

The Orator

by quinn *Thursday, Aug 6 2015, 7:13am*

international / poetry / post

throng came from every
corner of the land to hear
this man speak and utter
the most profound statements
about the human condition
and the universe in which
we live.

he had an uncanny ability to
make plain what learned men
made unintelligible
his reputation as a sage had spread
across many lands.

he was said to speak
with the voice of angels
his mind was said to be as sharp
as lightning and as easy as water.

when he came to our region
i joined the throng to hear
this living legend speak
hoping he would address the issues
that had perplexed me all my life.

i waited patiently while the masses
pressed for better positions.

he finally emerged from his tent
on the hill and after a period of silence
began to address the crowd.
his voice seemed supernatural
his delivery was effortless and unerring
rising above the many distractions
that issued from the crowd.

many seemed transported by his words
i listened and watched the gestures
of his hands and body as he spoke
attempting to fathom his secrets;
i was pushed closer by the pressing crowd
until i could almost reach out and touch him

though his attendants ensured his safety.

women began to swoon and flow
and men began to straighten their spines
as he spoke, such was his mesmerising ability,
the orator had surely earned his reputation.

as i watched and listened i realised his words
were common not like those of
learned men. i focused on his eyes,
which appeared to me as swirling galaxies
but they were not the secret of his power.
how could his simple words spellbind
the crowd and override the din and bustle
all around?

as i watched he glanced at me and it became
apparent that this man, unlike the rest,
spoke directly from the heart.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1765.html>