

Mother Tongue

By Kathleen Kelly

It reminded me of my silence The
color confused in time The frame
silent like winter
Dried blood running through the painting's body The
earthly browns, and reds wild
It had the same contrast as speech

It was hereditary this speech
The elusive abstract words from my silence
Even in the passionate moments wild
The words seem to weigh down with time Shy
and hidden within my body
The bright fires smothered by my own winter It
can't be helped coming out like winter Each
word snowing down in cold speech Secret
messages turning in my body
That can't be heard on any ear silence Riddles
that may only find expression in time For the
present they torment me and run wild Till I'm
ready to run with them wild
The snow is heavy again with winter
Slowing down my mind with time The
death is becoming speech
And it frightens me, silence The
brain as fragile as the body
The vault keeping knowledge inside an unknowing body
The words running coarser through the blood wild Nothing
to do but wear the terror with a smile like silence Through
the vagueness of winter
Keeping our eyes cold with uncommunicative speech The
words in conversation marking time
The speech is meaningless without time The
words gain the same scars of the body Our
language similarly injured speech From our
thoughts running too wild
Being caught in the convention of a language winter I
am incomprehensible like silence
Buried below our speech, still desperately wild
The slow blanket of time, covered by the body
Hidden by the winter, it's our language silence