

## Vocabulary

How easy it is to hide  
In the world of cold and strange men.  
Simply say nothing. Do nothing.  
You will be forgotten easily  
And any little slip of emotion that escapes  
Will soon be forgotten, too.  
And so all of the feelings I bury in my chest  
I disguise with words plain  
And let only the faucet drip in even smaller doses  
Through small and common words,  
Reserving subtle-coloured emotions only  
Just as the purple-coloured prose is so sparse.  
I know that most will miss my meaning,  
That is as it should be.  
Given this control I show,  
The emotions I shout by their absence,  
You must know the shock to me your words hold.  
Like too much water on parched throat,  
Your feelings, through your words, come too quickly.  
They bleed on me and mine, drowning.  
And like a mirror reflecting another,  
Like a microphone amplifying a speaker,  
The feedback and the reflections loop infinitely.  
The tight control I demand,  
My resistance to giving myself away,  
Cannot withstand the feeling your words bleed straight from the heart,  
Unrestrained and unbounded.  
Between your feeling and my feeling,  
How can I go on hiding as I have?  
From you there can be no secrets and you keep none.  
I will need a moment, though,  
To accustom myself to your new attentions  
And not read you words as I would read my own.  
But come, let us practice together some happy compromise  
To make yours more subtle  
And make mine less of fear and more bold,  
For it is only the means that disguises us from one another now,

Not the message any longer.