

Will Goff

Talk

Language is fashioned an aegis by the cowardly and insecure, it becomes, no longer a means of statement, but a refuge from it. For those users of language, speech is a lattice-work of image and expectation projected to deflect scrutiny and shelter fear. What fun it is to mould talk, say what is acceptable and popular so that we may better obscure our true feelings.

After sufficient confusion one may begin to think that all is well -- this is not lying, as rational conversation shall convince you, it is merely optimism -- an optimism of cowards.

On imaginary strata hang the very real and very cruel devotees of society, a bustling crowd in which individual voices are impossible to discern. Swamped with stress and fatigue this people have long ago given up on struggling against that which they felt to be wrong, so instead it is celebrated and thought right. Now they shall take a seat and comfort themselves, cheering the fall of others who sink under the depths of that same hopelessness.

Hail popular culture! It is here that language reaches its most celebrated state: entertainment. Simultaneously, communication is hollowed of any true sensibilities and the mirage of society (read: expectation, image, routine) is made real. Within this narrow tract of perversions, 'perfection' is celebrated as rational minds polish staid beliefs and stalwart convictions; all is made rigid then sold in the ugly and private theatres of production. And if ever they are charged with misdeed, consciously or unconsciously reminded of some long discarded vestibule of felt belief, then the barbs of their spoken selves shall turn in defence.

Words, hurtful words, roll off their tongues in spite and malice -- invectives complete in their intention; thorough reprisals of jealousy and vengeance in every syllable. Louder and louder the shouts come, falling into one another they tumble and fall -- each pushed after the last in an avalanche of malice. Soon all reflections are obscured and perspective falls prey to projections. Words become lost in a tumult of verbiage, smeared into one another under that force of societal stress. But the intent is still clear, more so even: this speech is not meant to injure, but to disable: permanently dismembering some aspect of the conscience, to lose it of its bearings and spin it off into some dark oblivion of doubt. In those dark recesses it is banished and forgotten. Left here it morphs of its own accord into pathology and soon revenges itself upon another. So the mass voice multiplies.

Now, all talk similar talk in this populace of dreamers, soaring so far above the earth with their dreams that life itself has become something of a burden, as though its very nature were an affront to that which it inspired animation.

"But dream on!" The crowds cheer, "Fly with us; discard the earth!" And thus another fibre of life is loosed of its moors, set off to some acceptable destination; paving the road to Hell with their tired cliches, "Anywhere is better than here." And with this action the disease that has become humanity, spreads.