

*Michael Davidson*

POLYP

This Summer they are replacing the voice  
with consonants performed by the lips and tongue

that penetrate your mouth when we speak  
and find ourselves in what sound furthers,

then the anemone opens, flutters and folds around  
the sound of water, the letter five

I can't pronounce these silences without damaging  
us, the little phonemes we practice

before replacing the receiver,  
what else is the voice for if not the social,

bodied like blips on a grid  
so that if an island is invaded by sound

language is waiting to speak it into hats  
and medals, I read the paper in silence

not believing anything, but "we" is speaking  
in its vowels, the U into which everything pours,

the A, foreign to myself, on a good day  
I remember the infractions as clearly as a ship

on a good day something has been written  
and speaks back.