

THE RED TENT

Leah calls
over the desert,
a familiar

antiquity
echoes
in the antechamber.

I uncover part
of my vast history
as I respond

tracing the contours
of my swollen belly,
the soft knuckle

in my abdomen,
the girl baby
to come.

I curl my toes
into sand,
pushing my feet

through buried time,
aware of god
in my calves

and in my fingers,
pressing curves
into man.

