

5-1-2001

## Untitled

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### Recommended Citation

Liu, Ying Chuan (2001) "Untitled," *Forces*: Vol. 2001 , Article 59.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2001/iss1/59>

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## WORDS

*S. J. Day*

I don't have the words.  
I wrestle silently, internally,  
As you sit remote in hand, images successively flashing  
Upon the box that is your god,  
Formulating a means to elicit my thoughts.  
The mangled letters fall into rank  
And present themselves to you  
An explanation of my sadness.  
But as they travel from mind to mouth,  
From mouth to ear  
(Is it me or the pizza bargains deluging  
The void black that envelops us?)  
Transformation.  
Illegitimate comprehension fires the pistol  
Of your race. You jump from the starting gate  
And run headlong, a thoroughbred.  
Consumed with the quest, the dissemination of my fears,  
You charge toward the finish  
(Faster than the glowing advertisement  
Spews forth its accolades)  
And claim your prize: disenchanting me.  
No sooner won than forgotten,  
A trophy on your shelf  
Dusted off with provocation of desire.  
Commercial over, your god consumes you  
And I sit transfixed on my nail bitten hands.  
I'm aching to rectify your erroneous achievement  
But I don't have the words.