

Madeleine tongue

Water is glass-clear, but we can't see the bottom
like the water swallowed all the dark whole.

But light only shines in high places,
like top of the old castle, where a hunchback might live.

Thin branches are woven closely on the top,
naked, but wired all together.

Lights on the bottoms of the windows do not shine through,
like ink, dunked in water, and spreading on paper.

Roots crawl out from the stone fountain, one root by
another root.

If this soul had a scent would it
be like a blown-out candle?

If I kissed your tongue, would it roll softly like
well made Madeleines?