

Shush,

or, **Shame's half-life is lifetimes long**

I broke in and tore the place up.

Inevitable and uncontrollable

So loud was my coming I destroyed worlds,

Shattering you all with my ear-splitting roar.

The pieces lay around us

Sharp, wet, and prophesying death.

Your wracking, anxious sobs,

Him working like he'd break the world a second time should he take a breath.

The sentimental, unreal stories,

Plot-holes and secrets.

Drink poured in to hide the gaps

To blur the history and insulate the lies from the world outside.

You, yourself, had let me in, you thought.

You'd violated the contract governing your relation to society and to God,

And conjured the infernal noise that announced your shame.

So no surprise, your shame begged, and begged, it "shush."

It pleaded, wept, swaddled and soothed,

Beseached with frightened eyes and whispered speech

Til, with love and time, my throat constricted.

And my roar retreated somewhere dark and cold, entirely out of reach.