

Playing With Words

Soft words, smooth ones,
light like doylies spun by
the six nuns, from their own hair
in a convent in Croatia.

Dark, stormy words, thundering
into the mind like Zeus angered,
ripping open what lies uncovered,
threatening a world lying prone.

Gentle, words that caress;
their echoes waft through still air,
creating illusions, new fairy tales
hiding in silent temptations.

Butchered words, reduced
to non-words for robots
torture my brain, their tech-speak
leaves me disgusted.

I like secret words best, tantalising,
more glanced than seen,
they hide in the rustle of willows,
whispering, promising.