

PAUL SMITH

WORDS

With words I sought reality
and saw the universe about myself.
But thoughts to nurture my integrity
remained untold. I knew no words for them.
"Thou shalt not kill – except in circumstances
when it's just. The same for lies and stealing,
but never lust." Lust, I learned, is blackest.
See, there are no seemly words in use
for . . . and . . . and . . . Yet these exist.
Perhaps they shouldn't. What then of God, does he?
Since we speak of him, indeed, he must.
"Beware concupiscence. Believe. Be saved."
"Introibo ad altare Dei.
Mea culpa. Mea maxima culpa."
. . . 'til words become reality, and flesh
made subject, silently protests in vain.

(An extract from the longer poem,
Metanoia, not yet completed)