

The Cycle

for my aunt

Words

The beauty of a single sound
Within which all the meaning found
Relative to all the years
That you have lived, in fear or cheer
And so to turn it, round and round
From word to phrase, from phrase to page
And page into a chapter, but to
turn into a book, and then
into a shelf of not but thoughts
to keep alive what we forgot
long ago, when we began
the truth is
we are of this land
and so the thoughts, they lead us there
through the shelf, the books, the pages
paragraphs and all the phrases
and then we come to but one word
the sound of which is long unheard
but here we are, in this place
with this word, it's being grace
knowing earth is not but space
and space is not but earth

Phrases

the longer it is
built from the sounds
as mentioned above
that come from the ground
the roots of the phrases
are words in the soil
that upwards send phrases
to toil in the sun
to reach ever higher
to the centre of what
for if soil is but words
and plants are but phrases

to where do they grow
and so we write pages

Pages

is this how we find it
put them together
all of the words from under the heather
striving to push past the phrases of others
upwards towards the sun in the sky
as each one is trying to say it the best
when a single sound would put them all to rest
but still they strive onwards
saying it more
and louder than all
the phrases before
for now they are pages
together as one
in the form of a book
that sings for the sun

Books

have you read it
the most recent book
these words have been growing
see how long that it took
now they are phrases
then pages
now this
a book once more reaching
toward heaven
to miss
because we know
after reading
or living perhaps
that these books we've been reading
of something
they lack

Decay

and so now back to pages
the thoughts more compact
but still that's too much
of something
they lack
then returning to phrases
and then to the word
where space is the earth
the earth not but space
here we are
in this place
with a word
that is grace
although it has been
a while since last spoken
it leads through it all
to the place in the earth
the core of its being
to be found all around
and so
now
you turn it
round and round
not to live
in fear
or cheer
of the ground
regardless
of all of your years
for you have no need

the meaning found
in the beauty of
a single
sound