

Particulars and Voice

I long for the days when writing came steadily,
When articulations emerged from the splendor of memories,
Or from the piercing radiance of companionship which remains.

Even language, my beloved, has neglected her subtle intricacies
As precise depictions of sorrow have distorted into the bluntest of pleas:

How did I get here?
I am not doing well.
Please, don't leave me alone...

Phrasing has no expectation of accuracy and brilliance
When the moon has risen distantly
And the only words spoken are
Whispered through bedsheets
Towards the onlooking wall.

Morning greets my dampened frame with new invitations
To remain in the consistent tensions of body and mind
Which have tormented me all the day prior
As the pastels of dawning light only mock
The periodicity of my anxious repose.

Agony has a way of snatching the words
From even the most prolific voices
As the amplitude of pain
Is sealed into a hush.

Yet there remains a wordsmith who has gone before,
Exhaling archaic poetry into stricken cries
And pressing voice into godforsakeness.
The enunciation of glory rang and

There was cadence in the puncturing.

And so I will dwell in the excellence of words and turning phrases
Like fingering locks of curls round and around until
There is a collision of rhetorical allure.

Tangerine

Idiosyncrasy

Auspicious

Bulbous

Winsome

Goldfinch

Perspicuity

Mosaic

Topiary

Jasmine

Acolyte

Felicity

Timberline

The narrative of redemption has always proceeded as such—
Silence will be arrested by particularity of speech.