

The Pied-Piper Philologist Observes His Grandson, Oliver Holden, Take His First Steps

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Everyone's seen a baby learning to walk,
nothing special there, maybe a tweet.

(The cynic tweets: too many babies as it is.
And who can argue with the cynic?)

So intent, though, I couldn't help notice,
As he neared the end of his adventure,
how he held out his hand to his mother,
who folded his fingers gently in hers
to help him finish his quest – and feel her praise.

He who could incant the son in his eyes,
as he turned his face to meet his mother's,
hearing her voice softly tremble with joy,
would liberate language from Babel's curse.

The incantation would transfigure history,
this wilderness of misery no more:

landscapes of light illuminating love,
laughter of love to allay our longing,
triumphs of transcending tyrannies of time,
proscenia precise for playing our parts,
webs of wonder eternity inweaving,
the end of enmity from envy's error –

the chords
of our seaming that bind us free
to divine our demons for death our life.