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Verbosityverbosityverbosity

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Cover Page Footnote

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VERBOSITY VERBOSITY VERBOSITY VERBOSITY

In answer to all the critics,
especially those who should not
throw stones
in glass houses:

I cannot help it
if I am happy please do not blame me
blame yourself
for you have made me this
way
in your own
way
(people like you and you just do)
it has been thus
so it is not
my fault
if I like to romp
with words or what have you
for fields were meant for running
(ploughing and sowing and reaping)
and I like to run with
naked stinging feet
and bare wind
biting at the back of my neck
because it makes me feel so damn
alive;
happiness is not a state
of mind
but a state
of being
and I simply do
not
understand
why it is such a sin to be happy
I mean
let's face it
wouldn't it all be better if
it were thus
all over
and who are you word police
that tell me not

to say it like this

or be it like this

or write it like this

words are not

priceless Olmec figurines or

Ukrainian Easter Eggs

they are not meant to be

treasured

but to be used

so why not

employ them one and all

and all at once

(and all for one

and one for all

and such twatter)

if need or pleasure so be

for what is the curse

in verbosity;

Your enmity? Your scorn? Your laughter?

I have oft known

that I am here

merely for your

amusement

this I have heard and

I am sure that

I will hear

this

several times again

and once each time around

but I think that you are

not correct in your assumption

because you think

that I am

what I say

because although I am

what I say

you do not listen

so I am what I say

but not what you hear;

Oh, YOU think YOU hear

you think you have a grasp

an understanding

a psychoanalytic understanding

beyond all human comprehension
of gibber-gabber
and flibber-flabber
but you do not;
YOU think it fluffy
and light
and droll
and (gasp) amusing,
simple and
airy and
airheaded
I am sure
but you are so
wrong that it would pain me
to laugh at such
incorrectability
if I gave it a thought
but I don't - can't - because I am much
to busy
radiating
for such drivell
and flitter-flatter
and pitter-patter
and bitter-batter
as that like you
but you do not
of course
you have all the time
in the world
smelling the roses
not raising the roses
for what gift
is there is silence
but empty air
and man and woman
and all such creatures
do not live on
empty air alone
no one does
so what the point is
(and there is always a point)
is that you have no understanding

so don't criticize or belittle

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you should respect that
which you do not
understand
because like a snake
in the woods
with red and yellow bands
not red and black
which venom lack
(which is good for Jack)
that which you
do not understand
can bite and it can hurt
(oh how it can hurt)
so like the snake
best leave well enough
alone or advance
at your own risk
unless of course
you know what you
are doing
which you do not
which is not to say
that no one does
it's just that you
think you do
but you cannot
stand to look at the
sun for too long
it hurts
and that is the
tale that I have to tell
for someday
that etoile
will shine so bright
that you could be blinded
while running through
the fields
(if you should ever run
through the fields,
with the wind at your
bare back in stinging
naked feet and the

sun smiling on your face
you really should try it)
for fields is where
the answer lies
not the cellars that
you seem so fond of
darkness is no answer
save to Morpheus
so why even bother
with the slimy
and the creepy
and the crawly
et le noir
for it just makes no sense
that a species
claimed by the light
craves the dark
that a species
born of the light
dies for the night
it just makes no sense
if you think about it
which I do
which you think I don't
because you perceive
that light has no thought
that the two are not the
same but separate and
unyielding to the other
but you are wrong
(as you can be)
but don't like to admit
but if you
silence your
silence
for just a minute
there is much to learn
from the light
do not underestimate
what you hear
but instead absorb
the beams

like sunlight
and from that
you get Vitamin D
which is good I'm told;

you say this makes no sense
but it does if you
look hard
which you won't
because although you
do not know
me I
know you and
you are not so hard to read
just like most of the others
I am deep like a cave
and dark if I need be
is it my fault I live near the entrance
so say that I am
a little being
with little dreams
for I know the
truth of verbosity
and it is simply thus:

stay in the cellar if you like
or follow me to higher ground
neither does it differ
to me who
likes to run in the fields
with the bare wind at the back
of my neck

in naked stinging feet
for the sun has
a toil that's lonesome
and empty
but oh, the sheer
brilliance
of it all!

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