

# The Silent Word

*Rusted peaks and green valleys  
Witnessed the covenant then  
And are here now*

*Would God again  
split rocks  
divide  
waters*

*Tear the earth?*

*All alone you are  
Into the wind  
The stationary figure  
in  
The swirling dust and blowing mantle*

*Challenger of kings and Gods  
In the name of Yahweh*

*The crack of lightning  
Answers the whispered prayer  
Not throats hoarse from screaming  
Or bodies criss-crossed with blood*

*You taunted them well . . .  
After all, courage was your virtue*

*Where then did you learn to run, Elijah?  
Run from a woman  
And from Yahweh*

*Had you forgotten the whisper  
The quiet voice  
Had you become deaf to God?*

*Only one voice, one voice you hear  
Shrill and vengeful  
Pursuing you into the wilderness*

*How you have forgotten . . .  
Fire and earthquake make you listen  
Not the whisper*

*Sky-thunder and jet-whine  
Volcano-rumble and tractor-scrape  
We hear distinctly*

*We listen to threats of war  
And peace  
                  and elections  
                                  and jazz*

*Can we hear the voice  
                  of morning  
                                  and twilight*

*Whose microphone is the wind  
Whose platform is the cloud?*

*We, the Elijah?*

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