

ONE TRUE WORD

If I could tell you in prose, I would.
If I can spell it for you in poetry, I will.
I cannot get all that is in me out
Into the world in song unless I sing
A wholly unheard tune, teach you to hear it,
Teach you love it, after I gather its firewood
That lets my heart stoke its crackling embers.

Metaphors put together unfathomable world,
Indecipherable to our senses. They make visible
The invisible, turning the waters of life into land,
Country of forests, birds, and murders, pens as oars
Furiously rowing to shore before blackening clouds.
One million times, I felt and never found
Without or within the word of truth of me, for me,
That released what is in me to the world
Other than illusion, delusion, insanity, and profanity
That would make of this dust more than orange rust.

That I want for you so much of impossibility;
I know it is my own impossibility, too.
We confound ourselves into smoke and mirrors,
Invent labyrinths for the direct truth of what we are,
Forever seemingly unable to turn dust into diamond
Across the chasm of the swinging bridge of our lives
That sways and breaks in the harrowing agonies

That we fall through every possibility of our being
What we are to hear one true word echo
Among the cliff calls of the rapids of our lives.

In the end, we can sing only what we are
For no one has ever lied nor can ever lie.