Tongue

I have no idea what you are saying

but the movement of your lips

the motion of your tongue

the occasional flash of teeth

are all I need to know the truth of this moment

and the music under your words

and the indecipherable syllabic love

that rolls like drops of wine from your mouth

bring down the curtain of sacred night

the blinders that calm the horse’s aimless rush

and free the wicked from the need

to count the stones at their feet

my senses are a net, a web of selfishness

that capture the waves of sweet nothing

that perfume the vagrant air about you

and so i say to you at last

sorry

what was that again?