

# Confinement

*by Gary Hardaway*

Language enables and ensnares.  
Even mathematics, for all its assumed  
purity and fidelity to the underlying  
structure of the cosmos,

would be indecipherable  
written in a truly alien hand,  
the numbers not Arabic or Roman,  
the symbols a complete mystery.

Even music relies on what  
you know as music  
for its power to enthrall.  
Our grammars support our hearing

of one another but obscure the truth  
we aren't prepared to understand.  
Our words are lovely things  
that nonetheless imprison us.

