Words

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WORDS

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Sometimes we don't have a savior. Sometimes no one looks to see our flailing arms and kicks against a background of monotony. Sometimes the effort put forth by all our heart and soul and fire retrieves nothing from this Earth but an electronically regurgitated form letter of appreciation.

Sometimes, even a scream at a capacity you didn't know your vocal chords could ever possibly allow is heard by no one. Sometimes, the only thing we have is the silent written word.

Written in the dark, in the light. Typed, scrawled, scratched, printed. Lead, ink, blood. These words are the echoes of spirit, the enigma of being that no one can deny. No one can say the essence of who you are is wrong.

Unless they do.

Words are ugly. Words hurt. Words can make you lose your lunch all over the neatly typed page. Words can stir people into revolution, or turn them inside to despair. Words can seduce you, make your day. Make you laugh. Let you know that you're not alone.

Words take guts, and bravery, and guile to produce. Multiply that by ten thousand, four hundred and twenty eight, and you have about what it takes to keep them.

Hold on to your words. Print them, spread them, pepper your entire universe with what you see and hear and feel. Don’t be ashamed of your words, because only then are they incorrect.

I have my words. They're just not here.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Rebecca Andersen is a junior English major. She writes, “Clouds must be read from a child's perspective—simple and beautiful. Too often do I overanalyze my writing, but this poem proves the beauty of simplicity. My second poem, Trapped, is an emotionally dense poem that was inspired by the painting The Bar at the Folies-Bergere. The woman's face, although emotionless, evoked a longing to escape the counter she stood behind. But more than that, the wall that stands between a woman and the world. As a woman, I often times feel trapped, so I write.”

Jess Bouchard is a hobbyist photographer and married to poetry. She writes, “I thoroughly enjoy sending letters and collecting everything old. I highly dislike raisins. My intellectual (poet) homies include: Sylvia Plath, Robert Creeley, Walt Whitman, and Charles Bukowski. The poems I’ve submitted are experiments of different types of writing styles and themes that are rather comical, to say the least.”

Christina Busby is a young and thoughtful English major at Concordia University. This poem was written in remembrance of her grandfather who passed away from cancer in the fall of 2006. It attempts to capture an important lesson her grandfather taught her shortly before his death.

Daniel Cameron, a junior English major, is originally from Thousand Oaks, California. He now lives and writes in Portland.

Daniel Cole is a 22-year-old anarchist of creativity and imagination. He grew up everywhere, but calls Monterey, CA home. He’s been influenced by the brains of Dr. Seuss, Tim Burton, Shigeru Miyamoto, and the free roaming Japanese imagination, while his childhood was infected by Legos, comics, lots of sun, and daydreaming.

Lynne Danley is the Program Coordinator at the CU School of Management. She lives in Gresham with her wonderful husband Terry and Jack, their rat terrier (but don't tell him he's not their child). Lynne loves writing, reading (especially good mysteries),