

Words

Filled to the brim with sweet nectar

Begging to burst free and spill secrets across the page.

The Pen

Saturating each letter, locking meaning within.

Waves

Launching themselves against the hollow text from the inside out.

Threatening, persevering,

Determined to break free from the confines of their worthless shells.

If only.

If only the floodgates would open,

Freeing the emotions.

Quickly at first, then slower.

The seas are calming.

Until finally, every last drop of moisture has abandoned its prison.

The air is full of feeling and truths are encoded no longer.

Honest. Vulnerable. Real.

How does this change us?

But no.

Not yet.

For now let's leave the secrets to build their character some more,

Keep them thrashing back and forth inside their frigid text homes,

Give them more time to prepare for their debut.

For,

One day,

You will vacate your passionless residences.