

CLOSET PREACHER

There's a church marquee
in the backwoods of Appalachia
that reads ...

Words are the clothes that thoughts wear.
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Like fashion, words are chosen,
the brain searching an entire closet

back to front
the cubbies and shelves

for the snappiest attire

to relay the style of a mood.

Is it a blingy or shabby-chic kind of day?

Is it something Goth or frilly I'm trying to say?

Or will it come out as an airing of dirty laundry ...

Whatever it is,
dress for success
with your address.

Words are the clothes that thoughts wear.

For something that takes just 600 milliseconds

to go from thought to blurt

—including a quick grammar check in between—

600 milliseconds is not much time for a fitting.

No 3-way mirror

no try before you buy

no coat check.

Spoken words are token swords

in the battle for connection.

Words are the clothes that thoughts wear.

And they're totally pro-choice!

You can hem their length

Let out the waist

Mend a tear

Add starch

Even darn a human-sized hole.

So if that tiny deep forest church is right

and thoughts *are* raiding wardrobes,

that makes us all designers

baring our wears

on the runway of life,

chosen according to weather

and comfort

and hopefully kindness

which, of course, is always in fashion.