

CHOICE

*It cannot be seen
 But if you ever want to experience it
 All you need is closing your eyes
 As firmly as you possibly can
 And then you'll see nothing
 But you will get to know better
 What it is really like
 If with closed eyes you move
 To the end of the landing
 And take the step forward.*

*Then opening your eyes wont keep you
 From rolling all the way down
 Where darkness will grow darkness
 As you roll down
 For your choice
 You have made it.*

BERNARD MALLIA, S.J.

MASSIVE

*Put on hard massiveness
 Massive Massaccio
 Knit bushy eyebrows
 And you'll be Moses like
 Do not relax I promise
 I wont hit you
 For you have made your mind
 No condescension
 To human words*

*I only have to stand back
 Throwing my head one side
 And – when I like – the other
 Serene and serious
 Just connoisseuring
 Your classic art.*

HEYTHROP

BERNARD MALLIA, S.J.

FABLE

*I know a true fable
 Which happens still
 Too often
 Of how a man just vanished
 In a whirlpool
 While no one passing by could realize
 Only that man could see
 For it was he rawled
 Without shovel and pick
 Pneumatic drill
 Or oil rig
 Silently.*

*His heart began to sink
 Deeper over the brink
 The whirlpool drawing him on
 To make deeper still
 The centre of the vortex
 That he once started rawling with his eyes
 To make it wide enough
 To swallow him
 Unnoticed.*

*Of those who passed him by unwitting
 Some had already started
 Others were far ahead
 Making their whirlpool to size
 Enough to suck them in
 Separately
 Singly.*

BERNARD MALLIA, S.J.