

Sounds

Do not listen to my words
sounds often create aversion
controlled release of air
passing over vocal cords
A child is filled with joy and glee
viewing its mirrored shape
It learns first to point
then speak Me Me Me
We watch its self opinion grow
we learn to say No No No
Is it the mirror or the speech
that creates our projected self
It awakes when I rise up but
when I sleep who is he
that breathes for me at night
he doesn't sow or reap
Is he the one caring not
for words or reflections
living in the dark
while bathed in glaring light
Do not listen to my words
Sounds often bring regret
In silence I write words out
sounds rush by and we forget