

The Messenger

Volume 1989
Issue 2 *Messenger* - Fall 1989

Article 3

1989

After the Passion

Michael Williams

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Williams, Michael (1989) "After the Passion," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1989 : Iss. 2 , Article 3.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1989/iss2/3>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *The Messenger* by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

After the Passion

After the Passion
Has possessed me and fled...
Fled, leaving a scar
That is subtle, subconscious.
Then the air is bitter,
Caresses of Autumn stroking
A soul that is spent, unresponsive,
Washed over by silent reflection.

It is at this sacred moment
That the world becomes so distantly beautiful;
Now there are no tears,
No heartbreaking frustrations.
Peace could be sleep,
Or Death, or the continuity
Of lifeless observation.
So much becomes so little,
and yet the heart longs to embrace it,
As if it could ever be a home.

As I stare at the point
Where Sky meets his earthly bride,
It is so easy to imagine a god,
Human in a blaze of creation,
Painting a world—at once beautiful and grotesque,
Then stepping back,
Observing wearily, distantly
—And yet not without longing,
The result of his imperfect craft.

I long for such a god,
For then I could understand
His distance from this cold, beautiful world.
An artist-god, whose passions
And imperfect brush strokes
Are the only true Divine Will;
Whose remote and alien nature
Is simply the emptiness that follows
The fury of creation.

continued

Perhaps one day,
In a renewed fit of inspiration,
He will send fire to the world;
Recreate it with one brilliant stroke
That will light up the sky.
Changing, altering, perfecting—
Perhaps completely recreating,
Before again stepping back empty,
And viewing quietly with detached love.

Not now. Not tonight.
Tonight the passion of creation
Has passed; the creator remains
Silent; unanswering.
Only rain and bitter cold
Sing their uncaring song.
I hum along...softly, to myself...
and stare.

Michael Williams
RC '93

Candidate for The Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry