

SLEEPING IN TONGUES

In no uncertain words

I am three

The descending dove and the flame

Only in the two

Do I become

the third

The mother of all ships

Is the harbor

Touched by flame or finger

Or white bird's wings

The flood of fantastic words

Twitching spouters

Spewing ancient chatter

On carpeted dreams

In two, I am three

In every, I am each

One

Dream in delicious animation

Tongue and cheek to the moon

Pressed against the snow

To show the hollow glow

Fingers twitch in somnambulant surprise

Electric currents running towards the night

All sleep is language

A white silence with teeth

Stuttering prophecies

arrive in twisted pistons of
Spewed words not of this world

An ancient language rolling on
Waves of heavy breathing

nocturnal oceans of blue wreaths

internal circle of soul's halo

searching in the divine darkness

GREEN DOORS

Tudor City trash trucks eat
Green doors at daybreak

Doormen water sidewalks

Sunday sun winks gold
Between Windsor Towers

Morning bounces off the UN
And lands in my lap.

James Dunn