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There are Ripe Moments that Sing

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There Are Ripe Moments That Sing

Deus, and no fruit is eaten, only
rain falls over an arid plain

and women open screen doors
to touch the wet to their faces
and men gather in a circle

to dance a story
that is just beginning; it is
the solstice, the sun
is in the south corner of time

before the slow siege of snow
on the distant mountain
as near as ants beneath a house.

The snow is worn
as mantillas or yamulkas are worn
by the devout

as they journey through prayer—
slow climb on an Everest of uncertainty.

Rain would make it all so clear—

They are impressed
by the emphasis of snow
when they wake to find it unpredictably *there*.

Silent. A temple of crystals.
Solitude built upon cold and colder air
Clashing.