

Poem: Useless Words?

The following poem talks about the limitations of language in a traditional sense, and how true understanding is, in fact, derived from the deeper, universal language of love. See p. 79 for the significance of this poem to the above chapter.

Useless Words?

Words, words, useless words.
Mere symbols on the page,
 Or noise in the air.
Each one a clumsy broad brush,
 Covering a kaleidoscope
 Of subtly-different realities.
How inadequate they are
 As an icon of the soul;
Just a crude distorted window
 On a conscious articulated thought;
Leaving the real substance,
 The unknown deeper treasure,
 Obscured from view.

How to probe the depths,
 To find the sparkling jewels?
How?
 How?
How, even, to polish the window,
 So the surface thought shines through crystal clear?
And were even this small task accomplished,
 Would the view not be refracted,
 Through the prism of your own understanding,
 To give a whole spectrum of different images?

But there is a way,
 To probe the depths;
A light that seers through distortion,
 And remains straight and true,
 Through any prism.
It is one of the realities,
 Covered by the broad brush
 Of the symbols:
 LOVE.

How transparent is my window?
How acute is your prism?
 Are these words useful?