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The Butterflies Inside Me Have Something To Say

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THE BUTTERFLIES INSIDE ME HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY

The butterflies inside of me have something to say,
But I can't let them speak.

They're strung up in
Some tangled mess of mesh
And mutter muted melodies
From behind some scratching,
Screaming screen
Knitted from my fibers of fear,
Or maybe manifested void of muse
And licked with the salt of uncertainty.

The butterflies inside of me have something to say,
But I cut off their wings.

They sputter and swirl and sweep up
Dusty remnants of chipped paint
Inside my chest,
But because I'm empty,
Barren and dull,
Cloudy and cold
And cracked and crazy,
Their tiny shrillness
Of struggling wings
And straining strings
Of voice tainted with winter
Hits me without impact,
No pressure in their phrase,
No sincerity in their praise,

The butterflies inside of me have something to say
But their colors aren't bright enough to read.