

Mithridatism

By Christian Anieke

I have eaten the rotten carcass of putrefying language,
Drunk urine of prostituted verbosity,
Tasted the pus of old wounds of disjointed sentences,
And touched leprose flesh of lexical monstrosities.

I am surprised I have not fathered verbal monsters
Decomposed layers of choking language,
Ugly faced, craggy lips and swollen eyes,
Pus-washed body and lice-infested tangled hair.

No! I have kept the purity of words,
Words with incandescent beauty,
Dimpled faces, open teeth and glittering eyes,
Delicious and sweet-smelling words.

Now I am wondering why my feet swallowed by dirty mud are clean,
Terrified that hands immersed in soot remain unstained,
My mouth ceaselessly kissing rotten eggs without smelling,
My hands caressing stinking bodies of corrugated language.

But I have kept the purity of language,
Just because I have been mithridatized!