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Manifesto

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MANIFESTO
for Rene Char

To babble, to break into a curse,
there is such cruelty in the crazed tongue.

*

Snake in a cool jar, my tongue coils
and strikes at random. Great birds fall,
angels clutch their throats, and midgets
search for their eyes on the forest floor.

*

My tongue is a weapon, a tool, a gift.

*

In a dream, my mouth fills with sand.
I want to sing with the lazy gulls,
the dark rumbling sea. Silence is grit.
I spit every grain through my teeth.

*

To speak, to break into wild song,
there is such beauty in the human tongue.

*

This autumn night, a honking dampens
the air. Like geese, in a languorous
spiral, words circle the dark earth.
The laughter of spheres. Dust. Light.

*

Our tongues are more than thin-sliced
meat. They sing and will suffice.