

Autopsy

I need my words ripped
and torn to shreds,
to have each remark
examined and questioned
under the very microscope,
if time allows.

To test myself against
whatever standards
you will set or use,
to see if I can meet them
or by some chance overcome,
or try again.

I want to evoke
some feeling in you,
that you maybe
have no language
to express,
yet you must try.

I want to touch you,
not with human hands,
but with my words,
to give rise to old thought
or even to make new,
that you may be changed.

And, when you at last
put down my words,
my hope, that they remain
and keep you company,

till time again shall come
that you return to them.

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