

GERMINATION

You ask What is a language
It is you

endlessly standing in the rain

—

when we are together we are so alone

we are a lone

—

you call yourself *trash*

I cried

 rivers drowned time

—

a face's transformation is no angel

 suffering-succumbing is no future word

 the spread of guilt
 by contrast

 solar glossary

—

How do you silence this nagging

 in the moment

—

what the words have said become in flesh fate

—

I thought and so it happened
the Sun

—

Love touches you from far back it will not come back

—

You can go anywhere with language

all the way *to it*

i promise you i promise you