

LANGUAGE

is no more
than what it does

traipsing lazily through
populated pastures

sitting back, waxing lyrical
on the disparate shapes it sees

carelessly moving mountains
& making gods

an entire war based on words,
signs scratched in stone

asking incriminating questions,
with endless descriptive demands

occasionally gifting us combustible capsules
containing revolutionary fervor

language – the aggressor, peacekeeper, vehicle
of irreproachable beauty & profound hatred

a most eventful action, yet
isn't talk so tragically cheap?

for some, an addiction,
scratching their necks, craving their fix

an obstacle for others,
recipe for immobilizing cranial fog

language, look at you –
you seductive shapeshifter

how tempting it is to pin you down
& indict you with your own words

from you we expect so much, yet
your demands & yours alone are fair