WASHED WITH SAND

A strong hand.
For a strong face.

The laughter that grows simmers away.
Evaporates around lines of thought.

Soft like silk, but washed with sand.

Scattered between the threefold of such.
Discomfort curves.
My arms are crossed - crossed tightly in front of my breast.
Like holding on to a thin ribbon of thread.

Soft like silk, but washed with sand.

I can taste the soap.
Wandering to the back of my throat.
Confined precision.

Restraining a carpet of thoughts.
The sharp edge of my tooth won’t rinse away.
It cuts to remind.

A soft voice, a short song.

It cuts to remind.
To whom it should belong.

Soft like silk, but washed with sand.