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## The One True God

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Pattiann Rogers

## *The One True God*

He brings forth scarlets, mussel-greys,  
rancid yellows and the long, horizontal  
violets of evening, as if they were seductive  
tones strummed from a guitar.

Like cloud shadows skimming  
over broken rocks and down hills easy  
with foxtail barley and velvet timothy,  
he rolls and rolls fast, naked,  
head-over-heels round and round  
and round the earth.

And he carries the wild surf ruffling  
and cresting to the shore  
like a flowing cape he holds  
from his shoulders as he races.

He runs his hand through the ground  
and up the inner trunk of the laurel cherry  
in spring, pushing before his fingers  
earth-light like white blossoms forced outward  
through a thousand pores.

He screeches winter-tangled branches  
of peachleaf willow and coyote willow,

hums hot and hazy vernal grasses, croons  
crocus buds, sweet everlasting  
and meadow rue.

He swallows like midnight, shapes  
like a mountain in the vision,  
defines like a cricket's triple trill  
in an empty corridor. He shrinks  
to the dove's gesture at its feeding,  
swells to rain-on-wind plummeting  
down a rude arroyo and out  
onto the wide, wheatgrass prairie.

He spews white-winged ash, pea bullets,  
oak pellets, nannyberries, drupes  
of pitted fire and snow pollens  
into the sky by the millenia.

And I, in truth, I am the one  
by whom he is known.