

A Wordless Poet®

Words are my music.

Words are my paintbrushes.

Daily I speak and write and live through the art of language.

Poems sometimes come from my pen.

I swirl in the dance of words. I always have.

This has defined me since an early age.

But strangely now, I am bereft of words.

I feel disconcerted that my words no longer flow.

I am in the paradoxical place of having a muse and yet no way to express the art he inspires.

You have done this.

You make my words shy and impotent.

I can no longer write of what is in my heart as I could before.

My love for you is so big, so vast, that like the Universe, it cannot be expressed or understood by the paltry word.

I am a wordless poet, all at sea and drifting in the ocean of you.

Please save me.

Offer me the lifeline of your love, your touch and your warm gaze.

Perhaps this will help me find my words again so I can love you with them.