

Heed me not...

Joseph C. Eco, EdD

Read my lips, and mortals in this hall be aware,
That each word may pierce thy heart
And the longing guarantee of thy spare,
As pinch of salt in our depart.

Read my lips, and in this moment, shatter each
A piece of me that speaks,
Is a whole that tries to reach,
The tip of where this iceberg seeks.

Read my lips, and heed this call to silence,
And please each whose mouth is a filthy as tavern's comfy,
Unwashed, with rusts of untidy scenery
Longing for an attention that deepens.

Read my lips...

Heed it with your ears

For a mouth that speaks nonsense

Is a soul that continue to wanders.