

Two Poems
by Bernard 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.