

Only Words

Little words big words
sly words
so many words
taken weighed the eaten words
Relativistic metaphor become
morphemes of song
and lament
with meter and spaces between
There is nothing to know
has wisely been said
reading ten thousand books
filled with one billion words
helps assure one it is so
Words tell little truths
Words tell big lies
Both are dwellings of belief
one chooses to make an abode
Words with all of their power
cannot fathom the actual
state of a matter
A cat recognizes fish
without debating the latter
Radiant faces or wet tears
speak louder than excited
or sad prose
Spoken words are like wine
they mellow and grow
becoming
delightful with age
Written words dry out
harden and petrify
passing through time
large books serve as
a coffin their grave
Only the deaf are left bitter
for lack of said words
while watching hands doing
things that make feet run
Written words having had power
to shape Heaven and Hell
are dry bones
needing the living
red blood giving them life
yet once again