

Original Oratory

Inspired by Scheherazade

She stands at the front of the room and all eyes turn to her
She wastes no time with pleasantries:

We need to do something.

She gets quieter; more precise,
Creating a snare with her words
They flirt, they dance, they sway their hips,
mesmerizing

The pleas and accusations
She is setting us up for something,
She is setting us up to care.
She makes us laugh
effortless, we don't even mean to
But we like her
We believe her.

Now she is picking up speed,
Gaining momentum
Her words come out hot,
still smoking from the fire in her chest.
Faster and faster, louder and louder
Until she fills the entire room with her thunder:
We NEED to DO SOMETHING.

Self-satisfied, she knows she has us now;
welcoming, friendly,
Her approval feels like home after a long journey
Like sleeping in your own bed at night,
Where she sits beside you and strokes your hair
She kisses your forehead,
Her magical lips leave a mark,
a warning.
You nod in agreement, but discreetly tuck it away
Into the part of your mind that only works in high altitudes.
Of course, she can tell

And this time, it's her eyes that glow
first a spark, an ember,
Then a blaze.

She builds a ladder with her words,
She props it up against your side and climbs until she reaches the cavity in your heart
Then she lights you
On fire.
The flames crackle,
a fireplace in the bitter cold
Like hot soup, warming you from within.

She changes gears:
This is what we need to do:
She gives us a to-do list.
We know better than to be skeptical,
but just in case
She leads us to the sea
And lets the waves envelop us until it is soaked into our bones
When she knows we've had enough,
her embrace is enough to dry our salted skin
She is suddenly timid,
As if she hadn't just changed our lives.

Her eyes now are just eyes,
Glistening with hope and a touch of distress:
Please, can we do something?
And we say yes.