

Geoffrey Gatza

I listened for your lost voice this morning

My tongue is a flower, blooming.
Lightly tasting fragrant abstractions of dust
As if our words were pollen
spoken
fluttering from black stamens.

I swallow my voice
Before the bees and yellow jackets
find their way
into my mouth.

The tiniest of flavors attract tastebuds.
Buzzing drowns out my thoughts on smoke.
Smells, scents, ideas, rosemary, basil.

The interventions of herbs are aesthetic,
are licorice, are nature walks, are signs
hanging at countryside markets informing us
they are closed now but will reopen soon.

It is thriving springtime, a time for daffodils,
A time of spiritual and moving yellows yet
My mouth craves out-of-season golden apples.

From the garden to the gardener,
I will be on your side forever
No matter what my mouth utters.