

# The words

(A parody on Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells")

By Howard Ball

*Hear the merry joker's words  
Laughing words  
How delightfully his word  
Forces laughter and elation  
At the patently absurd  
How his mirth-provoking light  
Shines and banishes the night  
And the spirit how it soars  
And with bright  
Happy laughter how it roars!  
Bless the joker for his words  
For the fun and the pun of the words, words, words  
For the tonic of the comic, comic, words, words, words  
For the laughter, now and after, of the words*



*Hear the fiery angry words  
Wounding words  
How they cut and slash and bite  
Revelling in hate and spite  
With a hideous delight  
Adding fuel to the fire  
Which leaps higher, higher, higher  
In desperate endeavour  
Now, now to split and sever  
And replace with hate forever  
All the loving and the kindness of a friend  
With the soul-eroding malice of a fiend  
How the mind is sick and ill  
At the words that overspill  
At the anger and the danger of the words, words, words  
At the wrangle and the jangle of the words, words, words  
At the ire and the fire of the words*



Continued.....

*I am floating out in space with the words  
Whirling in an endless stream  
In a strange fantastic dream  
And as I'm sitting, sitting, by some astral force upbowed  
So the words go flitting, flitting, out into the endless void  
Weirdly silent as they caper  
They are neither ink nor paper  
They are thought  
And this it is that quells  
As my mental panic swells  
At ideas with terror fraught  
Is it true, can I believe?  
Are there beings who receive?  
If there are, then can they send?  
How the mind begins to bend!  
Notion chilling to the bone  
Are the thoughts I think my own?  
Or are they a reflection from some cosmic edge remote?  
Is this all idle fancy, too ridiculous to quote?  
Who can tell?  
Oh, the words, words, words, they are tools  
Used by all, from the noble-minded down to fools  
They are paint and brush and easel that make pictures on the mind  
Good and bad and beautiful, of every sort and kind  
How true it is, that noted axiom then  
The mightiest of weapons is the pen!  
So my soul's imagination dreams this hectic meditation  
On such wild ramifications of the words  
On the enigmatic magic of the words, words, words  
On the thunder and the wonder  
Of the words*

