

Speak So Well

People say you speak so well. Every phrase numbly enunciated to hide any pain. Diction scrubbed clean of the struggle with rags and spray bottles of the strongest disinfectant linguistic camouflaging can buy. All day your words hold value if spoken with your milk voice. All day they rub against frustration, daring friction to kindle flames. When you speak so well, you can become an exception to typecasting, sometimes. Like language is a suit you hang in your closet every evening and take out each morning. Eventually, flat dialogue floats towards deaf ears just because, because in the end, you don't belong, and there's no guaranteed way to be heard, to know for sure they listen, to feel respected as your syllables get whitewashed with a smile.