

# Kristen Houston

## Body Language

They speak as if words are infectious  
Viral syllables mutating the memory  
of their cells, as if  
Their bodies could not speak without them –  
*This is me teaching you to fish*  
He said – but she said  
*fishing is lonely*  
like peppermint and gasoline;  
She prefers gardens, with leafy tendrils like earthen fingers  
cradling her head against the backbone  
of eternity ephemeral. They speak

of learning things -  
The primordial sign language of twisted necks and growling hips,  
base paring and  
The art of mismatched shapes.  
The way our body speaks to us in letters  
we comprehend as words alone,  
dreaming up driftwood bones of phosphate  
so we can add a tac of sugar and learn to weave our molecules.

They speak as if to translate  
Their eyes  
Their hair  
Their fingernails – to show  
They have no claws.

They speak in four letter strings of acid  
so that the discourse of their veins  
pulses  
to one  
rhythmic  
beating  
in the language of pelvic cavities, and longing  
chromosomes, as they are unraveled into singular strands  
identified as being  
only halves of a whole –

~~They speak in letters binding~~

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