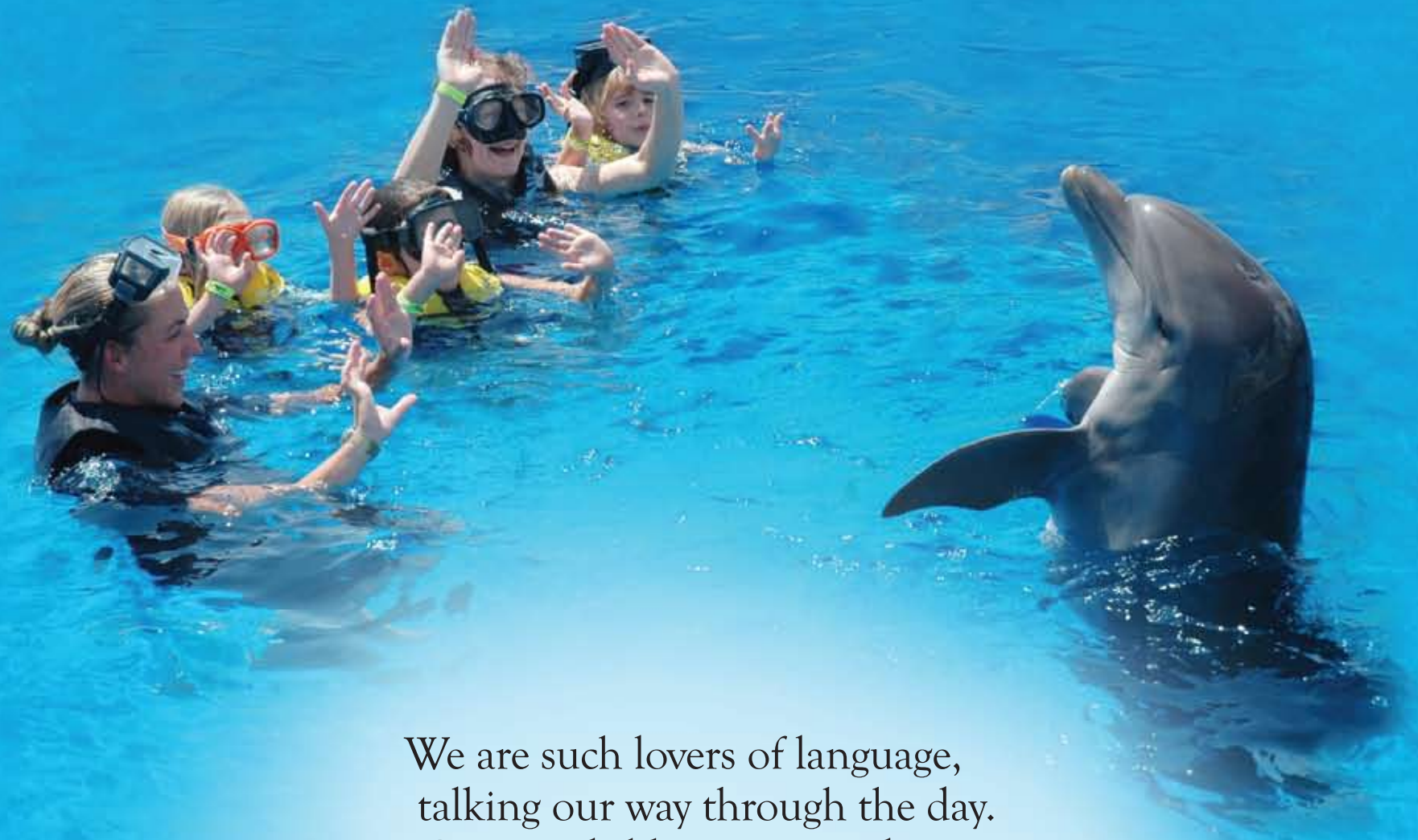


Conversant Creatures



We are such lovers of language,
talking our way through the day.
Our words like nets tossed out to sea
that may catch meanings
never meant by the speaker
before they reach the delicate
hairs inside the ears
of whomever
is listening.

Sometimes our attempts to say how we feel
are so inept. Unlike dolphins who read
each others innards with their fine tuned
sonar, we express ourselves in gestures,
laughter, music, art,
tears, touch and
words . . . words
are the most removed
from our silken spacious cells.
But words are magic too - traveling
inside slender wires that cross oceans,
climb cliffs and enter homes
inside radiant monitors. Mere
marks on a page can transport us
where we've never been, lead us
back to our essence
and invent worlds
that will one day
be as familiar
as our names.