

The Wind

I stand in the prison of breath,
my hand on the expectant wind,
which is firm, although still formless
—a ribbon of pregnant muscle.

Her blackness is so beautiful—
vaulted like cathedral heights, like
storm clouds above shepherd girls, like
an Egyptian handmaid's belly.

I press, so *other* from a house
where a white stone waits in blackness,
and I turn away three daughters
of the moon unseen, for I am

unworthy to see the bathing.
I flee to the mountains above
the shepherds, the companions lost
to camels, to tigers, to snow.

In the whiteness stones are unseen,
like a brother overshadowed,
and I am the one who is lost,
still pressing on a wind of ash.

At last, at last the hungry sky
gives way and lolls its tongue, dripping
down my open neck, and I am
the well that with seven breaths cries,

“Stop flowing!” and for that is still
unheard. And then the stillness speaks
what was not in the wind, and says,
“You are the air. We're together.”