

The power of words by Aso

Words have the power to change major things; to turn life around completely. When you struggle to say what is on your mind, you risk ruining your entire life.

But when you can't generate words and sentences in time or speak well in front of either one person or a wide audience, this is not necessarily because you are speaking in your second language, your lack of understanding or your ignorance. The words remain in your mind, they just don't reach your mouth. This might be genetically related, to do with your upbringing, or stem from your childhood. Many people can't communicate well with others or defend themselves at a crucial time. Their words become stuck, deep down, they have to fight to bring them out, they have to break the barrier.

Many people believe that the tongue is at the heart of being human; that your ability to use language will help you succeed in life. There are some people who are able to persuade others with the powerful words they produce. They are generally happy and comfortable with themselves.. In many situations, when you stand up and raise your voice, use eye contact and body language correctly you'll get what you want. Throughout history, throughout the world, many people have lost something significant, they have suffered or been killed, because they couldn't persuade other people that they were right, faithful, trustworthy or innocent. They couldn't find the right words.

Often those who have been tortured, imprisoned or endured other hardship, are unable to communicate with others and can't express their feelings. Pain affects your mind, disorders your thoughts, makes you weak, powerless, unable to concentrate and during conversations you might forget your words. Sometimes you lose your train of thought, you forget the subject or where you started. This can be a major problem if, for example, you are an asylum seeker being interviewed, attempting educational study, social integration and other situations dependent on speech. There are many asylum seekers who are rejected by the Home Office and are sent to a detention centre, or are deported home and

killed, just because they couldn't express themselves and their words failed to persuade the interviewer.

There are thousands of strong, beautiful, imaginative, colourful words and sentences in our minds, but not everyone can transfer them to their tongue successfully. Those who are suffering, have a bad memory, are traumatised, or the victim of war or torture, find it difficult to release the words that build up in their minds. These words melt away before reaching the tongue, and sometimes they change to anger as they fight to come out of the mouth. When they can't be released, the words remain in our brains, occupy space and crowd our minds.

I have a crowded brain. A hundred thousand words are squashed together, lying over each other. I am not able to remove them on my tongue. My body is full of words produced by my brain. Sometimes, the words come out from my eyes as tears, from my throat as a scream, from my body as sweat, from my steps when I walk for too long. I am the slave of the words stuck in my brain. Words spread from my brain throughout my body; they make me weak and vulnerable, make me emotional, frustrated, they make me cry. Words come out to express my feelings and everything inside me. Words come out of my soul when you make me smile. They come out of my ears when I hear you sing, from my mouth when I laugh, from my eyes when I see beauty. They come out when I embrace silence and think of love.

Words have power when they come out of the mouth. They can fall like rose petals or blow out candles. They can easily break another human into pieces and scorch the heart. Words can transform ugliness into loveliness; rebuild a human from a wreckage, bring glory, change darkness into a bright day. Words have the power to change things, as does the pen. My pen and my writing are my only means to push the words out and clear my brain. The pen challenges the words in my mouth to come out in different ways and helps me relax, the pen makes me see the colour in faces and allows my dreams to come alive.

When I don't have my pen, my dear, you make me happy with your words.