

SWOON

D. J. Savarese

The ear that hears the cardinal
hears in red;

the eye that spots the salmon
sees in wet.

My senses always fall in love:
they spin, swoon;

they lose themselves in one
another's arms.

Your senses live alone
like bachelors,

like bitter, slanted rhymes whose
marriage is a sham.

They greet the world the way accountants
greet their books.

I tire of such mastery. And yet, my senses
often fail

to let me do the simplest things,
like walk outside.

Invariably, the sun invades
my ears

and terrifies my feet — the angular
assault of Heaven's

heavy-metal chords.
I cannot hear

to see, cannot see to move.
And so I cling,

as on a listing ship at night,
to the stair-rail.

TONGUE

D. J. Savarese

In the landscape of the mouth,
a pinwheel of sound

like a wind-farm
corralling the air, carving

its syllables. I watch
my friends talking

at the dining hall: so many pinwheels
turning all at once —

a fricative parade, the fire trucks
of emotion blaring

their horns...
What sonorous insinuations!

The long vowel of the social
envelops them.

My tongue neither turns nor twirls.
Upright and eager, it stands,

a rusted turbine mocked
by the wind.