

YOUR TONGUE

by Adam Sifre

I will try

fail

to speak your tongue.

Cryptex lock which opens
not with words. not with light.

with words and light.

Inside, wonderful mystery
revealed and concealed like sunlight
bruised by pending storms.

What small gifts shall I lay at your feet?

What dusky recompense may I offer in
exchange for your light

that breaks through my own heavy clouds?

