

Through Slightly Parted Lips

By Helen J. Dixon

Through slightly parted lips
A sigh escapes.
What does it designate?
Happiness or relief;
Perhaps it's fear—
Ah, that's it—
Fear of disclosure
He might discover her true feelings
That she's hidden behind comfortable conversations
It might reveal
Anxiety because the love's unrequited.
He speaks again;
The breath is released anew.
This time he catches it
And asks for the reason.
Through slightly parted lips
Seep the words, a whisper at first
Which becomes a pause.
Then a declaration.
With every word he speaks
He takes her breath away.
She does not speak the phrase
Hovering in the air like a zephyr.
So, what passes through slightly parted lips
Is silence.