

*Sprout legs and run*

*By Tyler P. Fick*

Words escape me for the first time.

Sprout legs and run from my mouth.

But don't you see? A speechless me is useless.

There is something I need to say...

For, without these words, how can I ever tell him the way he makes me feel?

How will he ever know that I dance joyfully around these words that I wish to speak

How will he ever know that I looked into his eyes last night and fell asleep inside them.

How will he ever know that I keep his shadow postered on my wall, a blanket to my shivering pen that wishes to speak.

I want to mold my words into the clay of me; the heart of what I wish to say when I look at him across the room.

The soul of this emotion decorating me...

Then he would see the way I kick the clock, break it in two as it taunts me with hours apart.

Then he would see that I tremble, his hands are so warm, but yet I still shiver.

Then he would know that I sometimes ache when he touches me, the words I wish to speak, now sprouting arms, shooting daggers at me, splitting me in two. Telling me to run, telling me to stay.

There are too many voices inside my head... sucking the life from me like an infected needle.

Words come back, run home to me. Run home and let him know that today I fell in love.

I need him to know that today I fell into his hands and used his own love to cover this needle inside me.

My hands have reached an angle unknown, like a small stone, I skip across this emotion, wondering how long it will take me to land.

Wondering if I should even be skipping. Wondering if he feels the same about me.

If he wants me, I could be there for him.

If he wants me, I will run to him.

If he wants me, all he would have to do is echo my name.

Words escape me for the first time.

Sprout legs and run away

But don't you see, there is something I need to say...