

Spotlight: *We're Pleased to Present...*

Paul Davis



**Poet, Writer of Sermons and Prayers
Minister**

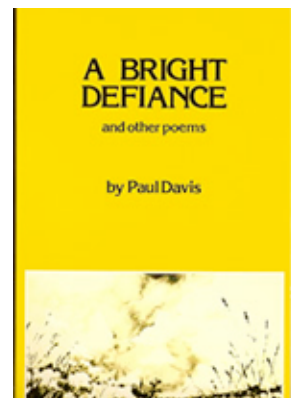
SLWG Member Since 2005

Paul Davis was born in St. Louis where he attended elementary and high school before studying at and graduating from Drury College in Springfield, Missouri. He later attended graduate school at Andover Newton Theological Seminary in Boston, Chicago Theological Seminary, Chicago Divinity School, and some years later, Eden Theological Seminary (in Webster Groves). His various degrees include a Doctorate of Ministry at Eden. His vocation has been the ministry of the church and he has served in pastorates in Kansas and Missouri for periods of five years, eight years and 27 years. Currently he is chaplain at Cape Albeon Senior Residential Community in St. Louis County.

As a creative writer, Paul has published three books of poetry: *Something Else Than Birds* (1981); *A Bright Defiance* (1983); *In the Gates* (2002), and various books of sermons and prayers.

He is currently at work on a fourth book of poetry. Father of five children and grandfather of four grandchildren, Paul lives (and writes) in Kirkwood, Missouri.

A Bright Defiance can be purchased for \$10.



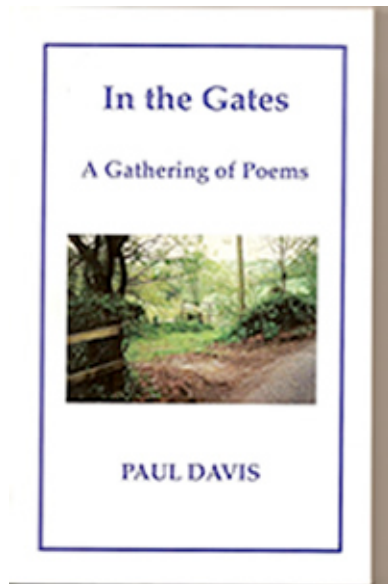
Contact Paul Davis to inquire about purchasing his poetry books: prdavis44@earthlink.net

Some poems by Paul Davis:

As Fine As Whitman

(From *Something Else Than Birds*. Copyright © 1981 by Paul Davis. ISBN 0-935284-22-2. \$10)

I thought I saw Walt Whitman on the street,
Old, woolly white and bearded, an eccentric hat
Calling attention to him different, to be given that
Deference we pay to clowns.
He wasn't Whitman, though I didn't ask him,
But let's assume he never wrote a line of rhyme
Or made a metaphor, but no matter,
As he did the just as worthy of my time: he waved salute
To someone in the road and the flash of eye and arm
Was so alert to glory, it could have been his calling,
The aching reason of his trip to world, to wave
To that soul passing at that moment ending
And be seen by me as Whitman
Until I didn't mind, as who he was was just as fine,
And what he did was just as famous
In its way of being truth, of gracing earth.



In The Gates

(From *In the Gates*. Copyright © 2006 by Paul Davis. \$15)

From English trains: the pastures roll
an emerald ocean, the grass sea-sensuous,
sheep bent nibbling across a flung
serenity, sunlit sometimes, often under rain.

Meanwhile, cairns solemn as sentinels,
rock walls gray with age, hedgerows framing all.

And in the gates from one field to another,
the grass wears bare, the ground scarred raw
where the action's been at morning run
and evening return to barn: the way our own maps
roil where events have thickened, the signs
of passage complex on our terrain, the less
beautiful the more important for failures endured,
causes fought for, loves--cherished into pain--

that narrow onto broader fields.

And all of it seen--if we have lived enough--
but missed by the holiday glance or the eye
too familiar, whether young, or brooding
again home from the office.

Up From London

(From *In the Gates*. Copyright © 2006 by Paul Davis.)

We had come up from London,
the night train to Edinburgh,
English women walking still deliciously
in mind from eye abroad Westminster

And now the Celtic north, the women
sturdier, a wind-swept rural breed
clustered at gusty corners, coat-wrapped,
talking. Primal as the highlands, they,
their flaxen hair a-sail the day, the sea-born
bearing of earth's survivors.

Then the launderette in Edinburgh,
matrons leaning to machines,
changing loads, running cycles,
like women scrubbing clothes in the Ganges
or soaping wool in biblical stream.

The oaken endurance of women
at the work of the world, again
muscling up at soilage,
comfort bringers, makers of order
where darkness threatens.

And we see them beautiful,
the pragmatic artistry of those who do,
who labor lovely in the ordinary vineyards
without whose harvest we all decline,
in every poor corner
and elegant street,
including Westminster