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End of the Wor(l)d

All we must do
is listen.
And speak.

the words are all we have
because,
the extent of our words
is the extent of our
world.

Our words are our
reality,
because, who can really
say
that A is A,
when all we're taught
is paradigms,
stereotypes,
and the syntax that drains
all meaning from the ability
to forge
our own reality

Even the words
'word' and 'world'
aren't so very different,
with the addition of a single
'L', which stands for
life:
the world is the life
of the word.

Who can really believe
that actions
speak louder than words
when cripples can't move their arms,
but their words can move the arms
of an entire audience
into a clapping motion
and make tears sprint
down their cheeks into the napkins
held to their mouths

words such as 'freedom'
have built countries,
cities,
and lives upon it's foundation,
but to twist the word
into expressing the freedom of
the press, without the freedom of
speech,
turning our flags into chains,
and our lives into cracks,
spreading through the foundation

of the words that bear the sin
of being twisted out of
their reality

is this
what mankind has
strove to become
to spawn hate,
and eliminate the time
when the words meant what
they were defined to,
and the term 'relocation'
didn't mean extermination,
and the words
'lack of economically stimulating resources'
weren't tagged to the bottom
of a refusal letter that was never sent
to the people of Rwanda,
because,
no one wanted to be the one
to spend money where
no money would be gained

at what time
did the word 'money'
and the sign of the dollar
become synonomous with the word
'greed',
and a good life was acquiring the most
money, when all that was needed
to live,
were open ears,
open mouths,
and an opening
of the mind
into realizing
just how powerful words really are,
when used as they were meant to

words were meant to create,
to save, to heal,
but along the road,
people have learned
to load them as ammunition
into their mouths
and use their tongue as the trigger
to kill just as effectively as any bullet,
except that,
while bullets may pierce your heart
and your skull,
they can never drill behind the soul,
and seize the life behind the pupils

Arise,
from the depths of the end
of the dictionary,

and reach up to the heights
that only words like 'infinite'
and 'eternal',
those that are 'unfathomable'
can soar,
and discover
the infinitely undiscoverable
reach of our words
into the hearts of each other

the most dazzling,
precious treasure,
the most destructive power,
the deepest point in this world,
the stairs to the heavens;
we've never needed to reach them,
because the words paint
whichever world we need;
words,
the world,
they are mutual existence,

to live in the world
is to live in the words,
as our words shape all that was,
is,
shall be,
and the end of the word
is the end of the world;
they exist in each other;
live to never see
the end of the wor(l)d,
but to live beyond
the limitations placed on our voices,
and the censorship
cutting
across our tongues

All we must do,
is listen.
And speak.