
No One Ever Speaks for Themselves

You see over on the pier those
who have come out of the boat:
they are for whom you speak.
No one ever speaks for themselves,
no one exists alone
even when the seagull shits on you
in surprising urgencies of dithyrambs.

Ripped apart, you've been taught to breath.
You speak for each one.
No one will save you; no one can save
anyone. Salt stored for generations
surfaces in the lake of perspiration
made by human's grief wails borning
swells of acid tongue, and never waking
silence for more than dear moments.

Tunes of you are never alone,
never one always many - forever.
You've learned this song among seeds thrown
never you look back, bring thousands
with you when hate throws evil you must lyre
strings of compassion as acid is tongue
and tongue made with the fires
of those who you are when you are
most yourself, speaking their silence.