5-1-2007

Words

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Recommended Citation
Jensen, Tabitha (2007) "Words," The Promethean: Vol. 15 : Iss. 1 , Article 44. Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol15/iss1/44

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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.