

A Conversation with Logos

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The Greeks described *logos* as the living substance that enlivened, animated all things, they said it inhabited the world like honey inhabits the honeycomb-- *logos* saturates all that we are, is associated with fire and light.

The Hebrews understood *logos* as the great mysterious intercessor between God and humanity... they named it *Torah*. But *Torah* was not simply written word; the rabbis claimed, *When G-d began to create the world, He consulted Torah...* *Torah*, *logos*, the Word that preexists speech, writing, art, earth, sky, universe.

The gospel of John begins, *In the beginning was logos, and logos was with God and logos was God, he was with God in the beginning, and through logos all was made, without logos nothing that is could have been, and logos was life, and that life was light, and that light shines into darkness... and darkness cannot overcome...* light, word, life, warmth, *logos*...

Darkness cannot overcome, darkness cannot overcome, darkness cannot overcome

light.

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The irony of
the Word
preceding all speaking,
the warmth
preceding all fire,
the life
preceding all bodies,
the light
preceding all creation,
is that
all talk must be
silenced, all lamps
extinguished, all
movement
stilled,
all work ceased
in order for
the most important conversation
to begin,
the most brilliant illumination
to be seen,
the most savored breath
to be taken,
and the vocation of living to start.

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There is a voice that is mine
that is heard always
though rarely listened to,
and though this voice is mine,
it is one I am just beginning
to recognize—
not mine because I have shaped
its reflections or phrasings, I did not
speak it,
but mine because this voice,
in gentleness and wisdom, is always trying to speak
me.

It knows my true name—the one I'm sure
I knew best only hours after birth, now mostly
forgotten.

While other voices try to speak me into shapes
they've schemed, the shapes that serve *them*
best,
this voice is sighing gently, the form
called me—the form I had before I was—the form that
serves best.

Only silence parts the lips and moves the breath,
articulates the tongue, my tongue, my breath, my lips praying my
one true voice.