

*The Unspoken

Every day, many words we say,
But even more are left unspoken.
Some filled with hate, some with love so great,
And some we feel are just too open.
But at the end of the day, when these words go away,
Where is it that they all go?
The words unwise, to Heaven do rise,
The good descend to Hell below

The words in our minds from malicious design
Are never intended to be uttered.
And anger that feeds language from hate filled seeds
Should never water those seeds in another.
So all of these words that remain unheard
Because of a tame tongue that has left them unspoken,
Rise without blame, escaping the flames,
To live forever, redeemed, unbroken.

But all of the words filled with love and concern,
Left unsaid, leave an empty heart.
For who can live with the thought of investing in naught
Except temporary pride, that did silence impart?
And at the end of the day when these words go away
And the opportunity for love we did spurn,
We'll think back to our silence, wish for another chance,
And forever the unspoken will burn.