## Learning English in the Margins of Masters

'A few' is more and 'few' is less.

I know a few languages. I have few words.

Rainless lipless tasteless handless waterless faceless guiltless tongueless heartless denote presence to things only known when missing.

What is the sound of a throat when it sings? What is the wound of a throat when it singes?

What is a Thai who refuses to be tied to the national tide?

To be nameless, another core of loss.

Cordelia, whose name contains the Latin *cor*, meaning 'heart': Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave. My heart into my mouth.

A name, a silly burden to heave. A heap of inherited syllables. A heat of foretold gaze. A heed of belonging. A heel of a fated arrow.

In the before I held a crate of fruit on a ship going nowhere real, echoing my own answers.

Want to know a full secret? Want to hold a crate of truths secreted?

Alliteration is a man-made mastery of language.

Poetry predates prayer. Prayer preys on the prayed-upon. The preyed-upon parses pain into play.

In the after I convert turns of phrase into terms of praise for a country of countless prey.

Instruction: Parse each verb into tense, voice, mood.

What kind of verb can be tenseless, voiceless, moodless? To denote presence to things only known when missing?

The feel of a first tongue in my back pocket.