

# The Mouth

*Emily Bounds*

The mouth laughs in sun,  
But frowns in rain.  
It questions what other mouths  
Don't explain.

A mouth insults  
The weakness of a stuttering reply.  
And holds desired power  
To choke out a burning lie.

A crooked smile can hold a stare  
That's silent at its peak.  
While holding back the sentences  
That hurt too much to speak.

When flames increase in size and strength  
In a throat of angry state,  
The mouth produces poison sounds  
That prey on rage and hate.

But above all, two rosy lips,  
Lay down a gentle kiss.  
For love can say the word and phrase  
That our mouths seem to miss.

