

Goddess Gagged

Protest the Hero

Oh God!

The sound they must have heard in the distance
A wilderness of sound and movement repeating itself across
the narrows of the mountainsides, the cries of creatures crashing
against cold rock, human voices heralding the hillside.

Their bellows bounding ripe with resonance
From here the unimportant call received the all important answer.
Oh goddess who bore us what we must have done to have buried
your daughters and prayed for a son.

The wind and the rain spoke a language of wonder
To a species rising thickly to a dialogue with thunder
In the empty space between better and worse
Language unravels and irony hurts.

In the common place between hunger and thirst
The words that define us a blessing and curse
The words that confine the ideas traversed the ear
To hear the song without verse, the sound of the sound of the sound
Utter first, the burst into nothing so sudden and soft.

The silence inside you when the music has stopped.