

Sound of my heart

Touch my heart, tell me what you hear.
Can you feel the sound of tom tom,
Beating like a wild male drum,
Or does it say that the twine Snaking into my heart,
Is a sign of the long awaited rain?

Tell me that it is no snake,
But a green morning dove,
Coming from the land beyond,
To herald the new birth,
of the long awaited mirth.

Do not echo my fear;
That the bird of night
Sneaked in through the night,
And planted awo-o,
The prolific weed of the new,
Into a heart that grew of old.

Nne, come near, nearer still,
hold me, ignore the sound you hear,
for love grows not from the head but the heart.
Do not think and analyse.
What would the mouths that watch us say,
If you say it all.

What will the ears and eyes do,
From two point eight billion holes,
when you spend our loving time
being a critic.