

Words

*the pain seared slowly
through to my soul*

*And I searched.
waiting...*

*for this pain must assuredly
be accompanied by death*

*So I breathed
slowly,
waiting,
for the next one. . .*

*but it didn't come.
certain that it would
I waited.
thinking
realizing*

*the stinging pain
that tore my heart
was a word.*

*a word hidden in love
yet sharp, pointed,*

*unrecognizable
until it strikes.*

*"Those were just words," you said.
But to have struck me would have been kinder.
That kind of "love" I understand.*



*Vernet C. Nettles
May 26, 1999
www.vernetcnettlles.com*