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## The Butterflies Inside Me Have Something To Say

III

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THE BUTTERFLIES INSIDE ME HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY

The butterflies inside of me have something to say,  
But I can't let them speak.

They're strung up in  
Some tangled mess of mesh  
And mutter muted melodies  
From behind some scratching,  
Screaming screen  
Knitted from my fibers of fear,  
Or maybe manifested void of muse  
And licked with the salt of uncertainty.

The butterflies inside of me have something to say,  
But I cut off their wings.

They sputter and swirl and sweep up  
Dusty remnants of chipped paint  
Inside my chest,  
But because I'm empty,  
Barren and dull,  
Cloudy and cold  
And cracked and crazy,  
Their tiny shrillness  
Of struggling wings  
And straining strings  
Of voice tainted with winter  
Hits me without impact,  
No pressure in their phrase,  
No sincerity in their praise,

The butterflies inside of me have something to say  
But their colors aren't bright enough to read.