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NATALIE WEE

LET US BE FIREFLIES

All day we
practice morse code signals
telegraphing ghosts
of intent.
Between us
unsayable things
heavy as bone.
For any hope of plain
speech we must do away
with skin suit propriety &
be animals again.
Undress
pretenses at pride & offer ourselves
to simple
miracles of meaning.
Here my heart
honey for your bumble bee
tongue.
Here my voice split
thunder dragged forth in rainfall.
Here my ankles &
elbows, good snowcaps of the
body,
river for
your spring mouth.
We can be
freights of pure feeling,
charting distant plains
without language.
We can be alchemists
of tenderness,
teething vowels for vows.
We can be sun-bodied
arrows in flight,
uncomplicat
ed & necessary.