

## Compensation

by jess *Wednesday, Feb 13 2019, 10:09am*

international / poetry / post

they thought me slow as a child  
due to my inability to express myself  
verbally

like climbing cliffs and rocky ledges,  
pausing, stumbling, waiting for words that flow  
like rivers from my pen without a thought

from past life mistakes and abuses my mouth fails to utter  
fluently and with eloquence, yet by way of compensation  
any textual inscriber, pen, brush, stylus or keyboard dance with my  
fingers,  
wrists and hands

i am confined to silence purposely, the pen soothes and rages  
according to what it wishes to encode and my mouth continues to  
stall on everyday words

is it a curse, magic or both?  
whatever is taken away is balanced by another facility,  
fortunate is the poet that allows the pen to do the writing  
and cursed is the mouth that cut hearts and lives to the quick

i now know why and it pains me, so i allow it to flow out of my  
fingers lest i choke on my own  
acerbic poison,  
to harm with such a weapon is unforgivable and so that weapon  
is no longer available  
the tongue has two sides like a sword tho soft, yet is cuts sharper  
than a scalpel

now in silence do i communicate clearly and easily  
though i have learned that the tongue should only sing praises and  
bring joy  
to others --

the vagus connects the heart to the tongue  
so use with extreme caution lest you too harm yourself

