

Bozo Talks to God

When I call to you each night out of the dark
That rounds me and the rising dark within,
Out of the witless trivialities
Of bare articulation, shamed, befuddled,
Crying "need! need!" with a child's persistence,
You answer me with dreams of water and light
Until the morning, blade in bloody hand,
Calls me to suffer again the condition of time.

Better the dumb speech of pure act,
To mean, have point, play out a comic role
In scarlet putty nose and baggy trousers,
To fall and rise and fall and rise again,
Knowing mere flesh can neither arrive nor depart;
The patient spirit alone remembers the way
And trusts to be pardoned for this childishness —
What's done redeemed by what is understood.

But speech or act arrives at the same end:
We grow in likeness to what most defines us,
Turn a suspicious eye up to the heavens
And die in our multitudes of sheer abstraction.
Old fear refuses stubbornly to accept
Anything but the worst, will hear no voice
Sounding beyond this starred indifference,
From depths of pure intelligence and love.

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