

'Word'

Sam Smith

word comes
not in thunder grumble or by lightning spit
but within the drip quiet of slanted drizzle

word comes
not during blackest night or brightest day
but in grey dawn's mouth-sticky mutterings
dusk's crepuscular twitterings

word comes
not from shivering sea foam
blown from the beach, but within
the cartilage of fish, the hollow bones of birds

word comes
not with the bowing and curtseying
repetitions of religions, but via the one-by-one
arrival of swallows and swifts

word comes
not with the warning buzz and sting of the wasp
but with the hive door dance
of the domesticated bee

word is spread
not by pollen dust from stamen to stigma
but by rank emanations from fungi's multitude

word is spread
not by the shriek of the green parakeet
but parcelled in the dozing coo-coo
of paired collar doves

nor is word spread
by the trumpet screech of the elephant
but by way of its wandering-on
gut-rumble carry-voice

yes, word is spread
not through a breeze brushing by
needled sequoias

but with the signalling this-way-and-that
of flattened grass

word is spread
not by the plaintive lowing
of a field-prisoned cow
but by one magpie's clatter-chatter to another
telling of carrion

yes, word is spread
not by the answer given
but by the question asked