

# Nimrod

*Come, let us build for ourselves a city and a tower whose top will reach into heaven and let us make for ourselves a name lest we be scattered abroad over the face of the earth.*

Genesis 11:4

Nimrod the hunter stalked on bronze winged feet  
daring the universe, defying Elohim's thunderbolts.  
Scheming Nimrod toyed with topography,  
drafted blue prints, and engineered empires.  
Thousands of clay fingers baked calloused blocks,  
dragged and piled bricks,  
stirred and cooked tar in fire pots,  
and climbed to thin air to salute the planets.  
That's some gaudy obelisk.

But this is a place of desolation: *Birs Numrud*,  
a bristly mound in Iraq.  
The dust and silence speak  
for jawbones and stammering fat plum tongues  
that curled and stumbled  
as alphabets blackened the skies  
crashing with glowering boulders.  
Babel fell.  
Sulphur and vapor emitted  
from the kidney of the earth.

Where's the pride of the builders?  
Where's the imperious architects?

They are all slashed into oblivion by serifs,  
mutilated by paper cuts;  
devoured in the babble of a thousand tongues  
demolished into a ruin of runes  
flung into a cyclone of Sanskrit/Swahili/Urdu  
Punjabi/Cyrillic/Hebrew/Arabic letters  
faced off with the feuding Sino-Tibetan language families  
strangled by Arabesques  
punctured by pictograms, hacked by hieroglyphics  
perforated by pride  
decapitated by Roman numerals.  
The sky darkened into a serigraph  
of undecipherable utterances.  
Into the winds and wasteland arrogance stuttered  
as muttering clans dispersed to grainy horizons,  
lost for words.

