

The Misplay

Nosound

screen blinking bright and tired
like broken ice in thousand forms
reflecting voices we just ignored
now fingers type cold and slow
last row after last row

today is grey outside the windows
and the wind is breaking words and breath
we should have know it's a compromise
now the snow flakes fall from the skies
covering sounds while your echo dies

you came to me and asked why
I'm not with you if even you tried
I'm not with you every new day
I cannot say I can't explain
I felt constrained by your misplay