

## *The Incomplete Language*

*by Jé Maverick*

This fierce music bursting  
from my fingers  
is more audible than "touch" connotes,  
it fills  
each cathedral of your breasts,  
aura spreads - from the outside in -  
hands become  
the habitat of higher gods.

There, even in your eyes,  
this tactile light permeates  
with radiance beyond  
the point of origin.  
Touch leaves itself  
even in your breath:  
it gets caught,  
it quickens,  
it aspires with acclaim.

*Touch; love; embrace.*  
Mere words -  
drones to lug fixed meanings.  
This "passion" -  
more than passion:  
this sensation of a breath  
diffusing warmth  
below an ear;  
this thumping song  
of togetherness;  
these toes that curl  
beyond sublime.

Words all have lives  
too big to inhabit names,  
in definition is imperfect sense...  
...like "absent",  
and the agile silence  
that pins my empty  
body  
to an unseen world,  
no matter how  
I writhe  
and fight in turn.

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