

Beached

by Emmanuel Z. Price

I apologize for the crudeness of my speech,
But my native tongue is silence.
See, for a time,
I knew only solitude
So when I speak,
I find the wrong words
More often than the ones I seek.

These words are vessels
That civilized men sail
When charting the seas of themselves;
But the journey seems to me
As meaningless as dreamless sleep
Since I'm left stranded on the beach.

You see, I am sea-sick
Of being a speechless beast
—I want to be a poet!
To feel the fluency
Of a tongue untied,
With which I would whittle a relief
Into white space.

In verse and inverse,
I'd send signs and symbols
Over waves to the sad, quiet man
Marooned on the reef
With the hope
That they'd reach him someday.

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