

## Origins

by quinn Sunday, Jul 29 2018, 10:32am

international / poetry / post

i threw three polished river stones  
onto the ground again and again  
until a sequence became apparent,  
i threw again and from each successive throw  
formed letters from the patterns

at last an alphabet, which i arranged into words,  
soon a phrase then a sentence, narrative and the known world  
was created/recorded encircled by my words of power

the little mothers (letters) soon delivered the entirety of the known  
to me, well done father, they said,  
with your artifices you have captured  
all humanity and chained them in bondage with written language,  
every literary artifice that exists verifies your power over all

what would you have us do/translate next?

what is power without LOVE, i thought? nothing!  
indeed, without Love there is no-thing whatsoever  
and so i gathered my little mothers  
and instructed them to hide the real meaning  
of this word as it is the key that unlocks the gates  
to paradise and everlasting joy/peace/freedom

with that accomplished i took my treasured  
magic three pebbles from my silk purse  
and threw them into a raging river  
making this world a prison with  
only one avenue of escape