Wondering

You are my secret
mother sea
my other tongue
a pebble
dropped and sleeping
in my belly button
my other tongue
chasing itself
round the circles
of my bones
my ears are shells
they hold your singing
behind that first curl
I imagine you
roaring and tiny
a droplet of blood
from a prick of my thumb
mother sea
singing circles in me
but it is not enough
not enough to stand upright
with my
eye of potato feet
rooted and dry
a wooden indian
of the wooden sea
for you are my other tongue
chasing itself

Dian Beck