

TOWER OF BABEL

WHAT MUST IT BE
LIKE TO NOT UNDERSTAND OTHER
PEOPLE? TO LIVE
AMONGST OTHERS OF YOUR OWN
RACE BUT UNABLE TO SPEAK.
TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT
ANYONE ELSE TO TALK TO, TO
NOT HAVE A PERSON TO SEE
YOU AS A FULL PERSON BUT
ONLY AS THE BODY YOU
INHABIT. YOUR EMOTIONS
LOCKED AWAY, NEVER TO SEE
OR BE HEARD BY THE PEOPLE
WHO WALK PAST YOU. THIS
WOULD BE A HELL UNLIKE ANYTHING
ONE COULD POSSIBLY EXPERIENCE,
A TOWER OF BABEL OF YOUR OWN
CREATION. SOMETIMES I AM THAT
PERSON, UNABLE TO OTHERS, TO
SCARED OF WHAT TH

EY WILL THINK O
F ME, OF MY BOD
Y, OF THE MAN IN
SIDE. BUT SOMET
IMES THE TOWER
FALLS, AND I MEE
T OTHERS WHO I C
AN SPEAK TO, WH
O UNDERSTAND M
E. IT IS A LOVE TH
AT CAN NEVER FA
DE OR WITHER.

A Dialogue (Alice Notely)

“Hey!” “Hey.” “How are you?” “Good.”
“That’s Good, what you been up too?”
“Work mostly, nothing much else going on.”
“Oh, well hows work then?” “It’s good, nothing
Really to complain about.” “Thats good to hear,
You got any plans coming up?” “No, not
Really. Work you know.” “Well what do
You want to be doing?”
I want to run away from here, I want to speak
Freely and to love and to be loved freely, To
Experience life without the filter, to spit in the
Face of fear and doubt, to have a truly great
Conversation. But I dont live that reality, I’m
Not even talking to you right now, and perhaps
“I don’t know, probably see a movie or something.”
“Well thats cool, it was good to catch up, we should
Talk more.” “Yeah definetally, see ya.”
I never will.