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The Whisper

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The Whisper

It is not a sonic boom,
a crash,
shaking your soul,
screaming in your ear,
announcing its arrival.

No.

It is a sedated whisper,
ever creeping into your veins
like the silenced sun brightens slowly the hazy horizon at
daybreak.

Love seeps under your skin,
into your thoughts,
melting down your defenses before you can resist.

The whisper becomes understandable now,
but it is too late.

The spell has been cast--
all you can do now is soak in the warmth while it lasts.

--- *Lindsay Woodworth*