

IDEAS AND LANGUAGE

By Christian Anieke

Ideas are naked

Naked floating bodies enjoyed in privacy

Naked bodies surveyed in the bedroom of uncensored freedom-

Curves, lines, spots, colours, all before you alone

With a bonus of smells, tastes and sounds

All seen, heard, tasted and enjoyed privately.

But ideas sometimes desire to step into the public sphere

So they put on their clothes

Wear the clothes of language

Language short and long

Language incandescent and cloudy

Language mythic and banal.

Once in the public domain private enjoyment vanishes

The savoring of naked ideas in the bedroom evaporates;

Once out of the private room ideas can be trampled upon

Ideas can be slapped

Ideas can be raped

Ideas can be transformed into monsters.

As a baby in the womb swims in the liquid warmth of the mother's tummy
A chick enveloped by the eggshell curls undisturbed
A tortoise like soldiers withdraws into its armored shell
Delicate human organs are hidden by skin and bones
So are ideas untouched in the innermost chambers of the creator's mind
But once out of the private room they must be ready for human punches!

(Written while flying from Addis Ababa to Enugu, 25.08.17)