

Frail words

Words are but poor and struggling witnesses
To truths and joys elusive as the wind.
They seek to penetrate the fastnesses
Of lands where souls in endless bliss are twinned.
They court the infelicities of nouns
That fail to honour passion's hidden power.
They tremble with uncertainty as clowns
That know no longer when to strut or cower.
My dear, if silent I must now remain
See into my heart and know the longing
That dwells there mute but firm in love to reign.
See it, feel it, breathe its song of yearning.
Frail words before the citadel may quake
But they the way have shown that souls must take.

Poetry by Brian Thorne*22 February 2013*