

A Selection of Poems by Brian Keeble

Adam's Fall

Adam standing in paradise
Desired and stood with Eve and knew
The taint of sin, and knew he was
Apart from God. While at his feet
Another presence writhed to show
Time had begun. So all desires
Came tumbling out with all that stands
To contradict the nothingness
Of God, now separate and remote.
And Adam, newly awake, saw it was
His fate to cast a shadow there
Where none before had been, since all
Was light and time's excrescences
Had had no place or cause to be
The root of future adversity
And affliction of coming days.

Adam knew not when that time was.

Ex Nibilo

Between each heart beat
your birth
finds width enough.

Having no where
no time
none the less
disposed by world.

What need
coming and going
seeing your presence
ever attends
a kindred self.

Neither immensity
nor the nihil's dark
at each cell's core
unveils:
each last speck
conceding its
hidden ground.

Extending a hand
lends no grasp
to hold the light
that forms knowing.

Therefore
whence apotheosis' seed?

Of Logos as Inspiration

As a bride adorned
with many treasures
who from the mouth of wisdom
and all its ways,
the ways of the undying Word
that in its silence
before and after speech
greet us anew
with each and every syllable,
the very wealth of saying
natal to the eternal,
as the bride seeking extinction
in the otherness of her betrothed
must give herself
to take his seed within herself
so that the groom,
like a plough furrowing the earth
prepares the place where the seed
grows firm and true
to bless their husbandry;
and we, like the throstle
perched on the top most bough
singing defiantly
into the threatening wind;
even now as the guttering candle
piercing tenaciously the gathered gloom
that is our word's decay and ruin
nourish silence and the invisible
as the rock is silent
and the soul unsighted
cloaking Your eternal silence.