

# Divine Conversation

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*This poem is hereby placed into the public domain.*

To Speak and to be Spoken,  
An Essence thus betoken,  
To apprehend Existence by a Word:  
Creative fiat's reckoned  
A faint and feeble second  
That ratifies no more than it has heard.

Thus God spoke forth an Adam,  
Who echoed in the woman.  
He blew into their souls His very Breath.  
But, deaf to God's commandment,  
They listened to enchantment,  
The false and evil counseling of death.

Exhausting into silence,  
So mankind served a sentence,  
The judgment of an edict disobeyed.  
Yet how the world's Redemption,  
Did issue from Exemption,  
And waited on the "fiat" of a maid!