

Words in a dry season

You watered your words with tears
And germinated a life together
Seed, seedling, sapling
One leaf, then two.
As above, so below
The roots of a relationship.
Like a fond gardener
I hovered in expectation
Of hearing more trickle from your lips.
"I don't like talking," you said.
I heard but didn't hear
And watered your arctic drought
With wheedling, nagging, pleading.
Around us grew angry trunks
That cut out love and feeling.
Throat squeezed dry, I tried still
To shout but the creepers of crossed purpose
And misunderstanding took root
Against all laws of reason.
Suspicion branched betwixt mistrust.
Accusation was parried with denial.
Such big words were bred between us
Whilst saying nothing.
The torrent slowed.
There came a dry season
When words blazed
In a fire of indifference
Squirming and twisted.
"Say something", you said.
I trod a carpet of empty leaves
Not like a child.
Without joy.

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