

Speaking in Tongues

I speak in tongues;

cat tongue, bird tongue,

tongue of the great sea.

I feel the dull itch of wonder,

fine scar tissue , small forgivings.

Trickling between the ligaments

of my fingers, tendrils of

veins, cracked knuckles,

Scabbed knees is your smell of sea salt

and lavender, sweetness of chaos.

You cleanse the viscera

of my fingertips, my gravity.