

TESTAMENT

Saint James described it as a raging fire:
The little muscle anchored in our throats
Is flexed by pride, cupidity, desire.
It curves and curls, incessantly misquotes,
Embroiders, scalds, inveigles with a twist,
Spews bile and guile then batters like a fist,
Misleads the innocent, derides the weak.
Sometimes it poses quasi-truth oblique
Against a noble theme, atop a vital rung,
Or revels in the taste of its own cheek.
Ah, James, how well you knew the human tongue.

How keen a marriage tool, a burning pyre
For any wife or husband who promotes
Communication, probing to acquire
Superiority. Each one devotes
Delicious care to making up a list
Of most effective subjects used for grist.
As ancient mills begin to grind and squeak,
The mighty organ primes its pipes to speak,
And from its depths supported by a lung,
Sound bites arise to start the day's critique.
Ah, James, how well you knew the human tongue.

A bit can curb a horse, control his ire.
The softest member in his mouth denotes
Where his own power ends, serves to rewire
Intentions as it channels all his oats
In service to the reins he won't resist
Once understood. He minds, unprejudiced,
Just so he's fed and watered at the creek,
De-cockleburred and brushed until he's sleek,
And stabled where they've shoveled out the dung.
It only takes a bit to make him meek.
Ah, James how well you knew the human tongue:

(cont.)