

Fingers to the wall

I forage through the forest, my nose pushing dirt from the woodland floor like a common carnivore who is [unadorned with the gift of seeing more].

I hound the salt marsh glades for a single blade of rice cane that will explain [this thing] to me.

I graze the prairie grasslands. But I cannot [see] beyond this tract of land.

And all I [hear] is the incessant [white noise] hum of teeming bug life.

I seem as blind and deaf as [little Helen] stumbling through the house.

I've been guided to the table where the angels congregate.

But I am doused with consumptive denseness.

So my food is tantrum-scattered on the table and strewn across the floor in [the wide circumference of desperate bewilderment].

The seraphs glance from side-to-side to hide their eyes from watching me in all my deposed [baseness].

[I suppose they maybe wonder why You didn't just erase us.]

But You've infused [knowing] in my bones.

It runs parallel with my frantic search for proof that will lay away this uneasy [internment of detachment].

It rests [changeless] in my marrow.

[I feel it.]

It is the IV drip that keeps gung-ho pathology at momentary bay.

Press my fingers to Your lips; let Your breath rush past my thumbs and bridge the quicksand chasms of [my guessing].

Bring me to the Well.

Pour Your water through my hands.

Teach my [lowly finger spelling patterns] the holiness of You.