Language of the Mouth (and its many forms) after de Barros and Celan

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To create a new word of the mouth not for its tongue or its ululations but to be that gneiss or halo light landscape

Celan, along the Seine that inters him: lips as stone, moss, snow, Psalms de Barros, foraging his Pantanal marsh that becomes him and I, along this scarp, my mouth sour as its acid soil

Out of such reeds, roses, slugs, Hebrew bone they created new beings and I, one of them no longer seeing bark striated, course and fibred as my organs grow dry twigs, flat leafed mull-mulla, gravel as my eyes become spiky shrubbed, wooden seeded, lizards and the like renewing unknown umbrous earth: in the sap of Red Gum no longer writing poems but being them