How come when I speak you say you hear me
But when you repeat my thoughts
You get them all backwards . . . twisted . . . misquoted?
As I once heard stated, don’t just use the space created when I talk
To be thinking about what you’re going to say next,
Is that duly noted?
Loosely quoted here, and ever so slightly out of context,
The message itself is a bit more complex than it may sound upon initial review.
Case in point: you say you want my voice in the fray of freedom,
Yet, inclusion of my vision turns the noun into a verb – an unavoidable protrusion.
So if you truly want my sounds, are you prepared to get down with the
Words, as well as the rhythm?
Or will my articulation and speech pattern merely astound?
Listen to this lacking: she speaks so well, as does he,
But I don’t understand what he’s saying (let alone what she’s saying).
I’m moved by the melody of the message, though.
Oh the subtle stench of blatant irony.
You see, voice is tricky, because without an appreciation of the tones
There is little chance for penetration of the inner ear.
However, without the comprehension of that which
Is hard to see . . . get . . . feel
There really is no voice – at least from below.
Dangerous double talk you say? I thought you might think so.
We’ve been taught all too well:
Speak only when asked to . . . for . . . about
And don’t try to straighten anything out.
Perpetuation of the status quo is delicate work.
We don’t want to accidentally empower the wrong people, right?
This, of course, grants that each respective life desires to act or do something.
Someone else currently defines what that matter is, or, what is that matters.
A tightly woven shroud of manufactured difference and indifference is all
That remains from using the Other’s space to ascertain what next you’ll be saying.