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What I Meant and What You Thought

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Theory says: “ Words fail to convey ideas,
Due to the slippage of meaning”.
At times, I feel that is right,
When I realize what the world thinks of my words
Differ from what I actually mean.

When I wished to soar high
Spreading my wings to the horizon,
You bought me a beautiful cage
(of course, for my safety)
Limiting my dreams of endless freedom.

When my desire was to step with the music of my soul,
I found my legs ornate with golden chains.
When I sought for a soul companion,
Your search was for an obedient slave.

When I opened my heart full of troubles,
To show that I trust my life with you,
You pretended to search for practical solutions
Leaving behind my bleeding heart.

What I simply wanted was a balm of soothing words.

When I yearned for the fulfilment of my soul,
You looked for beauty, only skin deep.
I visualized friendly tenderness in your eyes
But only burning embers of lust could be seen.

If I made you the subject of my thought
You would make me the object of your desire.
Whenever I rise to plead for my case,
You muffled my voice with justifications false.

Oh World, how can I trust my heart with you?
You who wear endless masks of pretensions.
How long will it take, to coincide
What I meant, with what you think of it ?
“How long, O Lord, how long?”