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The Temple of Lost Lexicons

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THE DAY OF JUMBLED WORDS

Nouns competed for space with other nouns,
Piled themselves, foreign and domestic,
Smashed each other into noun particles—
Demolition derby in a broken lexicon.

Prepositions turned to impositions,
Dragging lines into places
Forbidden to ordinary words,
Dicing verbs into adverbs and chaos.

Definite articles stood defiantly against
The Laws of Composition. Indefinite
Articles were lost from the beginning.
Lacking direction, they accumulated in corners.

Words dead and heavy were everywhere,
In my brain, my notes, on the bathroom walls,
On dust covers for book lovers, in the mirror,
As if reversing them could help.

But that was yesterday. Today the Muse loves
Me again. Words obey her and work for me:

*In a glass room with clear water windows
Words queue up and sparkle in sunlit lines.*

*Curving as language on refracted light
Lighter than yellow and finely cut blue,
Thoughts radiate in liquid crystals—
Symbols on beams framed only by whiteness.*

And I realize now that I can write again.
Poet of sunlit truth, living a life of clarity,
I could win a prize, maybe even a war,
With the rainbows rising from my pen.