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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.