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Is it always this quiet?

... he proclaimed in a high-pitched voice.

No one actually heard him,

he uttered nothing but the pauses between the words.

Sometimes he did that, he'd forget he actually had a voice.

... he said again.

It didn't matter, he was alone.

No one would hear him,

it was nice since he had nothing to say.

So he smiled to himself,

thought for a bit and closed his eyes to the world around.

... he muttered to himself.

Closed eyelids made the world seem dark and strange.

The lids slowly opened, the time seemed right.

... he started to say.

Laughing from outside broke his train of thoughts in half.

A nervous little smile came and went in an instant.

There was nothing left to say.

... best save some words for tomorrow.

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