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By [Roger Keays](#), 26 July 2009

Strangely, I find that words are kept in a small putty shaped area in the upper back left region of the RIGHT hemisphere of my brain. French words lie low at the back, English spreading themselves across the roof as if gravitated there by some indeterminate force. Korean words spin rapidly in a small near-singularity in the dead center and Japanese try persistently to exit the whole enclosure by throwing themselves at the front door. Spanish words have formed themselves into a smooth stalactite and hang serenely from the ceiling, surrounded by the urgent English. Hebrew words fly gaily across the cavern following no particular pattern, but swoop and dive regularly over a glistening pool of Swiss German who are unperturbed by the activity. Vietnamese huddle in an alcove near the entrance, scoffing irritably at the noisy Japanese, while tiny Malay and Indonesian words march precociously across the floor poking the French and teasing the Hebrew words, though they can't reach them.

About Roger Keays



Roger Keays is an artist, an engineer, and a student of life. Since he left Australia in 2009, he has been living as a digital nomad in over 40 different countries around the world. Roger is addicted to surfing. His other interests are music, psychology, languages, and finding good food.