

Hush

His words rush forth from his mouth, a leaky facet that never stops,
Each drip announces a waterfall of thoughts and floods the sink.
Each splash of new thought is as enticing as doorway lined with teeth,
Every puddle as profound as a piece of gum stuck under a table.
He will never stop until he drowns himself in his own vanity.

But I will be damned if he fills my lungs with his bullshit.

With each drop from the tap, my own voice will burn hotter,
Reducing his folly to nothing more than steam, silent and clear.
Let him hold his choke as I burn the house to the ground,
Cutting off my nose simply to spite my face but spare my ears.
In the ashes and steam, I can enjoy the hush with empty lungs.