

WORDS

Always I've striven for eloquent phrases,
plying erudite words of wit,
sly nuances, fresh metaphores, quaint similies,
troweling words like mortar on brick.

Please, remember me.

I tried lots of súperlatives -
lots of "lots" - and "so's,"
so many "so's."
My mind reels with the need
to project the images it knows.

Please, remember me.

Sprachgefühl - don't you just love that word?
I tried it once because I thought I was
and because I wanted Them to know - but not the word -
and my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth
and They stopped and looked at me
and laughed and said: "What?"

Pristine is a lovely word, too,
so crisp and clean, impressive,
rather memorable, don't you think?

I used it in a cool tone,
a clever turn of the tongue,
and Nobody paused or stammered
or fell at my feet.

Oh! Please, remember me.

In my quest for immortality,
for absolute command,
I've dueled, challenged,
fenced swords-to-words,
striking down the moving and profound,
finding more is less and less is more.

All I had to do was be quiet.

Oh, that writing were so simple.

--- Janice Daugharty