

## 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.

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