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Tell The Children: No Talking At The Dinner Table

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TELL THE CHILDREN: NO TALKING AT THE DINNER TABLE

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Tell the children no talking at the dinner table
Ivory chopsticks striked down to sever unfinished
Articulations, into pieces of broken syllables.
All not knowing what malice they had inflicted,
Hurried with their sustenance and scattered
Behind walls. Try to make amends
In uncertain ways. Promise
No talking back, nor back-talking.
Like the cultivation of a pearl, a rambunctious
Trio became stoic faces, with
No queries, no expositions, just subsisted.

Quiet and demure, as we became
Until we probed into the world of pubescence.
As her magical recklessness slowly came to light,
Step by step and one by one on our own chance,
We detach from our ventriloquist's hands.
And came to learn one thing—
Disguise one's own ignorance by force-fed muteness;

No voice, no counter-statements, just one muted silence.