The False Truth

Alfonso Borrelli
St. John Fisher College
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Twice I have spoken,
Only to be heard
As the rain is heard when it falls
Upon the soft new grass of spring.

My words did not demand,
Nor were they ugly, or bitter,
But echoed only sounds
Of straining symphonic themes
Signifying fettered love.

Laughter greeted them at first,
Tinkling like glittering cut glass strips
Reverbrating in the midnight wind.
What, I heard the second time,
Can be the use of words? Actions are
The better means of saying what is felt.

Ah yes, I say, and then fall silent,
Like the hunted wolf. But I think,
And know that words
Apart from actions mean little-
That actions without words
May mean even less;
For when the heart desires
The whispered sounds of love,
Nothing else will serve.

ALFONSO BORRELLI