

No Words

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My lady is a wordsmith, she goodly speaks her mind
No participles dangling from her sweet lips will you find
Amazed I am how often and so effortlessly
She finds the perfect word in her vast vocabulary

She chooses words that some say lean a bit toward artsy-fartsy
And if you're lazy with your speech she'll go full grammar nazi
So when my syntax too relaxed would raise the holy stickler
I'd shut my mouth, pray to the gods and then begin to tickle 'er

Words of love demand a voice
But still remain unheard
For when her laughter echoes mine
There is no room for words

When I might slip and end a sentence with a preposition
The pope of perfect parlance would commence an inquisition
It's not a stretch to say her rack of disappointment pained
But sweet the torture ending when I promised to refrain

I cannot lie but when she first lay down upon my bed
Thoughts of proper usage were the furthest from my head
As passions rose, my tongue did slip, and so an error made
I held my breath, she held my gaze and all my fears allayed

Words of love demand a voice
But still remain unheard
For when our souls meet eye to eye
There simply are no words

I must confess it's not been easy spying on my speech
My lazy mind is one that she can easily impeach
My scrutinizing like a muscle needed to work out
Her own was working overtime, of that there was no doubt

I did my best but still I failed to meet her expectation
My only hope was that I could cast spells of adoration
Forgiveness I had tasted in the heat of passion's art
A chink in her bright armor leading to her speechless heart

Words of love demand a voice
But still remain unheard
For when I melt into her arms
There simply are no words

Love's sweet silence welcomes even those that aren't housebroken
Words cannot get in the way no matter how mis-spoken
Laughter and forgiveness are a sweet road to salvation
Resistance is not futile, it just needs assimilation

Sounds begin to slip together one into another
Words become a single word that simply goes unuttered
We try to speak but silence keeps our lips held gently bound
So we can hear the still small voice of two hearts once more found

Words of love demand a voice
But still remain unheard
For when love whispers silently
There simply are no words