

Rigid in cheek

Rigid in cheek, rigid in tongue,
I forgot to look back at my lungs.
Words became sweet, words became sun
before words had escaped from the gun.
I held them there, enameled,
absorbed in the lives of the nun.
Then I crashed in waves by Japan,
determined to stamp out
what I had begun.

I was the Western flannel,
and I became what had never been done.