

The feel of the words in my mouth

my tongue is a stone in my mouth

obdurate unresponsive

I want to feel the words

bulge in my cheeks

nudge against my lips

explode on my palate

I want to feel the bruise of a mistake

and learn from it

to tumble like a child

into meaning

my tongue is a stone in my mouth

ignorant untutored

I want to feel the words

to speak with Shakespeare, Eliot, Plath

to have them speak to me

to tell them what I think they meant

don't reduce me to a test

a fruitless question on a page

give me value

not writing by numbers

give me value not just prices

a cage of rhythm, rhyme, caesura

enjambment and onomatopoeia

my tongue is a stone in my mouth

willing softening

I want to feel the words

give me the words and let me talk with them

let me breathe poetry

smell the words on the air

feel the sting of the spray on the wind

let me taste the fruit

roll its flesh on my tongue

the bite of its juice on my teeth

loosen my tongue