



Waiting for the Word

Sitting with my back to the tor
I am waiting for the word
that rolls towards me
like thunder.

It was here
along the granite ruptured skyline
that the word gave birth to life
who birthed death
who ate his mother
and made faeces
who birthed life again
and set the old story rolling.

But the old myth
is neither old, nor then,
but now.

Creation is not history.
It is the eternal present
now and now and now.

And now I am sitting here on Bench Tor, facing west
as the evening sun pares the last shard of heat
from the rim of the setting sun.

The bracken throated bleat of sheep
rises up from the valley
where the saturated leaves grow darkly luminous
and the black soil eats the last of the light.

There is rain coming. Everywhere knows it.
The birds sing the song of the approaching storm,
the moist wind teases the leaves
and already the seed swells for the rainsperm
and the tree dreams the deep pink
and the dry rocks suck the vapour from the sky

and I am waiting for the wind
that may annihilate me
the mating call of earth to sky

and the belly of cloud leans into the valley
and the earth opens its pores and cries fuck me
and the downseeping wet turns to rain
and spills its black jewels into her secret crevices
and the wind's wet tongue lashes the swollen river
into a flood of orgasm
thrashing again until it is spent

and the howling moon races from behind a cloud
and the rocks bark at the night sky
and stars are hurled off the back
of the turning earth
like a shower of ash
that descends to day

and with a sigh
the steaming moss
heaves up
a spawn of
white mushrooms
and the dripping gorse buds
open their lips to the sun.

And I am born again into the morning.
I have heard
the one word that cannot be spoken

which every moment of every day
is thrumming through the soil
pours out of every mouth and eye:
it is the hundred names of God
exploding through each syllable of life
now and now and now
the one irresistible, unbreakable, unutterable
word
creation
without end
without end
amen.