

THE COLOR OF KNOWLEDGE

Only a faded memory, obscured
image of a man kneeling
in a cold apartment, emerges.
He paws through a bookcase
of wood slats and white bricks
for a small leather bound Bible.
"The first step," he believes
of his education.

Years later, dressed in English wool,
he sips hot coffee
and bends again to a table of words.
This time Plato says, "all the wise agree,
thereby glorifying themselves in earnest,
that in reason we have the kingdom of
heaven and earth."

Today, warmed by the words
of an old friend gone south
he bends to find the image in words
that link men across prairies and oceans;
that link them through time.
What is the shape of love,
the color of knowledge?

Tom Miller