

## SO THAT YOU WILL HEAR ME

So that you will hear me  
My words sometimes grow thin  
I watch them form a long thread  
As they release themselves mid-expression.  
Like militant ants, they trail off,  
Climbing up your limbs,  
Then finally they make their way through  
The gaps in your teeth.

My words are not my words anymore.  
You have swallowed their essence  
Choking on each syllable  
As it goes down;  
I wonder if there will be a point  
When your body will have reached  
Its fullest capacity, and you  
Will be unable to take in another bite.

Now they are swarming you like bees,  
But you just stand there, ever so still,  
Attempting to avoid the sting  
As they slide down.