



O my mouth
has many tongues
myriad voices

swift
the blood in my veins
like hawks
my wrists dive
and soar

making love to the night
my arms become
ten snakes

my three eyes
of lightning
strike the earth

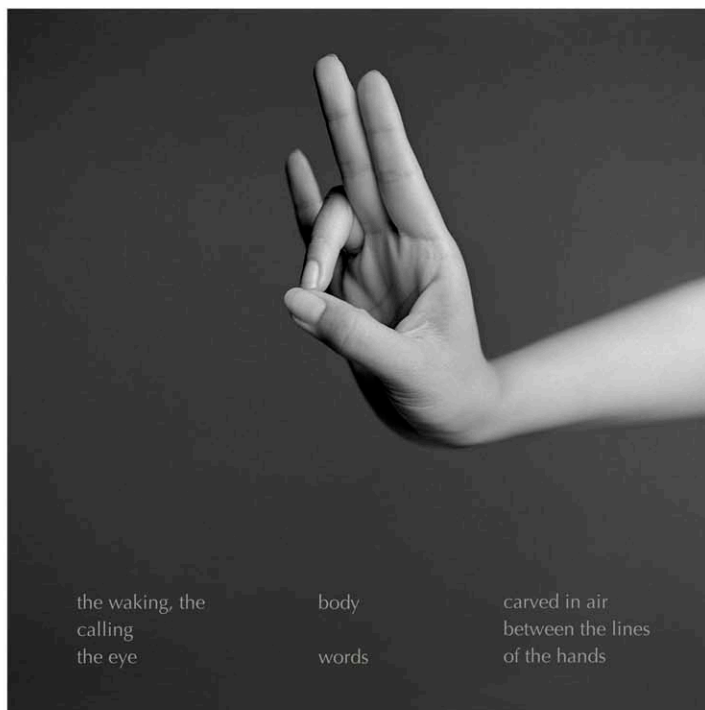
the drummer drums
in my skin

the dance begins

again



Speak then to me
what tales
these fingers tell



the waking, the
calling
the eye

body
words

carved in air
between the lines
of the hands

the waking, the
calling
the eye

words
carved in air
between the lines

of the hands



Clap of wing, deer call
do you hear butterflies

Fingertip – language
on cave walls awake

what roams

moonless

a buffalo turns his head
the breathing jungle

feelers aquiver
they wait

listen

heart beat of cricket-song
shell of silence

my palms press back
the darkness

see this lamp I make
how deep its bowl

how tall its tongue
its sharp blue soul of flame