

To say my piece

My words are dammed.

I built a wall

So tall

To hold

The flow

Of all the words

That make me who I am.

Sticks and stones

May break my bones

But its taunting words

That haunt my heart,

That shake and break

My world apart,

That harm like shards

Of razor blade

Thrown bullet-time quick

Stick hard

Inside my heart

Sharp tongue,

Silver tongue,

Tongue trip,

Tongue slip,

Pep talk, coax me,

Soothe me, smooth me over...

There are words that harm,
And words that heal like soothing balm
And words that hide the truth of who we are
Behind the scars.
And still I find myself more broken
By all the words we need to speak
And yet we leave unspoken...

I am a child.
I feel alone.
A lonely girl,
My only world's
My own.

My silence grows.

The other children are my foes -
I am the chosen one to shame and blame
And I am left out of their games -

My silence grows.
I am now tame.
And they move on to better prey
That will struggle as they play
And I'm still left out of their games -
My silence grows.

And I begin to know that what keeps everything the same

Is the fear of our own shame
And I wake up every day
So afraid of change
And I want to break those chains
As I try to voice my pain
But my words are jammed and clammed
Inside the god-damn dam I made.

I am not that child now
But anyhow
The words that mean the most to me
Are still left unsaid
The words I want to tell you
Are mere voices in my head

Are mere voices in my head
As I wake up in the darkness every day
As I try to pass those powerless hours
Before the sun's first rays.

The words flood in.
The words flood in and the tears flow out
And all I want to do is shout
My words into the darkness
My words against the walls,
My words into the silence,
The words that keep me
Small.

The world's so hard
And all the words
in all the world
can't melt it
so I cry into the dark
but words they have both broken me
and made me who I am
and we all know that words can't break down walls
but words spoken and unspoken change my world
And I need to speak my truth to break apart the dam.

And through the shadows that loom
Through the murk and the gloom
Through my own bare
Despair,
and although I'm aghast
at how fast I fall
from the me that's big
to the me that's so small
And despite all the times
my own fear has towered
in my cowered mind
I know my words
Must be heard.

So here I am,
Here I stand

And these are my words
That I must get out
Though I'm riddled with doubt
About what words can do
After 5000 years
Of a system of fear
What can we start anew?
After 5000 civilized years
Of the wild
Being defiled
Of patriarchal pain
Of slavery and chains
Of racism engrained
Of the hierarchy being the same
How can words bring change?

We can say,
The more things change,
The more they stay the same,
Or we can say,
The only thing that stays the same
Is change.

Yet fear of change
Is the greatest fear that I retain
Things aren't working as they are, but they remain the same
Because change means to go

Into the unknown

But change also means to *grow*

Into the unknown

Means to grow into the magic of the mystery

Means the bravery

To start to dream

The way that we want things to be

So we can work to break the binds

Though there are times

When words are best forgotten

And left behind

To open hearts to the eye of the mind