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Logos

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Logos

and, grasping a vine, descended.

He paused to shake out his legs, then strode up the steps. He had no plan yet, just his dream of rescue. He knocked.

Nothing.

Noticing a bell-pull, he yanked. As the bell sounded--rusty tongue on dull iron--he remembered that he'd left his knife at home.

A smaller door within the thick panels cracked open, the cat slipped through, and light from a lifted candle dazzled Pul's eyes. It was the little maid surveying him with pleased astonishment.

She whispered, "It's you, Pul--how nice!"

He blinked and frowned.

She turned away, flicking her curls over her shoulder and crooking a finger for him to follow. "You can come in for a moment--but be quiet. Father is sleeping . . ."

Logos

by Beth Russell

"In the beginning was the Word . . ."

Words are breath,
Air vibrating
Invisible waves.
They are heard. They are lost.

How long do they live?
How far do they go?
A lover's whisper,
A mountaineer's yodel,
Pythagorean wisdom,
Dreamtime lore.
The ripples cease. They die.

Writing catches them.
They live,
Shapes in amber,
Eggs from afar.
A reader breaks them.
The eye hears: Gilgamesh awakens!
The Silmarils flash. The Two Trees live.