

# 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?

