

Protocol

Omar Aftab

The old language
of straight backs, stiff handshakes, stale weather –
abandon it.
They serve no purpose anymore.

Let words burst into existence like flames
and truths rise,
smoke, collide,
fill the air.

Unshackle the tongue, unravel the spirit –
feel matters flit, ideas bounce,
consonants lapping at the shadows.

Clouds recede
and walls collapse.
Dawn licks over the sky.

And when breath sputters and voices crack –
then recite your idiom,
knowing much can be said
with a pat on the back.