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You dislike these words.

Totally. Absolutely. Sweet.

You have come to dislike the word
grab. I'll just *grab* myself a coffee.

Let me *grab* my keys. Can I *grab*
those clothes and put them in the change-
room for you? Why this word that connotes
haste and greed? What happened to *get*?

You dislike that no one has problems
anymore, only *issues*. *Issues*,
a word from the boardroom.

A word cleansed of flesh and hunger and
weeping in the night.

You dislike that understand is losing
ground, its only visible sin
its length. I *get* you. I *get* that you're not
that guy. You guess *get* must be too busy
impersonating understand

to be itself. You like that before long
this poem will be meaningless. *Issues*
will have grown a long beard and joined
lunatic in the nuthouse. *Grab* will have
fallen off its edge and broken a finger.

Get will have gone deaf, and been
sent to the loony bin. You watch
these words flaunt their hot
jeans, their cool boots. You take satisfaction
in the long, tepid exile that awaits them.