

Only a Word

By Robin Lipinski

Pick from the vine, a ripened moist supple clinging form of letters,
A choice of words.
Growing with a species with what seems forever, to replace our facial meanings with vocal, air
assisted grunting.

Planted there in the beginning, this vine took shape, its thorns dictating war while the flowers
stimulating joy.
Small in size and small in numbers, both the people who spoke and the budding words.

This vine has spread around the world, tangling all yet still growing.
It used to be easy to see the thorn of hate separate from the flower of love, but the two have
grown together,
Forming a new seed.

Evil can use words of peace-such as love- and make it into something toxic, almost like a
disease.
While Goodness fights back using words -such as bad- and make it into something pleasant, such
as, "That American soldier is bad ass."
Vulgar?
Maybe, but just another word from the vine, one that fits, one that's chosen, one that I need.

Everything growing reaches the end.
The vine, though old, is no exception.
Coming soon is the death of the vine, to be cut down while it crumbles,
To be replaced with a new sprout,
A new way,
From the roots, not of Latin, but from the inside, our soul, as the master gardener has planted the
seed.
Of course you may already know him,
Even felt this new language stirring,
His name is Yahweh,
Or as many have picked the word off the vine;
Jesus.
Another word for God.

The End