

Word

A word comes forth, hangs in the air and dissolves
Forgotten, it leads to nothing but disappointment, even heartbreak, even death
How many such have been spoken?
A word comes forth, is remembered but forsaken
What does this do to the speaker, the promised,
what emptiness, what corruption, what despair?
A word comes forth and is fulfilled
In how many ways, small and large, does it enrich?
Can anyone know?
An offer of support is proffered and forgotten
The support disappears like the words that were spoken
Where did my friend go?
Is he my friend?
What we could have shared!

What is a word, a promise, a bond?
What is a soul's integrity?
Somewhere are scales
on one side, miniscule golden feathers
on the other, pinpoints of clay
With every act of integrity
feathers are added in proportion to the worth of what's been done
With every corruption comes more clay
Someday our souls will clothe themselves in the weightier
and take flight for the heavens
or drop, yet again, to the mud
which will claim us, as it has
again and again and again