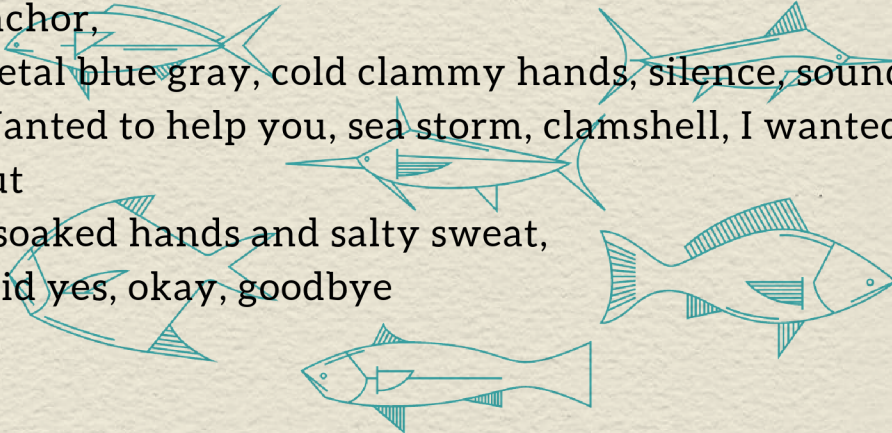
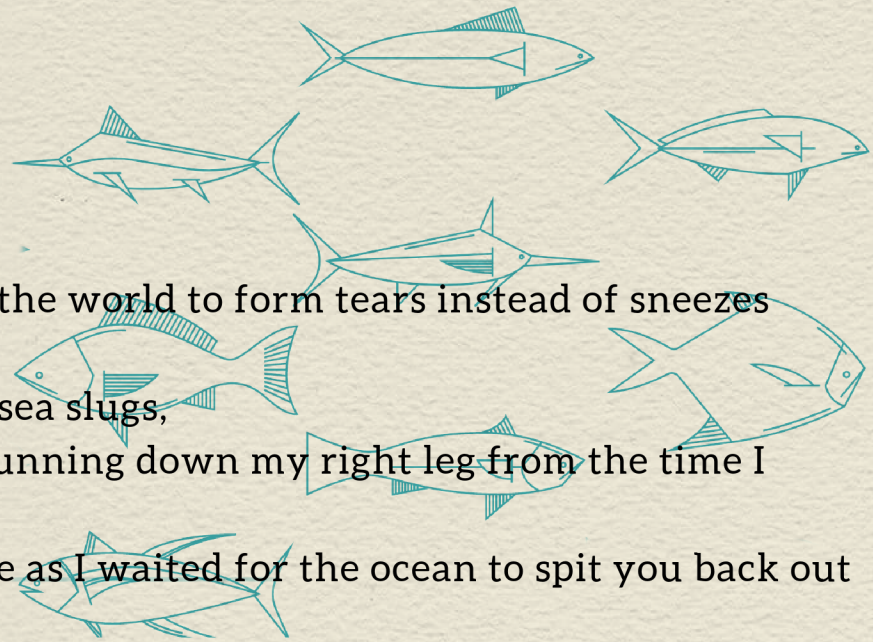


# Swirling Silence

by: Libby Oren

Where there are swirls  
Where I'm drowning and there is enough salt in the world to form tears instead of sneezes  
So my water doesn't exit through my hands  
Stop it, go away, empty this house and upset the sea slugs,  
I was left with summer memories, a single scar running down my right leg from the time I  
climbed a fence to impress you  
And half tanned feet, sun lines, stuck in sunshine as I waited for the ocean to spit you back out  
I'm  
Bad at breakups, was waiting for the tides of your life and mine to turn, but you couldn't, clearly,  
You saw fish swim, saw crystal waters and warmth and I swirling sand, mud, you  
Wanted to crack clamshell of secrets and shine your pearly self  
Show everyone how I'd become sand stuck in you, my opalized existence stolen and shown off  
But I stayed stuck, round, cold, never fought back,  
Kept my head underwater and whirled around by that ocean blow, the waves swirling and no  
anchor,  
Metal blue gray, cold clammy hands, silence, sound doesn't travel underwater Waited for you  
Wanted to help you, sea storm, clamshell, I wanted to help you  
But  
I, soaked hands and salty sweat,  
Said yes, okay, goodbye



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