

## Legacy of Language

*Legacy of language  
lasted long; lasted lifetimes.*

Today, we betray  
with muted mouths like  
stifling corsets on  
model mannequins in  
modish magazine.  
Tight-lipped, empty-eyed, slack-jawed  
on a crisp, clean copy of [redacted].

Dumb descendants of tongue,  
no less than ruined resolution.  
The savant must have lied  
when they spoke of evolution.

I kneel before you, pry open the suture between my lips, and plead you now:

*O old foe,*

*O silver-tongued Serpent,*

*How did you slither?*

*How did you speak?*

For surely there was semblance of truth  
within those utterances,  
upon that tree aged and ancient,  
beneath that firmament faraway and foreign.

Today, we live too learned  
of the sacrosanct sin,  
bestowed with the  
laurels of liberty,  
conferred the  
crown of choice.  
Gilded, gleaming, glorious gold  
to mend, to morph, to mold.  
Sanction to speak on its knees,  
at our feet, as we please.

Fleeting futures weaving through fingers, find  
one with words worth more than empty murmurs, find  
clarity, find  
resonance, find  
sound.

*Legacy of language  
to last long; to last lifetimes.*