

The glove

I

The glove discovered on the stair
after a last farewell
must be wrapped and posted after.
Clothes she wore, lying jumbled
in the room of the deceased
must be picked and placed away
though the breath stumbles.

Times of the heart-skein flayed
bare as 'the anatomy of a horse',
tissues shrinking from the touch of air.

After this, mainly silence:

Saint John writes to us
out of the night.

Then, the pressed-down question-rod,
prayer,
touches a buried main.
Here-am-I lightnings illuminate
the circulation of the blood.

A bud in the dull brain flares:
'loving is a little death'.
The laid sod crumbles, the desiccated slain
touch rain, and prophecy a storm.

From naked to knowing
nothing will be the same.

II

The dead Dead Sea's too salty to decay:
the unbearable sun had dried the clay
and clogged the Jordan's veins
until
the storm cloud breaks upon a hill,
somewhere near Jerusalem.

A finger-to-finger lightening vaults,
a touch, a flash, a flood
and the ocean and Jordan are joined.

*The river Jordan is joined to the Most Great Ocean,
and the Son, in the holy vale, crieth out:
'Here am I, here am I O Lord, my God!'*

(Tablets of Baha'u'llah, page 11)