Of Each Letter Only Age

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Of Each Letter Only Age

Sing or not
              Of the beauty or not
Of each feature cast in flesh
  each member cast of bone
Placed each as an August garden
  Each fragile as a crystal bell
  Each perfect in imperfection
  Each scarred by thorns of His crown
  Each touched by so many
  Each felt by so few

Letters
  drown, impotent writ(he) in your
  midnight wake
Tangled in their own description
Who can rhyme what fantasy fashions
  Seen not by cataract eyes
  Praised not by adobe tongues
    Shattered by too loud a silence
  Perceived not by the senseless hand.

Only glimpsed by a withering soul
Only envisioned by sunrise illusions
Only captured for whatever is ever
Only stored in vaults of awhile
Only held so close that spiriting
  (cannot be you of the willow tree) away,
  age
  as sand drifts into sea
but you nor time can dull my
Runed Mind

/Diane Payne/