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THE SILENT CHANNEL

On the radio I heard
a poet talking about
the "silent channel,"
that hungry Muse
who lives in all who
refract being through
self to show
their truth.

Her truth was parents
who passed through
the valley of the shadow,
all-determining event,
dark beating chord,
underlying
our here and now,
our place and time.

our dream was other,
building, creation.

then that thing
irrupted,
deep dark,
beyond imagination.

Will that thing so stamp us,
that nothing else remains?
In memorializing the unthinkable
will we lose the dream?

-- Michael E. Stone