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## The Need to Adore

Pattiann Rogers

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Pattiann Rogers

## *The Need to Adore*

There is a need, a craving I have  
to adore something as charitable  
as the rambling scarlet sea fig, fruit  
and blossom surfeiting the shore,  
and something as certain as the undeviating  
moon, moving like a gold marble  
down a groove, exactly along its golden,  
autumn corridor.

I have a passion to love something  
as ministering as the morning penetrating  
clear to the bottom of the pond, touching  
the earth-side and sky-side of each leaf  
of white water crowfoot, hornwort,  
enclosing the blooming parsnip, petal-side,  
stem-side, surrounding tadpole shrimp,  
carp and cooter and mollusk, mud-side,  
rock-side, to love something possessing  
such lenient measures of inner  
and outer circumference.

I know my hunger to worship something  
as duplicitous as the peaceful aardwolf  
and as fearsome as hounds on a fallen doe,  
something as pliant and amenable as honeysuckle  
vining a fence, as consummate as stone,

as fickle as jellyfish threads in a sea current,  
to worship with abandon that which is as weak  
as the neckbone of a button quail, fast  
as fires on the Serengeti, silent  
as the growth by grains of rock spires  
in a damp cave, something that sails  
in waves like needlegrasses across  
the summer afternoon and something that falls  
like fragrances of pine mold and mushroom  
in forests filled with rain.

There is a need, my obsession, to submit  
wholly, without reservation, to give entirely  
to something lucent enough and strict enough,  
fabled enough and fervent enough to encompass  
all of these at once, something rudimentary  
enough to let me enter, something  
complete enough to let me go.