

'I Hate Words!'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

I hate words!

Obnoxious,
Obsequious,
Omnivorous,
Oblivious,
Ostentatious,
Things we utter.

Mental,
Manifested,
My mind makes more maps of moving mountains of meaning more overly stuttered.

As I describe,
In the Latin 'un-write',
My language picks apart the bits of things best left whole, unspoken,
Lest broken,
By my blather.

What is a man?

Tall?

Forty?

Married?

French?

Black?

Matters not,
This lingual trot as,
Round and back again thesauriously I espie a silence,
In this plight.

Just.

Stop.

Speaking.

...

With meaning dripping from loquacious lactation, heartfelt meanderings of metaphors span,
A milky way expanse,
Oxidised in sound and rust,
No trust,
That what I say hits home.

You're a universe away from me,
Intimate proximity,
Irrelevantly,
Revered,
As to souls I draw near.

Misunderstand,
My grammar plan,
And fetch me a long weight,
Or paint, ta!

Tantamount to telling you,
My words are mine, each day anew,
The meaning deepens.

The etymology of etymology,
In the truest sense, the study,
And remembrance of what words once meant.

True now today, still, vagina et phallus.

The sheath and sword,
Mean division in people where genre's adored,
As a label for genderfication.

If I say the word rose,
Can a flower suppose,
In your mind,
Or does moving through air,
As you stood from a chair,
Insist image one of a kind?

I can't tell you The Way,
Doused in doubt when I say,
Well, anything really, confusion, well, zen,
A budding layer often,
Seen in jokes,
When our humour words poke,
Tradgedoededy.

Blispair,
In the air,
As we dare,
To share,
Thoughts, feels real,
As we peel,
Away layers of sorts,
Of the source,
Of our sonority,
Censoring subjects of sullen majority,
Monkeys type Shakespeare theoretically
In the face of all probability,
But choose words I have to,
To put across what I do,
When we bathe in a fondue of verbs.

Still, I hate words!

Crown,
A noun,
That can colour it right,
In communicative ways out of sight,
So much more is said,
By the flush of your face or the eyes in your head.

Words can't come near,
To linguifying tears,
The thousand dances of eyes,
Always truth do belie,
That is, afraid might be I,
Or elated or dreading my spells can misfire in your mind.

And sentenced to life,
In Babel's prison am I,
With my cell mate the panda, it eats, shoots and leaves me, bleeding out on the sand,
Of the language of England.

Although...

I really love words.