The One True God

Pattiann Rogers
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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 dovekie’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.