

## An Uncouth Discourse a.j.m.c

Silence and love spoke about that valuable emptiness of my Heart, while I lay suspended in the rafters of slumber and consciousness. One stated that my heart was like a Graveyard for shattered wishes and Broken Dreams; with eyes of a magnificent wonder, the other uttered in a hushed whisper, no, IT'S like a Delicate hose that exist in the absence of mans polluted desires; A beauty that blossomed in the darken hours of mans drunken stupor. Though with eyes of anticipated dread, the other muttered meticulously, it shall perish upon the awaking eyes of mans Perverted awareness. Therefore, speak there of no more, for every closed eye is not asleep and misery, eavesdrops upon every spoken word...

The One Less Spoken;