

The Silence of Elyon

By Eugen J. Pentiu

The silence of Elyon came walking through my door,
When I was crying like old Job upon the ash-strewn floor.
I had forgotten heaven, but heaven knew my name,
And friends came with their comfort like thistles in a flame.

They touched me with their speeches, with their thorns and prairie weed,
They laid their careful doctrines where my open bones would bleed.
My skin was hanging loosely on a house of dust and sin,
And I was tired of being born and tired of breathing in.

How many times, O Job, must I act the traitor's part?
How many times, O Lord, must I rehearse this broken heart?
You answer me with nothing, and nothing fills the air,
But I get drunk on silence because I find You there.

Not drunk with rage or venom, not drunk with blind despair,
But drunk on love's old thunder hiding underneath Your stare.
I'd give my words to stillness, I'd lay my tongue aside,
If You would speak without them, like a bridegroom to a bride.

Speak as on the evening when the stars came loose and fell,
Scattering secret mercies no mortal mouth can tell.
Ashamed of all my questions, ashamed of all my schemes,
I fall into Your silence like a child into his dreams.