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## The Scream

Jay Frankston

There's a scream inside my soul  
a terrifying scream of anguish  
which gnaws at the lining of my being  
and seeks release.

There's a moan inside my soul  
a sad wailing sound  
which my ribs have encased  
and lives with me as an unwelcome guest.

There's a tear inside my soul  
which is so swollen  
it cannot flow  
and it lies like a blister upon my heart.

There's a word inside my soul  
which has never escaped from my lips  
and it clogs my throat  
and prevents me from speaking.

There's a song inside my soul  
which I have never sung  
and it hums in my ear

and deafens me to the song of others.

And that scream, and that moan,

and that tear, and that word,

and that song,

they are . . . “ME”