

BEING DEAF AT THE TOWER OF BABEL

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by Thomas Ronald Vaughan

Poems

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*Especially for Jayne
who gave me
poems
without knowing it.*

I Have Adored You

I have adored you mouth to mouth.
I have adored you mouth to ear.
I have adored you hand to breast.
I have adored you tear to tear.

I have adored you miles apart
In lonely rooms, for days and days,
And when I could not see your face
I have adored your lively ways.

Beside you on this couch of ease
And safety, in our slow decline,
Toward no possessing, no regret:
I have adored what is not mine.

The Creation of Adam

And lying by the rivers deep
There yet unformed did Adam sleep.
While little fishes played in schools
The Creator made molecules.

He made two hands, she made a heart.
He fit together every part.
She made two lungs, a chest that heaved.
Into the lungs the Lord God breathed.

The creature standing by the river
Coughed and gasped, began to shiver.
The eyelids rose, he fixed his eyes
And gazed out on his "Paradise."

What wild thoughts must have filled that brain
As it beheld the strange terrain:
The first two eyes, the first to see
The handwork of eternity!

But long he stood there unaffected,
Knowing nothing, not directed:
Silent and dumb, he racked his mind,
That first colossal Frankenstein.

Meanwhile, the watching Lord of Hosts
Said, "Now!", and then the Holy Ghost
Descended near and touched the man
And whispered low, "Child: Understand!"