

Silent face in a Bed?



I am just a silent face in a bed  
In a room, in a house  
In a street, in a town  
In a country, in a world  
I cannot believe  
I have a voice  
You can hear  
This is my truth  
My rage is molten spewing but  
Penned here by illness  
My words padded by isolation  
hemmed in  
I am not  
Able to break through  
My anger is  
A tsunami  
So, I become  
Engulfed  
Drowned by your words  
Traumatized by your actions  
Watching all this death  
Holding all this fear  
Over and over  
Impotent  
Numb  
I cannot be  
Feeling all this  
I spill over  
To you  
Irrelevant  
My torment not  
Made to matter  
This time finally  
My dam's grief cracks  
Open, I explode  
the truth breaks me  
You cannot tell me anymore  
I will be heard

(NOW PLEASE READ THE POEM FROM THE BOTTOM UPWARDS.)