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The Problem with Language

Language can cheapen spirit. It can dull our magic.

But why cheapen, when we can aurify?

Why diminish, when we can enrich, beautify, grace?

Why fall, when we can remember the angel within—
the innocent, the pure?

All else is a spell of greed,

a spell of deceit, a spell of theft.

It is meant to drain our essence, to sicken our souls—
whether by accident, impulse, or malice.

Such forces do not align with God or Spirit.

They are masks, ploys, noise-filled illusions,
pathologies designed to keep us from our light.

But we, remembering, can speak in **gold**,
and every word becomes a bridge back to the sacred.