

Shath

How were in vision seen (alone and when—the ocean),
You; or Allah—Eve's desire in Eden born; with Adam's
Tempted reach to please, contrive to conquer empty
spheres of light: That surge of Earth and moon and star?

To build a ship, a thrust of keel, a lustful slay:
Disturb—in tidal conflict, greed, a grasp of wind.
Its fluid crescent sword unsheathed--into an arc,
A curve, a crest, a fall, a crash—destroy, again

Un-numbered grains of illusion. We die, return
To ourselves, at one, again and again we scatter,

Worship, desire, cast and carve in stone, mosaics, tombs:
The math of love, to make a wave be still, forever--

Is it sin? The mystic searches for truth, meditates.
Or prays. For complete annihilation? Of what?

My poem is about a wave,
A sacrilege, an image of God.

Its words are my vain worship,
My footprints in wet sand.

Nordhart, 9-10-21

