

I'm Not a Language Poet
by Michael Alan Brich

I'm not witty
enough.
The metaphors are real.
When I hear the word
ocean
it means death.
It is easy to see this one.
Others are not.
Glass is skin.
Skeletons are always named Rosemary
and the dice they throw
are made from their knuckle bones.
Mangers still don't mean anything.
And shepherds are only significant
when their sheep are black.
Just as bottles are always filled with rain
wine is always served in wooden bowls
by Buddhists in red cloaks.
It is as easy as this.
I have nothing better to do
than sit somewhere behind
myself
and watch the words
shift their meanings.
Stepping back is something
my feet can't do.
Air is water and swimming
takes decades to learn.
Bats will always be my mother
and umbrellas are magic
opening and closing
in time
which is a doorway
unlocked from above.
Tears are metal
falling from my eyes
which are windows
I can crawl out of at night.
And night has become
the days I spend
with these shifting words
and this changing
language.