

Séjours linguistiques

by Angela Brett

I find the words to make a distant friend,
and check them twenty times before I send,
an error-checking code in every byte.

We find a space in meatspace we can meet.
I shuffle past and only see my feet,
for you I know by words and not by sight.

I linger and pretend that I'm not there,
you find me in the end but I'll not dare
to speak the words I only know to write.

No sooner are they loud enough to hear,
I go back in my shell for one more year.

We meet again, I recognise your face
but still can't find the words to match your pace.
They're crushed in scattered pauses far too tight.

I watch your wordfights, watch you shoot the breeze
I savour each riposte at each reprise
but when they're aimed at me I flee in fright.

But battles one by one'll turn to chances,
I creep along the tunnel by advances
And start to see a distant shaft of light
but with the light I see my train appear,
and go back to my home for one more year.

When next we meet I'm not so far behind,
I speak whenever something comes to mind,
I know your mouth just speaks, it doesn't bite.

I speak before I've checked it twenty times
I post before I've found some better rhymes,
It doesn't matter if it isn't right.

For ten mistakes I say a dozen things,
so why not flap my tongue and flap my wings?
I take the plunge and try to take a flight,

and whack into a wall. It's very clear
I'll still be in this cage for one more year.

