

Words

The word was in the beginning
breaking the silence;
utterances,
a herd of sounds
reaching the ear,
a stampede of consonants
running the tongue.
Shoot the bull, blogging,
blah, blah, blah,
making in a makeshift way,
improvisation.
Phonemes, homophones,
and cell phones;
none choose to pass over in silence.
Behold the Man... speaking beyond the grave.
Before the word was,
was the thought.
Musing, cerebration, deliberation.
To excogitate, patient rumination;
thinking is an elitist word.
Brainstorms birthing brainchildren;
while ignorant are
conditioned by ignorance,
intellectuals are obstructed
by intelligence.
Abstraction and conceptualization;
the mind, creates mental anguish;
as the present creates the future.
The process of doing is held
with low esteem.
True flavor is always delicate.
To do, causes to be;
Man, the be-comer.
Working; to do for, do up, do over,
do with, and without.
Do away, do in, do time;
reminiscing on do's and don'ts',
while making do, each must do
an own thing.
To create and recreate,
perfect, with a tweak or so,
is Man's way.
Man can pose and compose, and recompose;
then slowly decompose.
Craft makes that transition to Art
only when a soul is imparted to the work,
impregnation,
to live, on its own.
Breath, Atum.
The doing, in doing, imparts to us.
Fullness is not as eager as hunger.
Happy in the midst of hardship
is in deed happy.