

# Said the men of Babel

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Syllables  
have drifted loose from  
words - which lacked the  
weight to hold them  
in, having themselves seceded  
from the hierarchy  
of syntax (forsaking  
the patriarchy of phrases).

They float  
to my ears and my brain  
reassembles them  
to my Mother Tongue - nearly,  
a dialect close enough for  
incomprehension.

"Wallah wallah,"  
said the men of Babel and  
the first generation, they  
nodded sagely (with blank eyes  
and empty smiles)  
still thinking they understood -  
it was the second that went insane  
(trying trying trying)  
but the third that figured  
it out, stuffing wax in their ears.

The Sirens  
didn't sing of sex,  
no come on, no allure - they  
simply sang their own sad songs,  
and laughed their tragedies until,  
having lost themselves,  
they shouted  
only of the sea.

Listen. Listen.  
Listen and you will  
hear - you will hear yourself -  
your fears and your desires.

Have you the strength to listen  
to the languages you don't speak?  
Have you the strength  
to ignore them?

They're not speaking  
to you, my friends. Not to  
you but about you.

So shut your ears and  
open your mouth and  
scream out all the stories  
you're holding onto  
the ones you think you've  
the rights to hold alone.

Speak. Speak. Speak.  
tragedy and your comedy,  
audience regardless - speak  
until they're your stories no  
longer and use up the words  
of which you thought you  
knew the meanings.

Use them  
up and spit them out  
and you will see what little use  
they ever were,  
and you - you will not know,  
not ever again -  
but you may understand that in  
the cud you have spat, in the  
sound as it hits the floor,  
in the cough and the hacking cough,  
in the choke and the sob and the sigh,  
you will read more  
than in the face, more  
than is signed with the hands.  
For you will read  
through the wallah.

And you won't  
give a damn.

(Such  
is the manifesto  
of this revolution.)