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## Faith

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FAITH

1

The sky changes every evening into clouds,  
and mountains lean into them.  
The jungle opens a heart.

Moon rises listening to blood pumping in our small bodies.

Our neighbor, the one with a goat, turns on a radio.  
And out of the jungle a fox tells us in a strange voice over the  
strange voices singing,  
his own story. So much so,  
we all get up in the night frightened,  
and stare off into the dark and say, *Did you hear that, ma'am?*

*Listen.* It is animal  
and moon.

There is the song of prayer flailing  
like pages of night.

2

A Buddhist monk names a girl after a Hindu goddess.  
Another after a lightning bolt and a lucky moon,  
and another *Christina*—  
She paints pictures  
like it's everything  
she believes in.

Lotus.  
Rabbit.  
Rose.

She wants to be a disc jockey.  
Deity hangs on a string around her neck—  
*for protection*. Small hands, with small warts,  
hold mine as she tells me the story

about Rama—who spent fourteen years in exile for his father's love.

3

The silhouette of mountain  
marks a border between heaven and earth, song  
and flesh.

A strange moth, green and blue, crawls  
confused across concrete.

I kneel down, maybe for the first time in my life.

There is so much listening and speaking  
in a world not belonging to anyone reading this.  
Least of all, me.

*Child, hold God in those hands.*