

Words (I)

*Words of Love that can't be spoken,
Tempered swords that won't be broken
Forge their blades within the Stillness
To cleave the world unto its center.*

*Thundering waves unfurl the earth.
Granite ringlets ripple forth
In radiation from the Words
That move upon the waters.*

*Words thus born of Joy and pain
Erupt as fire within One's brain—
Fire and blood! the Phoenix rises
From dead ashes newly kindled.*

*Neither blade nor woman's kiss
Shall kill or muffle or suppress
The Will emerging from the Word
When childish yearnings are forgotten.*

*Blight and hungry pestilence shall bow,
Even death itself—I vow
Will crumble in the very wake
Of Love and One and Will and Word.*