

RECLAMATION

Words passing through the streets or on the air,  
Odd phrases of old cultures past repair,  
The tarnished heaps we've spat out, killed with, wasted,  
Can always be re-used to build and mend.  
In spite of all the bitter tongues they tasted,  
They can still serve again, a finer blend.  
With God's grace we can salvage human curses,  
Recycle slag, create new songs and verses.

--Glenna Holloway