

WORDS ARE THE CLOTHES THOUGHTS WEAR

I wish I had said that, but, no.
It was Samuel Beckett, a born and raised Irishman.
Degrees in French, Italian, and the Anglican,
an agnostic throughout his life.

But there is another expression,
This, in the Irish tongue, which, for me,
Has a deeper, though still non-religious, meaning.

“Ar slí na fírinne”
“On the way of truth”
Said of one who has passed on.

And I would very much like your help,
Please, to put ‘clothes’ on the thought beneath.
Not a poem, unless you make it one,
But a sincere request that you ‘dress’ that thought
In a costume all your own.

“Ar slí na fírinne”
“On the way of truth”
Here is what puzzles me,
gives rise to what mystifies me:

Can I hear, on that journey?
Is it a journey at all?
And, if so, to where?
Do I journey with others along?

How long will it take?
To reach ... and where do I go?

Can I see you while on my way?
Hear what you have to say?

Will I need food or sleep – my body to keep,
Though it would seem, unseen, there is no body
To wrap in such Earthly-bound things?

See, Sam wrote a play, *Rockaby* by name,
One I’ve called an 18-minute fade to death.

Yet ... ?

Can you help me, Please?