

# The Neophyte

Roger Ladd Memmott\*

When you first came to me,  
dovelike and impeccable,  
on the ocean's mourning edge,  
I bent obsequiously to your voice,  
your call: some ancient memory,  
a dream perhaps,  
stranger than the past,  
buried somewhere beyond.

Now,  
fed by the shadow of your breath,  
I become a paradox:  
insatiate yet fulfilled;  
and when addressed  
I turn,  
led by the invincible string of your voice,  
a puppet:  
suspended in time.

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