Say slight

But right

With hint

Even if I remain silent

I speak little

To people

Who say nothing!

For even right things

Say you do not appreciate

But relate

In clear words

That you look forward

Say not for any sake

But stake

Love before it blows

And dies to grow

You may find heavy beats

Ready to greet

With no noise

And full of promises

I could not say

right in your face

that I dislike most your silence

what seems a frozen river

before my eyes

that love to see your ripples dancing

to the tune of musically mad wind.

I could not say

right in your face

that my eyes have sores

when I see your curves

as still as a mythical snake now dead.