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The Tower of Babel

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The whole earth had one language and one will, the many thought as one, the one as all, and to consecrate this harmony of spirit, a simple tower seemed appropriate.

Now as each stone fell cleanly into place, a vast imagination took shape, rose unerringly beyond man, mountain, cloud, obedient to its steep ascent toward God.

But, under the strain of willing so much weight impossibly upward, the delicate language fractured into noise, and none could speak his mind.

We build what we must. Yet, that towers be great enough to reach a god, we must refine the difficult architecture of a word.