There's a name for words that make their sound, 
*Onomatopoeia*,
but it's too hard to say to be much use,
and too narrow a strait
for the meaning we want.

-Better to think
of the touch of words, like calloused hands
hoeing that long row
or gentling
a dog prone to bite.

-Better to think
of the look of words, like the palest green shoots
in spring pressing up
through still cold earth while their whiter
roots slip deeper down.

-Better to think
of the taste of words, like a swallow of wine,
red in the way of Felix Vallotton,
or the salt in a wave that made you gasp
and disappear
if only for a moment.

-Better to think
of the smell of words, like lilac
in a New England May,
but, perhaps, also remember
that its flowers may be too sweet
for all
but the wasps.