Faces

There is a sadness

in this place.

You see it

in faces,

faces that words deny.

Tired, anxious faces

drawn long, stretched,

pulled over the hardness of reality

of facing death and grief

and longing each day.

Faces speak,

and who will say, “I hear”,

because the acknowledgement of sound

is shattering.

So, let us be gentle

with faces.

David Buck