Honest Words

Here there is no guile,

for certain,

no escaping.

Trespass within yourself

and touch others’ shadows

held close

or far away.

Shadows that echo and sound

our present reality

which changes

on return.

And walk together

and know your place

is not beside

but within

wondering.

Searching,

one word is worth more than many,

time more precious than silence,

one apology

more than enough.

And to be honest

no words can yet

touch the mystery of this place.

David Buck