

Words under siege

I feel like my words are under blockade, the articulation of the future I want to see unable to get in or out past the security checks of complexity and balance. Frisked down by fear of being misunderstood, scanned under the scrutiny of increasing polarisation. Too often turned back for risk of offending my friends.

And now, they are struggling under a bombardment that does not stop, near constant explosions of 'pain' and 'outrage' and 'grief', leaving a rubble of adjectives that no longer piece together to make a coherent structure. The power source has been cut off that fuels communication and human connection; the devices at our disposal to understand and see the Other have run down, with no way to recharge them. The water source of hope, a flow of words of compassion and condolences, are as empty and dried out as the taps, and anything I can say is salty and contaminated by possible misinterpretation or traitorous infection.

My words feel like incendiary rockets, hidden away and shockingly numerous, yet largely ineffective. Homemade and misfiring and unable to create the kind of crater that could indicate a need to End This Now. That could inflict the kind of damage that might influence those with Big Loud Words. That were not subject to claim and counter claim in the wrangling of their own formation. But my words are struggling against years of being held back, pushed down, learning how to live with constantly less outlet.

I wake in the early hours and compose eloquent soliloquies in my head, that never emerge from the tunnels they are buried in deep beneath the surface. These weapons of attempted resistance. And surely they are ripe for misuse, for when employed in a Certain Direction, they can be dangerous and inflict terrible damage. Were they to break out past the barrier holding them in, they could indeed create horror beyond description.

They could incite and kill and maim, and maybe then they might get the traction I wish they could, holding your attention hostage. Yet my faltering attempts to keep using them as a legitimate expression of opposition, are silenced by the thunderous voice of the Right to Self Defense that strikes out both the good and the bad, indiscriminately destroying both those potential words of hate and those struggling calls for peace, leaving a vacuum in its wake.

The grip on my silence is tightening. Outside assistance is blocked in translation. The fight for words rages on. While all the time they are being squeezed into an ever-tighter space, jumbled together, not where they are meant to be, mixed up with each other. This one lost to the abyss. Start sense...no clear. Stop! Help! Orphaned words calling out, whole sentences wiped off my tongue. Was that one of the good ones or the bad ones? Are there any bad ones left? Are there any good ones left?

Am I still here? Why am I still here?

What can I say?

What can be heard?

My screams for help lie broken into letters, dismembered and crushed beneath the weight of Leading Voices.

I whisper to myself: Love is a four letter verb.