

Word-Finding

(i)

Those words are so true, you said.
They ring true to me

pitch-perfect
making sense

as if singing.
They sing *me*,

finding me where I'm hidden
and like torchlight in a cave

showing me round.
I feel better now.

I feel more at home.
I am found.

(ii)

Words are animals
almost wild

ageing and changing at human pace
but living far longer than humans do.

Air is their matter,
their flesh and texture

and they fill the air-waves
weightless, yet vital.

Minds make them.
Mouths shape them.

Clean they are sacred, they grace.
Befouled they kill.

(iii)

Or see them as berries
hanging ripe from our language tree

each one crying out
pick me ! pick me !

savour my juices
share me with your friends !

I reach for a word and it jumps
and plays and then I place it

on my tongue
and it sprays memories and pictures

and connections old and new
across my brain.

(iv)

And then I cast it forth
into the air between us -

and it is a miracle how
matter so electric and powerful

can be transmitted
with such ease, such carelessness -

and I frame and transmit the words
confident utterly that whatever

I think I mean by them,
you will hear.

(v)

The same associations ?
Memories ?

The same ghouls and angels ?
Light and shadow ?

The same juice
between the teeth ?

It cannot be.
We must navigate

most cautiously
between miracles.

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