

Keep rowing

The words flow,
Like etching across the paper.
So easy, so facile – reams are
Filled each day. But between
The word and the thing it describes,
Stands God and creation.

Misunderstandings float like orchids
On the water. Eventually the lake
Will be covered, and the fish will leave.
It is easy to break things, more difficult to
Create them. When will the glue hold?
Perhaps melding and growing into the
Gaps of my fear and mistrust.

A weariness descends upon him. The
Heights to which he aspired have become
Mere drudgery. Everyday emerges anew,
Yet is shaped as old. Adrift upon the waters of
Unsoulement, in an ocean
Of his own making, he cannot yet see land.
The olive branch has not yet returned, the raven still
Circles.

“Keep rowing,” the Master says.