



# Word by Madeleine L'Engle

I, who live by words, am wordless when  
I try my words in prayer. All language turns  
To silence. Prayer will take my words and then  
Reveal their emptiness. The stilled voice learns  
To hold its peace, to listen with the heart  
To silence that is joy, is adoration.

The self is shattered, all words torn apart  
In this strange patterned time of contemplation  
That, in time, breaks time, breaks words, breaks me,  
And then, in silence, leaves me healed and mended.

I leave, returned to language, for I see  
Through words, even when all words are ended.

I, who live by words, am wordless when  
I turn me to the Word to pray. Amen.

