

Mystical Origin  
—A Poem about Language

The sinned look up at his suffering.

Menacing,  
He whets the stone in the ripple-less river.  
Sun glares.  
The eye hurts to see,  
Yet the mist blinds his vision.

He opens the ears,  
The gurgling of the stream escapes his hearing.  
“Stop it, stop it—”  
The wind carries off his trembling.  
Hair stands on the scalp,  
the man points the sharp edge at his mirror image.  
He grasps her hair,  
She screams for mercy.  
“Mercy, ” he coughs, spitting out the branded conviction.

If fate ever spares.

The written condemnation, boiling in the veins.  
The leaves crumble, exposing the groins.  
The thin layer of moleskin could no longer cover the area of shame.  
Convulsion and erection,  
cold sweats harden the frozen earth.  
Seeds were sowed,  
And the ground for plowing.  
Guilt fought and sought its propagation.

He slices the snake and its coiled mockery,  
Tattooing his forehead with the dried blood.  
Wincing in pain,  
The stripped victim sheds the skin—  
a naked question mark.  
The curse of knowing:  
What is at command will always be part and only part of the story-telling.

She handed him the fruit,  
Instead of eating,  
he gauged the pips with bare fingers and smashed the residue back at the tree.

God sighs.  
Lucifer's chanting,  
the man's throat was slabbed open by the devils of his breeding.  
The dead listen no more,  
The living comprehend only Mephistopheles' language;  
The Garden becomes the savages' hallucination.  
She crouches on the stump,  
polishing the remaining of the trunk with teeth and fingernails,  
cuddling the strangled dreams in the cradle of the murderous vines.  
To survive the lost memories,  
She surrenders her last breath.

In vain the children thread slips of skin through the knob,  
binding the gifts of the parents.  
The father's blade and the mother's handle piece—  
An axe.  
By which the strongest is taken down.  
His skull is made of a container,  
from which the successors drink their lessons;  
The headless corpse is made into a mummy—  
a sacred text to embody the learning.

The sons and more sons,  
daughters and more daughters,  
wielding their ways,  
chiseling words out of each others' skeletons.  
As more players are to join the groups for games,  
hence the rules for rivals,  
hence for friends the disciplines.  
No mistakes for more mistakes.

Lions and wolves herding the growing population of scapegoats.  
The baaing, the blissful diversion;  
The roaring and the howling are the best defense against the primal sins.  
The melange of voices,  
the divine punishment of the transgressors,  
an opportune excuse for not understanding.

The original sound disappears in a cacophony of languages,  
as the soul of the universe vanishes in the gigantic hole.  
Organic mutilation ensues as more reach up to tear from it a piece of explanation.  
The fools relish,  
and the wise aches double for their doubled share of insatiation.

The sinned look up at his suffering.  
In the place of reminisce,  
the falsity of interpretation.