Faith

Laura Stott
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. 

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.