

The Neophyte

Roger Ladd Memmott*

When you first came to me,
dovelike and impeccable,
on the ocean's mourning edge,
I bent obsequiously to your voice,
your call: some ancient memory,
a dream perhaps,
stranger than the past,
buried somewhere beyond.

Now,
fed by the shadow of your breath,
I become a paradox:
insatiate yet fulfilled;
and when addressed
I turn,
led by the invincible string of your voice,
a puppet:
suspended in time.

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