

## To All Poets

It's funny; it's as if philosophy  
has been completely abandoned.  
Now all we get are snapshots of your lives.  
Unconnected moments float disparate,  
longing for each other, for something  
outside themselves. Verily, I'm afraid that  
language is lost.

No, not forever,  
And not from everyone. Some still know  
secret chants. They sing sotto voce, but  
it's an esoteric art: allowing words to make meanings.  
Meanings weave the story together--the real story,  
of you and me, of why and how--  
the questions that drive us forward and  
keep us looking back.

Yes, forever.