

kim watkins

endless words

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We are all part of a story that deserves to be read; not to be put down, left
unopened. Each word within each poem are connections in time that
I hold on to tightly. In order to express my emotions, to propose endless
words.

Contents

.....	4
.....	5
.....	6
.....	7
.....	8
.....	9
.....	10
.....	11
.....	12
.....	13
.....	14
.....	16
.....	17

.....	18
.....	20
.....	21
.....	22
.....	23
.....	25
.....	26
.....	27
.....	28
.....	30
.....	32
.....	33
.....	34
.....	36

.....	37
.....	38
.....	39
.....	40
.....	41
.....	42
.....	43
.....	44
.....	45
.....	46
.....	47
.....	48
.....	49

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I want to hear your story
so, please
tell me everything
give me time
to put everything together so you can understand
so, you can try and tie up the laces that I lost a couple of years ago
I tried to hold on
I tried tying my laces tighter
and tighter
they just could not endure the pressure
the wind that pushed my body left and right
the rain washed away everything
I want to hear your story
so, please
tell me everything
I cannot tell you things that have washed away from my past
I tried to hold on to those memories
they just do not stick well with me anymore
the rain washed them away
so now
if you want to hear my story
let's begin

•

an image that is white
with a caption that says blank
with so many reasons
one is you cannot see all of me
the white image creates enough space so you cannot get too close
space is where I feel safe
do not touch me
the ones who have touched me pushed me into solitude
the ones who have loved me
left
an image that is white
with a caption that says blank
creates enough space
so, you cannot see all of me
I feel safe now
so, if I push you away
read this

•

broken
scattered thoughts make up the story
pictures aligned together
creating a timeline
reminiscing the good times
in search of a time machine
to not only capture an illustration of your movements
to feel how it once felt
to see how your mouth moved to each melody
to trace the outlines of your body in complete darkness
discovering
your composition
tasting your weaknesses
loving your insecurities
as I trace the outline of your body
in complete darkness
to capture an illustration of your movements
with every touch
gracefully

•

sit down in front of me
feel my presence
without any imagination
just listen
as the sound waves roll off my tongue
hitting the roof of my mouth
like how the water hits the sand to make a sound wave
gracefully
but with enough force to make an echo
just listen
without any imagination
do not try and judge what you cannot see
I promise you cannot paint a picture that expresses the depths of me
you would not have enough paint brushes to ever come close
to even see an inch of me