

About Languages

Each tongue is heard in the river's
lap and lag, and each tongue rises
to become more than barbed wire glint,
than mud and dead grass, than traffic,

and a bridge for traffic, each tongue
swells and pools to become more than
ash hands knocking at doors of ash,
each tongue would be more than panic,

but the river is not about
being heard, but about being
in motion, in this, the river
is about languages, about

words and breath, and what can be done
with words and breath, which can be dredged,
which can be crossed and forgotten,
which can run down from polluted

country to polluted country
until everyone is rooted,
until everything's reflected,
until the river pulls away.