

HOLY MOUNTAIN

I pause at the holy mountain
watching the crest

of the white moon
splinter dust.

I light a candle
in the cave of myself,

watching the angled
twists of the day

weave an umbilical
into history.

I scoop the earth
in my hands

sift it
through my fingers,

sense the carbon
on the curl

of my tongue.
I taste my ancestry.

The giant wings
of God

swerve close.

