

AARON J. STYZA

Science of Speech

“Touch,” you tell me, “is a sensory illusion.
The body’s charged atoms actually repel.”

I mistake which word you mean
And instead think of climbers and ropes,

As if each atom rappels the sureness of the body
By some cabled longing, loosely bound,

The way voice arranges its muscular song.
Tell me, also, about the blue flames

Of electrons, the winding neural tunnels
Sparked with memory and pain and desire.

Tell me about the sinuous ridges of tissue
Folding like desert sands

Under the wind’s labor, where the camels,
In the blaring light and heat, are content

For a moment now and then to stand
Still in the cool shadows of one another.

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ABOUT AARON J. STYZA



Aaron J. Styza received a BA in creative writing from Eckerd College. He currently lives in St. Petersburg, Florida, but will be leaving the US to teach English abroad.

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