

Apostrophe to G
BY JACOB BUTLETT

Greetings, G. You're worth more than
a thousand bucks to me, appearing
throughout my life like an endless
swan song strong as a gong.

In the vineyard of your consonant
bellow, you squeeze my teeth like vines
grasping grapes gingerly, smog hugging
gray dinghies. You loom in gloom, race

in grace, litter in glitter, rave in grave.
Gutting you would kill the pug
in pugnacious, kill the gang in gangplank.
I don't want to leave your airy embrace,

to clip you away like a fingernail, fingertip,
to sever the finger in fingerling, fingering.
They gratify me, your double bills—a gruff
echo in smuggle, snuggle, boggle, toggle—

a triple threat in gagger, giggle, gaggle.
When you want to hide, you pretend
you're a ghost, clinging to your handsome
husband H on my rough tough tongue.

You were born in the 3rd century B.C.
from a Roman called Spurius Carvilius Ruga.
Even though you replaced Z in Greece,
nothing you say can replace the gratitude

I have for you. When I die, you'll survive,
singing to the inheritors of our language
for thousands and thousands of years more.