Pool

this thing is well-known:

that there is a pool

where are gathered all the words we never speak

at the moment of our last loss

the pool spills its bank

and the sounds of our voices

flow downhill

seeking the path of least resistance

and are soon gathered in by the hungry soil

for that is the way of all things water

this thing is less known:

that all the hurt we have never spoken

sinks out of sight

falls to the bottom and rots

and is called regret

and all the pleasures we have never spoken

bubble to the surface

and are called regret

this thing is rarely-known:

that all the evil you did not give a voice

is the clearest and sweetest water of all

as clear as the liquid of love

spoken in deep deliberation

this thing is least-known:

that you may drown in a pool of unspoken love

or empty it, and live forever

this thing is unknown but by we two:

that your words may be recovered

only somewhat diminished by time

but this thing will never be known: