

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.

