

Sometimes, I just don't know what to say

When my words are vines in a jungle. They tangle and mangle and complicate things. They wrestle with my hands, neck, and feet as I outstretch my hand for something, anything to reach. But each word comes out faster and farther and deeper as I keep blabbering, bantering, and shouting, These words really complicate things and I'm left hanging, holding on by a thread, nearly dead. They wrap around my limbs. They tangle and mangle and complicate things.

*Thud.*  
I fall out of the vines.  
And finally, it's time  
for nothing to complicate things.

*Ssshhhh!*

**S i l e n c e**