

Your Tongue Is A Tool

Your tongue is a tool
Watch that scythe
Slice that mamzer* to shreds
Watch it! Before it lops
Off his head!

Your tongue is a tool
Of which wagging was not
God's intention. That was dog's tail.
So much confusion.

They say her face
Launched a thousand ships
But loose lips sunk many more
Who never made it to shore
Or home. Homer
This has been a problem
For way too long.

Your tongue is a tool,
So kiss me instead,
With your sharp-edged cool
And save the rumors for later.

Kiss me so that the muscles go molten.
Kiss me like you're never going to
Kiss me again. Because you can't,
Or won't.

Kiss me with a surgeon's precision
Make this our tongue's religion:
The place where words live
Silenced.