

Facilitated

*I form the phrases faster
For fear your mind will wander.
In the ideas quickly racing
That my awkward lips are pacing,
All accepted syntax tumbles
As I fumble for what follows.
I can see your eyes are weighing
All the words that I am saying,
But their soft expression urges -
I respond as they encourage.
Until struck with hesitation,
I'm betrayed by my oration.
It's not my words to which you listen
But the feelings I have hidden.
It wasn't my intention
To be stripped by your perception.*

- Bette C. Salmon, Jan. 1969