Words on a Page

Susan Blick
WORDS ON A PAGE
   Susan Blick
   Featured Poet

Last summer
I ate lunch every day
with William Stafford.
His voice still echoes through my mind
in reverberating hushed tones.

He spoke to me as if I were a child,
words basic and simple,
conveying the complexity and vastness of humanity,
framing a window in which I could see
the light shining forth from the soul of a man.

As he spoke he held nothing back
and I began to see blood pulsing in his veins,
letters forming angles,
sound softly bending them into curves,
theme creating every crease on his face and upright palms.

Verse after verse he slowly emerged before me
from the inside out, as poets often do.
Long after they are gone, they remain,

these small snapshots in time
creating an alphabetic montage
of the mosaics in a life.

Fragmented and still,
breathing, the heart ever beating
in these words on a page.