

Alexia Carnes

Where Silence Breaks

Poetry

Lying in my bed, I contemplate the night,
Your words drift upward, empty, out of reach.
The silence in your eyes, devoid of light,
Is what inflicts a wound no voice can teach.

My words grew distant, cold, and unattached,
Yet the ache in my eyes remained unmatched.
In time, my voice fractured, sharp as shattered glass,
And my heart faltered, its rhythm fading fast.
None of my thoughts would ever align,
Tears welled up, a flood I could not disguise.
Your words grew blurred as I lost my sight in time,
Yet you remained oblivious, never meeting my eyes.

As my texts grew brief and my patience wore thin,
You delivered your reports with a practiced grin.
My breath came faster, nerves flutter and flicker,
And my accent emerged, just a little bit thicker.
Between your logic and my longing, I dwell,
I search for words to bridge this empty place.
A silence growing stronger, an unspoken spell,
Hoping meaning lingers where feelings leave their trace.
At last, I gather the words I wish to share
Expression of love, but in what form should they appear
Will you dissect their meaning, request I rearrange
Or dismiss the sentiment as something unfamiliar and strange
We dissect the science behind what we feel
Pure fact entwined with what fate might reveal
Oxytocin and serotonin shape how we yearn
Yet destiny guides us at every turn
Love is meant to liberate, or so we're told,
Yet I think of the freedoms I quietly release.
It's caring and concern, a warmth to hold,
But I surrender pieces of myself for his peace.
Desire draped in borrowed tenderness,
A blade sheathed in velvet pretense.

I learned to love him
Even as he ripped me limb from limb

As you watched me disappear
You always let me know you were here.
Tugging on my rope to reality
You were haunted by the presence of my vitality

Eventually, you realized I wasn't coming back.
My soul had been one to many times attacked
Losing the person I was before
No screaming or slamming the door

Over time, you started to look at me different
And I couldn't tell if that made me indifferent.
But you looked at me with unwavering sincerity
I think that's what gave me my clarity.

It wasn't pity or disgust
Nor shame or mistrust
But an understanding of who I am truly
Of knowing me thoroughly

After him, I didn't know a lot
Of what is and what was not
But one thing I always knew
Was that you were my muse.

Your titian red hair, soft as air,
With obsidian eyes that make me stare
And the way your porcelain skin hit the lighting
Was what always kept me writing.

Time slowed, my words regained their spark
Splintered words scattered, making their mark
My hands danced, tracing the shadow you cast,
And finally shattered, the moment surpassed.