

Blood Cries

Will Reger

Sometimes you speak
and I hear
the words between us,

but below your voice
a far motion of sound erupts:
a new language
swells into storm,

a watery thunder—
unspoken anger of blood
heaving; a sea

aching for the moon,
raging
in its vast bed,
to tear free

and rise unshackled
into the abundance
of nothingness;

a language that floats
like mathematics above
and within everything,
still unknown to us.

Its first words
drift ashore within me
tasting metal-raw
and dangerous.