

*Some will not when by themselves.  
Some will not when speaking to children or animals.  
Some will not when they sing.*

*What is the utterance?*

Phonemes flounder briquette warmth. Tethered to seven molluscs, an osteoblast chomps into the burger of kelp's wreck; an osteoclast nibbles a puffin's scapula in mid-afternoon weight. Each webbed foot tussles, the soft hum of slipper on hardwood floors.

*What is the utterance?*

Dewlap syllables Mesozoic. The billabong passes as gung-ho through scaffolded throats, blotches lobule curves until Mesozoic ricochets cochlea, at a slow freight. The palate thermoregulates, camouflages, the antelope roll.

*What is the utterance?*

My mouth drew the swallow's panic. Chew pteryla. The spaces between them chomp apterium; gizzard beat Broca, Broca. Chirped electrode. Sing *fuming*. Sing *furios*. Now, open your mouth and speak. Incisive fossa in labial turbulence, sing *fuming*, sing *furios*. In neuroimaging, filoplumes blitz. Now open your mouth and speak. Sing *frumious*.

*What is the utterance?*

What a poor crawling thing you are!

Buccal slinks into hoodoo. The dawn clots oort. Bruise syllabic upon upturned halibut, welded to sky curve. We watch, in a book toss, the yap blip, and in careful, clasp to each blurt, clug clug the sherbet angles of vowel's echolalia. Trash lip, lisp smudge: July, mucus, raspberry. Inside, a toothful jujube purls comma. We'll all meet on the tongue. We'll all meet in the tongue. Pickaxe plosive bloat and say: *b is for* by the mouth's slight erosions.

If you must repeat, blowgun bleat. Tip Phyllobates, masticate  
equation: word order = world ardour.

In frame, then frame, we rumba smooth across laminate as lamprey weave gorgonian pores. Above us, tunnels splatternite muggy. We rappel, frantic drips to harzburgites, spelunk carpal a soda straw to outwash, we – excess, wine must have gestured influx, bent knee, hamates wicket belay, Roosa light plunder esophagus. We blitz horizon, the Petzl Ecrin sheds its carbon, each trona pinnacle dust to tonsil, our phlegm spicules, boil saline paces until strata suffocate and release from tile, until coragyp gyres, the burst of hippus, a corneal Richter, box jellyfish, fleck arrhythmic bambuca.

In chassis, then exoskeleton, we xongo smooth across marble as eel weave coral hole. Above us, burrow splatternite humid. We parry, berserk trickle to harzburgites, spelunk digit a soda straw to brackish, we – excess, wine would have signalled influx, warped patella, hamates wicket crampon, Roosa light ransack esophagus. We assault horizon, the Edelrid Ecrin sheds its monoxide, each tufa spire soot to lymphoid, our mucus spicules, bubble saline tempo until strata suffocate from thermoplastic, until vulture pirouettes, the shiver of hippus, an epithelium Richter, punch chironex, dapple arrhythmic merengue.

At some point you mention circumlocution, but my mouth just isn't working today. You say, 'Looks like a pinnacle karst, oolithic karst, a boulder choke of spitzkarren ahead,' and I trek textured in chomp, rappel lingual, and hiss a plankton paprika into the pitch of long words.

*Some whoop and flounder.*

*Hiccup the sandbag of each letter, ravenous for breath's  
wind-tunnel billow.*

*So all fondle the fables that promise.*

Dribble of spit trapezes C's geometry. Phlegm scrum knuckles hum; consonant gobstop corpse in clot. I know its textile from the typography of your lips: your scrunch an' munch, your Blistex baboon. How C Pezes snorkel until pfft-pfft belly-flops against H's amoeba rhythm. How, squat in glottal, I bugles a gorilla orchestra, and C cleats and pickaxes up from lungs. And how, in shame, H teeter-totters back into the warm of throat and still larvae A. RA-RA skiddles percussion. Each squawk box blorff xylophones nougat goo. Pancake fold vocal, garble lullaby:

Pukapuka chunder, gut bugs obese buzz: *Chachalaca zizz, chocoholic zest, chinchilla zong, chillastic zouk, chainsaw zing, Chechen zilch, chug zit, chirp zap.*

Nacho flip CH CH in a mouthful goiter. Tongue and canine boing-boing until CH CH knockout chipmunk achoo. Until CH hush crustacean and opera urchin fable:

*The chichara has to sing inside the mouth.*

*A trochanter accordion bellow: bubble-jet into your mouth dome.  
Moist timbals pus kazoo into jaw marrow. And you will chatterbox,  
blob the barbs of C with honey and herd glottal stops out the lips.  
You will learn to use your mouth.*

I find one in that field torn in two by the train tracks. Kneel down in the grass, and it leaps at me. Hold it by its middle, raise it to the sun. Legs pedal slow through heat.

I open, shovel bug on tongue. Swing teeth into lip. Cicada for Chiclet. Trident itch. Pluck mucus in harpsichord. Tickle and rondo obese on the palate, blubbers weather into my body: a dry rasp, lick of curved blue. The coxa, hot, jitters syllable, zippers cheek walls: CH, CH, CH hacksaws chichara into glossed walls of teeth.

If you stand in the grass with me. *Wait.* If you graze patella to crust, you will see my mandible rustle a quiet tectonic. *Wait.* You will see the tarsus machete each tentacle-bundled syllable. *Wait.* You will see the panicked pharynx ratchet the tale. *Wait.* You will see the inside: a stuck thorax, a tibia limp and ocelli lantern the fluent C – useless in the narrative.