

Vessel of Light

Your belly is a lantern globe
of a thousand handstands
all luminously invisible.
If a palm is laid upon it that palm would glow
like fingers around the cone of a flashlight's beam.

What warmth of melon-pink, cantaloupe-peach
from the white linen.
What a pearl from the oyster shape of grace
seas still murmur of.

They are the sound of rain
when just a little bit under the surface
of an old metal barrel.
They are the colors of the whirling ripples
seen also from underneath.

The rain is so steady it is itself radiance
and the suggestion of lightning with the percussion
far from thunderous.

I hear you in the streams
shaping the shelter of a lustrous umbrella's wan beacon
of promise, an absolute sand cove of rhythm and salt.

On the altar one should set shells, pomegranates
and clear glasses of water
as candles contain nothing else
but the melting which is glory.

Yes, becoming *Other*, you too are the sails prophesy:
sails, new moons, and the boat
its own voyage unseen beyond the pale.