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Speak

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Cover Page Footnote

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I sat down to write you  
Began remembering the way your tongue found itself between my lips  
teeth  
into where you consumed  
found your home within me  
Remembered that  
that’s all we had  
your tongue  
A pioneer of exploring  
where you would conquer  
No words slipped off your tongue  
made way passed your teeth and lips  
Never speaking what your were motioning to my heart  
I started to write  
Remembered the way your hands slipped under the covers and claimed my thighs  
Remembered the many times before I wished your hands would speak for your mouth  
Speak to say whatever your hands were feeling and remembered  
you were mute  
I sat down and my ink flowed but  
not for you  
Flooded the pages  
words scattered  
But not for you  
I found myself like you,  
not under the covers or in consumption of your mouth  
I couldn’t write to tell you why  
or how  
or when  
I became mute too  
When I couldn’t find the words to tell you  
I wrote this poem to show you-  
that when your tongue can’t speak  
and your teeth are in the way  
your hands can do more than touch  
Speak