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Learning How to Speak

poems by
Gaité Jansen

Hummingbirds sing in my chest

There is no universe created
to use only your mother tongue

Truth can be spoken in many ways

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www.gajtejansen.com @gajtejansen

A

years
few

ago

I had forgotten that I am liquid. To remember, I started writing like I did when I was a little girl. But this time my mother tongue did not serve me. To keep moving I started writing in English. Little poems, just for fun. That fun gave me freedom through my limited knowledge of the English dictionary. I was left with only core words leading me to core expression.

Slowly but surely these poems became the water leading a washed up stone back to the ocean. I want to thank you for picking up this book. Consider it a wild flower. It is not perfect. But it grew.

In

wild

places.

Stone

I should have known
The trouble you were

When your blood in my mouth
Tasted like honey