**The Figure that is None**

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Words are meaningless

As colors on swatch books, dead

On a page, so distant from the world

Of the living, of breathing.

Suffocated taxidermy, a taxonomy of structures

Building infinite thoughts with

A finite palette of colors to portrait the entire universe:

Beautiful to admire, impossible to live in.

12-point font characters, in single-spaced stages, cages for captive

Beasts with no wits— surviving in a world of human

Eyes, who browse, search, and peck through seas of seeds that never fully

sprout—

Discarded as soon as they’re rendered, moused over their putrid carcasses.

Never trust human speech when spoken,

Only when written, and its creator has become nothing but

Strings of sigils printed in lifeless-black:

Lines, dots, angles, curves, and crosses.

Learning to read to learn to ignore—

When the author is alive, he is a heretic, a liar,

When he’s dead, a prophet and martyr—

A perfect god making an imperfect world

Inhabited by vulgar people

Speaking bastardized languages

Far from the time when speech was like birdsong, grunts and clicks that said more

than any

Unearthing from the bone-white pagination: his miscreations, his aberrations, his

abortions.

Drink his tarry nectar with your eyes,

Allow it to cocoon in your mind,

Metamorphose in your mouth

And butterfly in your voice:

To speak as you write

And to write as you think;

To think as you act

And to act as you speak.

Words evolve, ink bleeds,

Hearts change, bones turn to dust.

When you take away the letters,

What is left of the word?