

# Three Poems to a Prophet

by Phillip W. Weiss

Your words flow like a torrent of water  
cascading through a ravine,  
producing a sound that echoes  
off the cliffs  
and is heard by winged creatures  
who don't understand  
the message  
yet fly away with the sound  
reverberating inside their brains,  
now changed forever.

---

Speak plainly, oh prophet,  
so as to be understood,  
for in simplicity there is a wisdom  
that transcends the trappings of words  
which serve to obscure  
what is sublime.

---

**Mighty herald, bold messenger,  
come down from thy perch  
and make thyself known,  
for with distance  
the message fades,  
the words reduced to letters,  
the letters to rough markings,  
like pieces of a puzzle,  
with edges frayed and worn,  
that do not fit  
and are cast aside.**

**Copyright © 2013 Phillip W. Weiss**