

Poetry

It is the roaring drives us out again
Through the formal avenues to the wilderness
Of no trails, the long growths,
Shedding our load, keeping only
The best order possible
Until we reach
A clearing.
And
Then
All we
Can do is
Retreat from the gap
Between where no words are
And their final arrangement, and make
Our way back past the beautiful temptations
To the starting point, where the silence calls.

Julian Ennis