

The Word

In the beginning the word was yours.
You were the word.
The first. As were you.
Soon others arrived
and then there were many,
wonderful, exciting,
containing so much possibility. But you –
the hush amongst the bubble and rush,
I no longer needed.
Almost lost you.

In the beginning the word was mine.
I was the word.
The first. As was I.
Only then did I understand
what the word meant,
what it meant to be you,
what it meant to be the word. And us –
the hush amongst the bubble and rush,
I need us.
Finding the meaning found you again.

In the end the words are gone.
No you, no I, no us, no them,
no wonder, no excitement, no possibility,
no meaning –
only loss
and hush.

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