

echolalia

the mouth will never leave you
except to mimic except to cross over
in a straight stupor

play, play, pl with me
play affix after stem, we are liquid(s)
 the planet is full to bursting with bodies who are not

 reaching out to other bodies
params or die
 this code is on the edge
forgiveness is our mouths
wash it out it terrifies you
per diems, it terrifies me

we have too much time and too much mouth
 your mouth is a binary racket
your mouth records my mouth
sentences line up; supine & hungry

unrecorded, like a swallowing
like oath canyons mattering, not mattering.

Dorothy Lehane