

Words

Words do not count
if they are said without thought,
if they are unheard by the receiver,
if they meant nothing, just filler
to take place of gaps in a conversation,
to fill a gulf between two bodies,
two islands long uninhabited,
an isthmus long swept over by waves
between two territories that were once unified
under law, honor, vows.

I breathe not your oxygen,
but the words that fill the gap between us,
cutting off my breath,
forever leaving me gasping for air.

J. L. Smith has published two collections of poetry: *Medusa - The Lost Daughter* and *Weathered Fragments, Weathered Souls*. Her works have been included in many literary journals, including *Alaska Women Speak*, *The Avatar Review*, and *Eunoia Review*. Follow her at her blog jlsmithwrites.com or via Twitter @jennifersmithak.



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