

My Voice

My voice, it creaks,
it whines and whimpers and moans.
But it rarely speaks
of what is lying in my bones.

A river of pain –
sometimes I sail upon it,
crying tears of rain,
wanting some new sonnet

that will take me high into the sky,
and shine me *brighter* than the sun!
Blazing with worth over all the Earth,
somehow never to be undone!

My voice –
what a silly thing it is.
By my choice,
my voice is dying, it is.

Inside of me
is a universe – a playground.
And, so silently,
my voice finds some magic sound

that lights the world, with flags unfurled,
and tales of love's old magic!
And everyone weeps for me, who sleeps –
I rake it all in, so sad and tragic.

My voice, it mutes
what goes on inside me.
It thereby refutes
my frail mortality.

It wants it all,
so it settles for nothing;
it answers no call,
leaving my insides frothing.

What I have to say won't save the day;
it won't bring world peace, and that's a fact.
It won't make me blameless, or suddenly famous.
No long-lost love will suddenly come back.

However –
this is true for most everyone.
And forever
will all my words be hung

in the air,
floating in the Spirit of Life
somewhere,
a star in the universal night.

I think it's God's plan that never shall a man
be placed in such a position
of eclipsing all else with the greatness of self –
we are all spared that voluntary perdition.

If my voice had its way, it'd be a long dreary day.
But in the Great Spirit, I'm just one of many.
So my voice will be heard, each and every word,
and it won't cost anyone a penny.

Everyone has a voice as loud as their choice,
and you don't have to bend your ear my way.
If I think I can't afford it, then I won't be rewarded.
And maybe – just maybe – I'd like to hear what *you* have to say.