

fulcrum tongue

my fulcrum tongue
slams scales in favor
of shrill screams, savors
balance in silence, like
trinket that tickles
the guttural glide of
your plunging neckline, but
lacks influence of gravity
to slide the jarring start
that would seduce the swing
of your pendulum heart

these makeshift eyes
hammer sheets of pure will
like the monitor or merrimack
you've hidden beneath the
playful current of your back
where my hands submerge
as prelude to vulgarity
but fail to navigate the
tiny, wrinkled wiles
and tragic ellipse
of your mechanical smile

this precipice moment
a hanging hope's breath
ridden from hip to hand
between patience stance
and persistent insistence
leverages the greater wait
at the lesser distance
of me to you