Two Toasts

Carrie Newcomer

Praise be that this thin mark, this sound
Can form the word that takes on flesh
To enter where no flesh can go
To fill each other's emptinessTo the words and how they live between us...
And to us and how we live between the words...And in between the sounds of words
I hear your silent sounding soul
Where one abides in solitude
Who keeps us one when speech shall goTo the words and how they live between us...
And to us and how we live between the words...

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