

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong, or a clanging cymbal.

First Corinthians 13:1

Speak

The rhythm of the fire is in my hand
And is in my head and
It is filtered

By planes who drop
Their brown
Flowers torn from out of the belly
Of the metal

And through the roof
Of the chevrolet
The sun collapses
And opens up inside
Of the stereo like a yawn

He races
With his yellow shirt
Erasing his memory
And feeling the rhythm
In his mind like a typewriter
Spelling out each emotion
Calling him to speak

A terrible sin
A fragrant lemon left
On the tip of his tongue
Circulating his mouth like a question
Spitting
Back and forth into the air

She leaves her tunnel
Like leaves that are drown
In the morning sun

She leaves her openness

Like a funnel
Absolutely accepting but is
Shut off and disconnected
As she flicks the light with her finger
And points to the blackness that
Surrounds her

She waits
As criminals enter in through
The back door in through the front door

Lift up the mirrors that they have been
Hiding against
And behind and surround her
As in silence she waits quietly

She leans over the couch and watches
The money behind
Shimmer in the moonlight

Your body causes me
To speak it informs me
It takes my breath and makes me question

Your body conforms me
I am transformed by your body

Your flesh is a shape that has
Taken my skull that has
Taken my hand

That has taken my skeleton
And taken it into
Tons of weight

I wait upon you
I wait within you
I wait after you

I wade into your water

And your body and your flesh have caused
Succumbing to syrup

The plainness of your flesh
Is only tempted
By the plainness of your touch

Your touch has caused me

Your flesh
Masculine and feminine
Has caused me to speak

I am eradicated by the silence
That overcomes me

I am flustered by the array
Of breasts that turn and
Soak in the moon

I am confronted by the loss
Of innocence

I am discovered by the only
Way

The way enters
Like a ghost enters a room
Into the blackness
Into the sound of criminals curling
Over her body

In the waking of the forest
Into the releasing of birds

As they mount up above the hills and
Glimmer for a second

The hunter's arrows

The hunter's guns

The hunter's bullets
Shaped like small heads
Wondering up through the blueness

Miss

As they mount higher
And higher and discover more and
Speak with their wings as their leadership
Turns and conforms
Like thorns pressed against the sky
Opening up what was

And now they come back
Tilt
And lilt as they touch down
Upon the ground

Upon the buried first born
Upon the last born

Your word was the first
And I am born