



## 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.