

FRANK SALVIDIO

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS . . ."

"In the beginning was the word": because
My sister taught me how to read when I
Was four, my life without a stop or pause
Proceeds as from that day. No time's gone by,
It seems, since then: no thing—no thought—is real
Until it's said by me; no tenet's held
Until I've fashioned words that will reveal
Its perspicacity—the truth I've spelled
Into new sounds that hover in the air.
Nor have I any feelings, then, unless
My voice expresses them in verse somewhere—
In poem, lay, or song: unless I bless
Them into living sound, they cannot be,
As till I lived in words, there was no me.