

The words I haven't said

By David de Felice

Don't buy this.

Don't buy this front I wear.

This mask that turns too pleasant

Hides gray too cruel to bear.

You know me. You think.

We are man, woman and child.

We keep our dread and cheat your trust.

With grit that's dressed in pride.

But now, this time you know me

Too late can I be saved

Those brave but silent words

Lie dead upon my grave