

babel's tower

god,  
presumed though too be the most peaceful,  
and the most many, innumerable other things,  
got angry -  
and tongues broke down  
from paradise upon the one-spoken-tongue;  
and babel with its dreamed 'top in heavens'  
was laid down into humans' vanity of being superhuman.  
then,  
none could make sense  
of what the other said,  
and  
none could let another understand what one meant,  
and  
none could anymore carry on among all others,  
and all of us anguished spread  
over the earth  
into different tongues -  
in the dust,  
in the windy desert of the unwanted silence between ourselves.

this was the news we got from primeval Shinar ...  
it then made sense to me  
why while sitting down together i couldn't feel your agony;  
and you, albeit mildly smiling, looked through me,  
all alone,  
behind your tears.  
and  
somehow i understood that understanding was over and done with...  
and so we estranged .....  
for the news yield authority  
and i never questioned  
why should i go and where.  
in spite of all this  
i

say to you:

| that i dislike this separation -  
| the trees twist and turn their branches in the same way -  
| the leaves hustle and bustle, contented or not, in the same place -  
| and the caterpillars hide in the same moonlight -  
perhaps  
it is only my imagination  
that this second fall of my kind  
could be healed by stitching the wrinkled wounds of misunderstanding

once  
my heart would recognize  
your heart's unseen yet unaltered tongue\_\_\_\_\_

then,  
as god has spoken  
in the celestial council,  
| 'nothing |  
| will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do'..... |  
this time  
i somehow  
fear to ask you:  
shall i hope to rise up anew,  
like phoenix,  
from my very own ashes?  
if hope be granted,  
then  
how could i feel my way into the being of you?