

By Rehan Qayoom

Words

After Aleem

Logos Socrates, Logos Jesus

I created, created I

Without beginning, eternal, they are time, they are locale

They are pathways between conscience and journeys from soul to soul

They are the timely truth and the coercive disgust

They are the symptoms of pain and the marvels of patience

Reigning from land to land indifferent of colour or religion

Running in all blood types and carpeted on all tongues

They are the lies the robbery the war the murder

But that of course is their Achilles' heel

Without them all life would be superstitious

Every act stilled

Nor speech nor sound

Every mirror mutely astonished at what it reflects

A mere trepidous trick of the vaunting eye

Like granting the tongue permission to make manifest and snatching articulation post-
haste

Sans beauty, sans love

The wafts that we sense all the wise isles all these oceans of knowledge

Would be mirages, theoretical fancies, conjectures

Words work as chisels to carve out faces for our thoughts

Messianic pens grant these words a voice

They are artists, they are sculptors, they are poets

They are singers, they are songs

They are prophets, they are gods

I am a chemical, they the apothecaries

They want me exterminated

I am hewing them out

And they are building me up