COMMUNICATION PROBLEMS

They needed each other,

and as I wonder why, I

imagine he too tried

to understand what had

come of the stray seed

set in a murky tide pool.

A time he spoke to them,

like one man to another;

a few heard, the others

ignored him. So he hid

his voice in whirlwinds,

and then, thinking they’d

listen closer to their own,

spoke through prophets.

When this didn’t work

he tried dreams. Oh, they

were in want of guidance,

these people; even wise kings

had to be told not to go

to Herod, and the next

moment, Joseph to take

his small family to Egypt.

Still later he resorted

to planting visions, in

Theresa and Hildegard.

Now he despairs, dreams

gone to angst, churches

in control of visions. He

sends signs, but these grown

quiet -- the sway of a stalk

where a grasshopper sat,

the tree snail shells, rain

still needed for a rainbow.