

Turning the Key

*Have so many things to say to you,
But I'm afraid,
Of the possibilities that may arise.*

*I had finally locked a can,
Holding twenty year-old emotions,
Then you opened it again,
In a split second.*

*Then holding a gun,
Full of ammunition,
You hit the heart,
With unexpected words.*

*Not knowing what to feel,
Not knowing what to say,
I carry on,
But with this urgency
To speak the unspoken lying between us.*