

The Exile Speaks

of a red tongue, black words,
a necessary longing for shadow,

a corpuscle, a dangled leaf
from a spiderweb's thread,

useless hands; fingers claw
any dirt; seeds bloom into fists,

an anger never allowed to ebb,
dreams of rotted, worm infested

pulp, all that tastes bitter, *agrio*
like bile, a regurgitation of lost

steps. Why not forget? Teeth
chatter in cold night air, dentures

in a glass. Away from the mouth,
teeth sing to all those about to drown.