

G.C. WALDREP

On the Senses

Mount Desert

Mechthild says
the senses
are where anyone
may speak:
God, the devil,
& all creatures.

I stood
in the garden
of my soul
& closed my eyes.

Men toiled
to grade roads
for the carriages
of the wealthy
here. Their works
last awhile.

I strode
in silence, a stiff
breeze whipping
whitecaps
on the surface
of the clear pond.

I rejoiced,
at last,
in the decrepitude
of my body.

Concerning
burned love,
Mechthild wrote.

Concerning
the hunger cloth.

Speak then,
Mercator. Shake
the ash
from your lips,

silky
like ground pearls
mixed with oil.

The freshness.
I watched
a maple steam
gently
in the dawnlight.

Sip
from the fossil
threading the
temple's shadow.

The wind chalks
it
up & then
back down again—

recidivist,
skinned as
though for psalm.