An Address to the Heart: A Triolet

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/2
Homage to the Old French and Provencal

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When you make up your mind
Let me know,
Won't you? Lest I find
When you make up your mind
That Love---too often blind---
Is dumb as well. So...
When you make up your mind
Let me know?

Villanelle: The Speech of Silence

Speak in the unspeaking way
(As silence speaks when words are through);
Say what only love can say.

Then why, O my poems, do you play
Lesser music? Go, learn of those who
Speak in the unspeaking way.

Behold His little ones. They--
Though their thoughts are light and words are few--
Say what only love can say.

Their lives are tongues that burn both day
And night. Let these speaking flames help you
Speak in the unspeaking way.

For He Who breathed upon the clay
Gave breath to all His children to
Say what only love can say.

O Word made Child, to you do I pray;
Let my life be a song sung true:
Speak in the unspeaking Way
Say what only Love can say.