

Parrot Lovers Speak Funny

I latch on to specific lightning syllables.
They shoot out like sparks from a prank gun,
in Fire and Amusement,
in squealing,
screaming
glee.

Some things just thorn their way into your consciousness;
they'll cut your cheek to turn your head.

Some syllables aren't accents,
-but feelings-
to me.

I say "*ruhm*" in place of "room"
to invoke the soul of the girl that showed me sisterhood.

There's a dog I call on
in the voice of the girl with as much
comfort,
life,
longevity,
and love in her
as forest soil,
with my tongue kissing
the inside frame of my teeth on the "n",
as a mother would kiss the forehead of their swaddled baby,
to pull at the love she's imbedded into each sound of the name.

I say "*on*"
like a harsh morning crow calling out for company
to play dress up in
the shoes,
hats,
and speech of my mother,
in the only accepted form I've found,
one more time before I get too old.

Because some day,
that I could never predict,
these sounds will call on no one's likeness but my own.
The words and their personality,
their life,
their voice
become mine.

We'll be inseparable and indistinguishable.
We'll be one and the same
in the lightning moments of my love-drunk mimings,
where I parrot your voice and flag-fly your soul in
frantic,
desperate,
juvenile
explosions.

In these moments I laugh like a kid
that's done something wrong,
both nauseatingly unsure they've evaded consequences,
that make no more sense to them than Jesus Christ himself,
& suffocatingly thrilled at the possibility that
they may have actually done it.

I feel mischief and shame
in feeling love that I know not what else to do with
but dance in a suit of their skin,
and pray they see the offering I make through the mockings of my Jester's
Routine.