

2022

The year is 2022.

I find myself biding my time,
waiting for something to happen,
stuck with (in love with) my happy inertia
biting the ends of my tongue, licking the teeth

but my mind is a stormy mind
endless deluge rains of psyche
flowing, flowing from a great cup
holding nothing else but everything
to a mindless nonsense

I hold my forked tongue
feel the words pushing against my teeth.
What serpentine god might I become
blessed by the rains
away from the maws of paradise?

because it's not just the flow of
vowel consonant syllabic breaks
pouring, split from the dregs of my mind
breath doesn't smell. words smell.
there is a flavor in speech

The cold spice of rebuke
or The sugary sweet of a compliment
Umami of a long conversation with a friend
you haven't seen in years.
so speak Your own flavors. Preach Your own sermons.

Who will govern the world of the idle?
become Your own god
seek Your own world, Your change,
Your Voice.
Your Flavor!

Fight like you're the third snake crawling onto Noah's Ark
and as the cold rain hits your scaly back
the gates begin to close.

Fight like You're gonna swim against the waves
Alone in the ocean, but free in the ocean.

Taste the sea.

You will not taste salt. You will taste the million tastes of a million words
All spoken out of usurpers deep in the blue
And I will drink the waters to that, dregs and all.
In 2022, the tongue is the sharpest fang.