

POEM OF THE WEEK

DON'T TALK TO EACH OTHER, DO WE?

We don't talk to each other. A pity.
Is it merely a matter of language?
Does it go deeper?

We may know the words and their meaning
In general conversation; but be oblivious to
Their special, personal meaning; their embedded coding.

Talk, mate? We shout past each other; add a facial grimace
or two; and we're exotic; a show for the tourists.
Whakaaria mai! How great thou art. Yeah, bro.

Where were we? The sounds of silence
(minus the subway walls). Sentiments of regret,
We've got the feeling; now let's dress the set.
Possibly the nearest to communication we will get.

Why the concentration on this talking business?
It is one of the primary means of communication.
Through communication, we share common experiences,
Emotions, bridge the gap between us and others;

Build trust, enter into cooperative ventures;
Expand on our individual and collective humanity.
Should we talk to each other? Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.
Whatever language we use to lament the absence;

The sound of silence
is the sound of silence.
Is it the sound of death?

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