

## Blood Cries

*Will Reger*

Sometimes you speak  
and I hear  
the words between us,

but below your voice  
a far motion of sound erupts:  
a new language  
swells into storm,

a watery thunder—  
unspoken anger of blood  
heaving; a sea

aching for the moon,  
raging  
in its vast bed,  
to tear free

and rise unshackled  
into the abundance  
of nothingness;

a language that floats  
like mathematics above  
and within everything,  
still unknown to us.

Its first words  
drift ashore within me  
tasting metal-raw  
and dangerous.