

Thoughts, in Threes

Between husband and wife, a vow.
Between past and present, the now.

Between crime and punishment, a jury.
Between here and there, a journey.

Between request and action, permission.
Between life and record, omission.

Between hatred and desire, yearning.
Between trial and error, learning.

Between front cover and back, the pages.
Between origin and future, the ages.

Between yes and no, maybe.
Between light and dark, shady.

Between question and answer, deliberation.
Between known and unknown, speculation.

Between drum and brass, a gong.
Between words and music, a song.

Between hurting and healing, a balm.
Between poem and prose, a psalm.

Between silence and scream, a voice.
Between right and wrong, a choice.

Between young and old, is youth.
Between extremes, is truth.

—Isaac James Richards

This poem was a finalist in the 2023 BYU Studies Poetry Contest.