

The Jingle of the Mute

Crows fly
from the tunnel
of her tongueless mouth,
aliens in the
land of the sun.

The girl with the
bowl
staring through
masses of grey
silence,
her secrets
lying in the folds
of her dumbness;
She is a statue
with
tell-tale eyes
that hold back
restive oceans.

Words . . .
still-born babies
empty of sound
daggers of silence
twist in the mouth
without a tongue.

With the coins
dropping into her bowl,
from the mouth
without a tongue
white pigeons holding messages
in their beaks
fly into the clouds
to the land of the
sun.

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