

its sails in dark folds,
 Cobalt and undulant rocking of lake swells and waves,
 Long runners and smooth slatch of the seas,
 Creek hiss and pond sway,
 Landfall and landrise
 like Compostela at land's end.

There is no end to longing.
 There is no end to what touch sustains us,
 winter woods
 Deep in their brown study and torqued limbs,
 Fish-scale grey of January sky,
 Absence of saints on Sunday morning streets,
 the dark ship
 Dead leaves on the water, the muddy Rivanna and its muddy sides.

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We all owe everything to those who preceded us,
 Who, by the lightness of their footsteps,
 Tapdanced our stories out, our techniques,
 who allowed us to say
 Whatever it was we had to say.
 God rest them all in their long robes and vanishing shoes.
 God grant that our figures be elegant,
 our footwork worthy.

Faith is a thing unfathomable,
 Though it lisp at our fingertips,
 though it wash our hands.
 There is no body like the body of light,
 but who will attain it?
 Not us in our body bags,
 Dark over dark, not us,
 though love moves the stars and sets them to one side.

Sunlight like I-beams through S. Zeno's west-facing doors,
 As though one could walk there,
 and up to the terraces
 And gold lawns of the Queen of Heaven.

