



Forest of Words

The Forest of Words, rich in verse & verbs
and tones and lilt and meter.

Vivid expressions like colourful orchids
and clever lyrics that swoop to greet you.

In this jungle of ideas-made-of-sound,
of intentions-that-are-vibrations,
strolls a woman, subtle and elegant,
delighting in the ineffable intonations.

The Lady treads softly on murmurings of moss
through the tendrils of metaphors meandering;
past an orchard of ambiguity wherein hide
the monkeys of misunderstanding.

Around her is a halo of superlatives,
like butterflies in sunlight intense,
as she moves past some thorny remarks,
emerging from a swamp of syrupy sentiment.

The Lady passes a fallen friendship-of-words
made rotten by ruckus and quarrel;
and on the remains grows the name of a rose,
and other utterances floral.

She rambles around creeping vines of jargon
and strangler figs of legalese,
past the pricks of pedanticism and the
rotting smell of tired, old clichés.

She braves the briar tangle of rumour and gossip,
full of paper tigers who mimic defiance;
by a whimsy-waterfall she pays a call
to the painted walls of the great cave of silence.

The Lady glides between hanging-vines of hyperbole
that is home to a metaphorical flock
of cheesy one-liners and a gaggle of witticisms
that race against the clock.

On the bank of a brook of babbling
the Lady breathes in the wit and the wisdom,
Revelling in the cacophony of the Forest
for she is the Queen of language's kingdom.

And she sings with a voice stronger than despair!
Sings to the light of the sun and the moon!
Sings to the love that gave sound to the wish!
Sings to the beauty that will pass so soon.

Sings to the beauty still yet to come,
as she summons all words that are sweet and honest.
And then they dance, like a flock of beautiful birds:
Oh Goddess of Words, my sweet Lady of the Forest.

