Language 2

in the shifting of quarks

is the only language.

these words, these moments of tongue:

a hollow echo

and should i not know?

the best i can do

is to shape with my hands and lips

the sound of the winds, inspired by the original,

that precious instant of pure longing

which once engendered the rhythm

now passed down from one bastard to the next

and those of us who best reflect the distant keening

are those who have taught me love.

for this, i anoint myself

the holiest of men:

the reed that shapes the tone.

hear, O Israel:

it is my solemn conceit

that as atoms dance within me

i vibrate with the knowledge of the utter night:

that all time is a river

ending at the dam that is me

and through the spillway of my pen

flow the dribs and drabs that power

the lights of civilization.

lest you see my pride i would have you know

that i am responsible for all things

by choice, aren’t you?

and i give form to the expression of my sex

with the violence of thought;

the impending order imposed

on the vortex of the future,

and that those things

if they are nothing but the shapes of my mouth

are the sacrifice demanded by the creatures of the void.