

Words Obey Power

Words don't serve truth — they kneel to the throne,
Each syllable shaped by the hand that owns.
Tongues are chained by crowns and guns,
And meaning melts beneath the sun
Of power — fierce, unyielding, proud —
While truth whispers low beneath the crowd.

Empires rise and redefine,
Naming conquest as “divine.”
The victim's cry becomes “unrest,”
The tyrant's rule, “the nation's best.”
For language bends where strength resides,
It wears the mask that power provides.

The king's decree becomes the creed,
The scholar writes what lords decreed.
“Freedom,” “law,” “justice,” “sin,” —
All dressed by those who always win.
And every age repeats the tale:
The strong write truth, the weak grow pale.

Words march in uniforms of might,
Not guided by what's just or right.
Truth is fragile — soft, unseen,
While power paints the world's machine.
The press, the priest, the politician's art —
All twist the tongue, all play their part.

For every empire, new or old,
Builds Babel towers out of gold.
And as they rise, the meaning dies,
Buried under polished lies.
The dictionary bows each day,
To those who own the right to say.

So listen — when a word is spoken,
Ask whose chains remain unbroken.
For words obey power, not proof, nor youth —
And only the strong define the truth.

*

Vijay Chandra