

The Cathedral

Morning escapes onto a ladder of birds,
leaving tamarind bells singing in the breast of wind.
The sky becomes saturated with daylight.
I have eaten, walked along the dirt road,
cattle, cactus, riverbed, sweat.

This is a place of rock.
I imagine the rock gatherers
gathering rock
along the rock wall, thirsty.

I don't come here to pray.
Everything is a transfiguration of desire.
I come here because rock and water
coalesce at the mouth of the sun,
because at the cathedral,
the architecture of water remains unbroken.
And because when my body, submerged, gleams upward
I look into the eye of light.