

Lingo

J.D. Schraffenberger

The word for love is mirror the word for life is grass
In the walls plastic pipes and copper pipes and wires
In the basement radon breathes into the wheezy furnace
The word for home is ocean the word for water is wind
The woman next door with cancer sitting in the sun
She needs help walking birds on the porch rail watch
On another planet across the galaxy is a woman just like her
She wears her floppy sun hat remembers her children as children
I visit her every other day I bring her cookies and lemonade
The word for death is fellow the word for mother is breath
The house with rusty hinges needs new white paint
You could scrape it clean start again slip a pipe cleaner
Into your veins to scrub yourself well again replace your parts
As children we imagined our future selves remembering
There's a word for that the black halo of time eating its tail
The word for tongue is sun the word for touch is fall
She whispers to her cancer I've always loved you I always will
Her cancer says he'll be her narrow fellow in the grass
He says the word for music he sings the word for light