

A Poem by Jane Vella – 2004

Where

Where does this poetry

Come from

My life? My lives?

Their life?

Is the Word in the lake,

The sky, the trees,

The tragedies

Waiting to be heard?

Mine the cruel task

As poet:

To be silent

To be still enough

To hear

And write the poems

A listening teacher!

A resting pen!

A waiting womb!