

Birth of a Poem

Out of this sickness silent
words ooze painfully – forced from
a dumb throat, parched mouth, tongue black
and swollen –

 lambent pearls formed
in an unberable itch
of sand.

 Small grains grudgingly
trickle out – laminated
over and over again
and polished by a weeping
agony.

 Trapped in its dark
oyster shell, the poem needs
someone to let the light in,
prize it loose,

 allow the pearls
their glow.

Paddy Webb