

**Felix Elliott**

## **Same but differenT**

they prefer to sing in languages they cannot speak,  
their tongues dancing  
their legs dancing in different tongues  
their eyeballs rolled heavenward, phonemes falling thick and fast  
their babble: tongues, their diphthongs dripping, from  
their lips and  
their mother tongue the tongue of love.  
they use their words, saying eyes are the window to the soul  
but eyes don't talk to God:  
mouths do  
mouths don't talk to God:  
tongues don't talk to God  
sweet symphonies rely solely on sound  
meaningless sound, vertical, horizontal, meaningful  
the solar system's magicians and musicians and mathematicians  
draw from an ancient well of that which can't be spoken, only sung  
can't be sung, can't be wrong  
and when their lips and legs lock together in an unbreakable twist  
their kisses aren't words  
and the great big massive enormous wide universe full of galaxies and black holes and stars  
makes no sound  
only their tongues  
sing