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**Just the Ebb and Flow of Your Voice**

instead of the normal hello;

a kiss on the cheek,

or a handshake,

you sit me down and speak of cliffs,

angry ocean breezes

that punish your skin,

and tides that

eat the seashore.

you are some old book

that's been left unread

for far too long

and i am the reader

who cracked your spine

and let you breathe dust

into the library air.

you say

on mountains

overlooking the sea,

everyone's a king,

and everyone's

afraid.

you say it is

more intense than starvation,

more fragile than

a soap bubble.

you say many things,

but what i mostly hear is

not words,

just the ebb and flow

of your voice,

and in my head i watch you

watch the ocean,

painsorrowpower

tugging on your heart,

your hair spinning out

like dreams.