

Words (II)

*Primeval silence waits on Love of Words.
From darkened Stillness wresting Form,
From subterranean heat its temper,
An epicentric solitary Word.*

*The languid earth, a lake at first,
Erupts! Concentric waves through granite crust
To rip the world unto its trembling core.
Explosion rends the fabric for all time.*

*The Word is born alone, of joy and pain,
A soliton within the brain of One.
From sterile dusty ashes black as void
The Phoenix blazes trailing fire and blood.*

*No aching heart or flesh's yearning,
No jagged shard or woman's kiss
Has power to murder or suppress
The Will emerging from the Word.*

*Starvation, blight and deadly pestilence,
And even grasping Death itself shall bow
Like blasted leaves behind the wake—I vow—
Of Love and One and Will and Word.*