

Silent words

Sugar Journal Images 2.

Silence and secrets are fine but are for another time
a time of honor. Now we must spill the beans
start and trust again. People not profit again,
and newfangled love.

Depression, not your fault, depression.

Why 'ont they just tell you it's clinical--when -your -blood -sugar's -high -you -get-
gloomy-sad... even lonely -- That damn hard unexpressed rage is not just history in my
bones it's sugar in the blood. Tell people that, doctors. Behavior is chemical a lotta
times. Mother said Daddy's heart trouble was nerves; everybody knew that about men
after war.

Unsaid words live in the dark behind lace,
and even in bright backyards in dust under rugs and dog hair.

So much coughing and gulping down harsh drinks
Her stomach was silent with unmentionable cravings.

Screaming can no longer be heard. Senna tea and chamomile have truth.

Do you drink Scotch, said the Uncle? Listen to your body she thought.

I'm good she said.

RMc 2/2013