a sound  
she's going down without a sound, without a sound

she wore a beautiful dress to her own death  
from the rocks to the beach into the ocean  
coast guard said it's the strangest thing  
she seemed to grimace, then to wink  
but I knew it was a smile that had frozen

without a sound, without a sound, without a sound  
without a sound, without a sound, without a sound  
she's going down without a sound, without a sound, without a sound  
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