

I Have Seen The Unsaid

by Jé Maverick

You are The One:
let me tell you about the reason for being made.
These eyes given to me, these things I look upon
in the focus that remains
within the textures of imperfect light -
there is only your action:
all else peels from view.

How you love with the absence
of dialogue; how the geometry of your arms
and the exquisite angles of your
wordless body seam into my own.
In the presence of morning,
mute as light,
you merge into a flaring lens
through which I view
your heart.

You drop your language into mine,
this thing you do with your
mouth against my own;
I offer my skin, a parchment,
to receive the delicate alphabets
traced with your hands,
this love without tongues:
never secret;
never spoken.

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