

JENEVA STONE

Meditation on a Broken Child, var. 3

Engine against th'Almighty

—G. Herbert

afraid enter th' unknown
this country has no end

no thoughts transpose

where am I to begin
against what engine race

my pilgrimage

I own the clothes I wear
that crack against the cold

my soul is blood

and breaks in half my breath
returns to me his birth

what tune is this

blue and clean somewhere
a prayer begins to spark

I paraphrase

crumbled words are scattered
what voice is near or clear