

Calling

The telephone is the fruit
of the tree of the knowledge
of good and evil. We may call
everyone up on it but God.

To do that is to declare
that he is far off. Dialling
zero is nothing other
than the negation of his presence.

So many times I have raised
the receiver, listening to
that smooth sound that is technology's
purring; and the temptation

has come to experiment
with the code which would put
me through to the divine
snarl at the perimeter of such tameness.

R. S. Thomas, *Collected Poems 1945 – 1990*, p.497 (London, Orion, 2000)