

## A TRUE SPIRIT IS *WORDLESS*

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Today it is perfectly fine, expected even, to use language which serves a temporary purpose, language which in all consideration is of little value. The commonality of speech, lack of wait time to send messages, desire for instant response and lack of stillness in everyday modern language are all topics which I have many thoughts for. When something becomes common, so common that it is easily produced, discarded and hardly considered, it is then when we must ponder what went wrong. If I sent a message to someone today, it would most likely not be thought too deeply upon. The response time compared to sending a letter is almost instantaneous and the time from which I hold those messages in my mind is a world of nothing.

I have hardly sent or received many letters in my life, but the ones I have received have stuck in my mind, I will never consider tossing them away and I can retain almost all of the emotions and atmosphere that was held within them years after they are created. This cannot be said of text messaging or even picture taking- which I will cover in another entry. We cannot remember as a collective, messages we sent our mothers yesterday. Messages we received a year ago are akin to ash settling into twilight. They sleep in the darkness from which we can hardly reach and no everyday person will ever try. One of the most important qualities missing from modern communication is the lack of stillness, the lack of thought. It is the beauty that is missing today, the beating heart of all living things, the thoughtfulness that weaves into our dreams.

The world between a message saying "I'm sorry" and a letter written with true reflection, consideration and awareness of time, is that of darkness to daylight. When truly committing to such heartfelt matters, even the most mundane of topics can become the most divine conversation. Perhaps something in the digital world has evolved the words you use now- the case for many words in modern American language which we refer to as "lingo". I see these words as a means to entertain and not truly a means to communicate, at least not on some deeper level from which we have higher understanding of.

When picking up a book in a bookstore, it is offensive and almost repulsive to see modern lingo written out in plain text. This is the sign of what we would call "bad writing" or "bad poetry" if applicable. Words that were handcrafted from thousands of emotions and experience are now replaced by hollow shells of their former self, words which exist in the post-reality we call our world.

There is another world, one more infinite and wordless which we once aspired to. This world is linked to the eternally true, words that exist in this ghost world are fading quicker with each generation. Comfort is a desire that breeds complacency with these sacred things. We consider the time it took to send a letter, the time it took to write out paragraphs for your loved ones, the care and concern you held within yourself. These qualities, grace, elegance, modesty in language and behavior, these are the qualities I see slipping away. Letter writing was once considered an art in itself, something we could never consider possible with the unfortunate medium of text messaging.

I often wonder what there is left for us now, if we cannot truly transmit human elegance in language, if we speak with such impulsive carelessness. Even I feel a split between language I wish to use in daily conversation and what is acceptable, what is desired to be heard. The most beautiful of words have no room to complain if they have been forgotten, they die silently, little ghosts of our soul.

Despite all of these things I am all too aware that it is near impossible to return to this world without disconnecting yourself from the majority of society. Once something as sacred as language evolves to such a state, it is hard for everyday people to imagine anything different. Just as people long ago would consider you a fool for speaking as we do now, people today would consider you a fool if you spoke with a tinge of the old world.

With that I can only conclude or rather advise that all who desire to reach out into the depths of what is sacred find some conduit for which they can represent the wholeness of it in words, as I have tried to do with my writings.

*k.w*