

Words, “It’s Only Words”

Our words, expressing ourselves, and what we may be really saying

by Neale Sournna

I’m guilty, which can actually get me dead because I’ve been accused of quibbling about the subtle meanings of words; semantics. “That’s just semantics, Neale.” Well. “We are what we eat.” “Garbage in, garbage out.” “If I didn’t know better....” I find words to be fascinating and the blatant and especially subliminal ways people choose them and use them even more so. Many seem to think imprecision of word choice and the subtle tones behind them, as they deliver them to another’s ear is wholly inconsequential.

Hm. About as unimportant as *too* million dollars? No, that’s not a typo. Or try this: *you* for dinner in lieu of *ewe* for dinner. Are the right words important to you yet?

Marvel versus DC.

Words are a main reason I always, in general, preferred Marvel Comics over DC, for words and character. Marvel had the best “real” characters with real problems, everyday problems—that’s why Spidey and “The X-Men” rule the box office now and “Superman” does not, except with Tom Welling of “Smallville” on television, where Supe has more character, more foibles, and is, well, more human; in that screwed-up-and-not-perfect-everyday-although-he may-look-it kind of human.

Back to words.

Marvel always used college grade words in their stories. Stan Lee and his gang accepted and challenged that their audience could and would crack a word book to understand the full meaning of their comic book stories, if they came across a complicated non-elementary level word. Stan was right, in elementary, I opened that dictionary to keep up with “The Spider-Man,” and learned a new word or two as I mentally fought his battles and felt his pain along side his alter ego “Peter Parker.”

Now there’s two things that are similar but different: Spidey and Peter Parker. They are and are not the same.

“If I didn’t know better....”

In saying “if I didn’t know better,” in truth, didn’t you already *know* for certain, but had *hoped* not, as you were already fairly certain or pretended not to be so cognizant? Knowing stuff, especially other people’s stuff scares them, about you.

You can force the issue and make yourself believe that you might truly be assuming, but still you know you were quite solid in your knowing, but social convention or your ego shyness discouraged you from saying, “If I didn’t know better, no, wait, I do, I know better, I know that you...” Fill in the blank.

Anger and rage and “I only have eyes for you.”

One can be angry and not in a rage, but one is never, I think, enraged and never angry, except, perhaps, when fear is taking its place, supplanting it and feeding that rage—and usually it is. Feeding your fear of loss, of being used, of utter frustration, of not getting your way, or whatever. Fear is at the bottom of it. No, you say it’s not. Okay, we’ll call it something else and muddy the waters to secrete it far out of sight.

We hide deep within our denial. We call fear our righteous anger, but it’s not, it’s just fear, blatant and primal, as we try to disguise it as something more elevated and classy.

Love is similar.

“I only have eyes for you” is a classic song title, a classic statement of love for another and a stalker’s battle cry lament. It is one simple statement with three utterly different shades of meaning, which can place you in a music hall of fame, an earthly, romantic heaven, or behind a restraining order.

It also states what I have when I’m enraged and hate you. I can’t take my eyes off my target victim, you. But, is it because I believe I love you, and hate that you don’t love me back? Or is it because I really do hate you, because you love me and I really, really don’t love you in return?

Son of Satan

“More energy than I want to expend,” I say this quiet often, when dealing with another or a situation that is taking too much of my time and personal energy than I “can afford.” Or want to expend. My energy is like my bank account, at present, precious and limited by every costly word that I inadvertently say; in the way we blindly drop a penny and don’t pick it up. We say them, without thought, believing them without important meaning.

I believe, I know they aren’t *just* words, without meaning alone and in cahoots with all the other words and context I place them in. I try often to remember that. My words are actual concepts incarnate and a barometer of what I feel, what I’ll do, or not do, and what I believe on the deepest of secret levels, and you’re no different.

Oh, yes, the Son of Satan.

A man was recently put to death at Lucasville State Prison in Ohio. He called himself a worshiper of Satan. His mom said he wasn’t and that he *only said those words* because he

didn't want *to spend the rest of his life in jail*. Well, unfortunately, he was mistaken, because he did.

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