

PETER COOLEY

Axioms

If it weren't for God, I could be a god.
If it weren't for Heaven, I'd try to find one.
If it weren't for prayer, I'd lift this poem
skyward. Oh, how much better to be me,
here in my study, with this piece of string
I found out on the riverbank, this stone
beside it, and the feather of a bird.
Out of these elements I make a world,
sorry reflection of the other one.
If it weren't for string I could make a house.
If it weren't for feathers I could stay on earth.
If it weren't for stone I could build a boat.
But being me, hearing heavenly music
all day long, even when I don't want to,
I tie stone with string, stick in the feather.