Communication

These creatures find it extremely difficult
To communicate, being limited
To five chief feelers and a decad
Or two of minor tendrils, but this fault
Is somewhat compensated for by a cult
Among them called poets who, upon a thread
Of words, string accretions of irritated
Awareness which communicate like salt

In a common wound. I found this practice quaint
And piquant to an extreme and adopting
It for my private use was the next logical
Step in my accumulative survey. Want
May yet teach these deaf-mutes how to sing.
In the meantime, I note their ancient fall.

—Walter H. Kerr