

Her Acolyte

When she fell
From heaven
She poured down
Hair and eyes made of flame and dawn
Twirling, shimmering ribbons
One after the other
I caught her
Her dawn burning my eyes
Her flame burning my hands
And cradled her
Mesmerized in her light
And craving the shine
Holding her
While my palms cracked, split
Wide open

I, the pruny grape on her vines
My wine my trepidation
For my love who had grown
To savor my fear

I, the doomed gnat
Singing vainly my pure devotion
In her ear