

## Two Poems

B. E. Scott



The soul of a saint, they say,  
is liquid  
Like a pond or silvery lake  
calm so pellucid  
Feeling upon its watery skin  
each finger of the wind  
Long before the shores, you know,  
if at all  
have a clue.



We lay down together as two  
and when we were three  
Our child would crawl in between us  
Just like the Spirit  
making Three  
Would have us crawl in too.

