



*My Days Are Wind* by John Elkerr  
11" x 14"  
Ink on paper

## MOTHER TONGUE

you wait for me, in me, a bottled echo in the dark eye of a well in my head. I drop steel bearing thoughts down from the cortex, through the parietal lobe, straight down into the stellar cold Occipals to land a strike and shatter the glass and hear the sound of my name escape as only you can say it. this morning, after fifty-nine summers and countless bearings, a dream—one I can't even remember—lands the Juno strike. I wake at the moment the glass explodes and out you come with me on your tongue, a fright beyond description.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry