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I'm tired of words

by Janie Reynolds

I am intricately constructing a work in progress and will defend it to the death. It is my opinion, and without it I would be as lost as if I were to venture from my home town. Your map can't help me. Only the pages of my own beliefs breathe for me. Don't try to suffocate me with yours.

Ask me to prove myself, though, and I will shrink. I can prove nothing, not even with all the words in the world. I can not pull out a ruler to my thoughts. I can not demonstrate my God, even though he guides me, just as you will never prove to me he isn't there.

So, let me stay deaf and let me stay dumb. Because words come along and falsify everything.

You tell me the way, with your book. You shake it in my face. Black lines on a page. Rectangular blocks of print. Black and white stripes. Luring my eyes closer, drawing me in, in Zs, as I follow from left to right to left again. You try to talk your way in, then try to talk your way out. Conning me to buy into your story. Tricksters, the lot of you! It's just fiction!

Chords sung in solo from your mouth. Calling me to hear you, pity you. Unfortunate soul, you cast your lament upon me, vying for relief. You summon me to join your personal play. Speaking in tongues, enticing me to take on one of your characters. Lies and lullabies. The mermaid's song. You try to hypnotise me, soothe me to sleep, to dream. Your dream, not mine.

Let's stop talking. Let's be quiet. Let's just walk and see what happens.

So we walk for a while, in silence. But then we turn the corner and there is a huge mountain with a man-made path.

And you say, "Ah, there is a fine mountain. It will be fantastic to climb."

And I think, "Oh, there is a dreadful mountain. It will be agony to climb."

But because I am a kind and genial man, I allow you your words and keep mine to myself. Despite seeing a dreadful mountain, with my very own eyes!

And as we begin our ascent, your legs hasten as you look to the top. My legs are heavy as I look behind me.

“The mountain is easy,” you enthuse, as your light steps pick up speed.

“I think it’s hard,” I follow, while mine slow with the gathering of moss.

The stony path rises in gradients beneath our feet.

“A mountain is a natural land formation that rises in the form of a peak,” you tell me.

I am about to reply when comes the voice of a Tibetan, from 5,000 feet, just below the clouds. “Says who?” he calls. “A mountain descends! It does not rise. In the form of an ever increasing mass.”

(“མེན་ ཉན་ ཉན་ རི་ མེག་མངས་སྐོང་སྐོང་ ལུ་སུག་རིང་མོ།”)

You are about to reply when come the squawks of a mountain goose, flying at 23,000 feet, above the clouds. “Says who?” he laughs. “You call that a mountain, but it is just a little spike, rising from the mist.”

(“Ahk ahk ahk ahk ahk. Kha kha kha kha kha.”)

Continuing on our way, we shout our opinions upwards, to the Tibetan and the goose. But all they can hear is “Bla bla bla bla bla”.