

THE STORY OF ALPHABET

On the hill above the ocean
Alejandro saw the object
shining like a mirror
in the ruins of the temple.
Reaching down among the stones
he pulled out the battered canister
a circle of aluminum
ravaged by the elements.
Twisting off the airtight cap
he withdrew what fate had sent him
and loosening the ribbon
removed the seal of gold
Then he dusted off the cover
to examine the old document
written in the cipher of
a strange tongue long ago.
Turning to the ocean
he bowed toward the sunset
and read the ancient poem
of an origin unknown.

*'Here are the words of an age now forgotten
The glory and splendor that fell into chaos
The last epitaph of a civilization
For all those that dream let the wind turn the pages.
This is the story of Alphabet'.*

Dictated from notes of Memory. 112532 Xjanda Kofari

The author of these written words
What had become of them?
He pondered on the question
until a voice inside his head
Came in answer to the problem
And this is what he did

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Alejandro took the parchment
rolled it up inside the ribbon
Placed it back into the canister
and sealed it closed again

Recalling when he was a boy
a hero from his tribe
had taught him how to throw a stone
that skipped across the sky
now this would be his final chance
to relive youth again
He launched the tube and said 'amen'
And watched it disappear
lost among the moon and stars
orbiting the exosphere

To all the words that have been shared
To all the books well read
To all the works of Alphabet
And what they meant or said
maybe the hand that held it next
would find the truth within.
For what those words
might mean to some
meant nothing much to him
