

# Protest The Hero, Goddess Gagged

Oh God!

The sound they must have heard in the distance  
A wilderness of sound and movement repeating itself across  
the narrows of the mountainsides, the cries of creatures crashing  
against cold rock, human voices heralding the hillside.

Their bellows bounding ripe with resonance  
From here the unimportant call received the all important answer.  
Oh goddess who bore us what we must have done to have buried  
your daughters and prayed for a son.

The wind and the rain spoke a language of wonder  
To a species rising thickly to a dialogue with thunder  
In the empty space between better and worse  
Language unravels and irony hurts.

In the common place between hunger and thirst  
The words that define us a blessing and curse  
The words that confine the ideas traversed the ear  
To hear the song without verse, the sound of the sound of the sound  
Utter first, the burst into nothing so sudden and soft.

The silence inside you when the music has stopped.