all is water, and the world is full of gods
Lee Beavington

abstract a grain of sand
into pyramids of oxygen with silicon chambers

electron dance called by their covalence geometric
the atom reduced to numbers

and matter loses its meaning

in orbit around a spirit vacuum
infinity slips between my fingers

where have we stored the sacred?

passages in books no longer printed
stories 100 pages from the headlines

the voices of wild places silenced before they are heard
corporate synapses overriding a child’s curiosity

nature parceled into lots that hold less

how can we see again?

open new eyes from behind the Cartesian eclipse
behold the gaze of the intimate alchemist

Descartes called wonder the first passion

so why is our lens invisible
to the enchantment of every atom?

the chemist sees gold as property
real estate listed in the table periodic

the water window refracts the numinous earth
transparent consciousness of our skin-shored ocean

these bodies vessels of salty seas
liquid limbs that enfold the impermanence of membranes
a matter of time before our embodied earth turns back
to its human soil and river roots

that grow through our liver and veins

look again at that grain of sand
its atoms encased in cloud and years of light

origins that lay in rocky towers a comet’s throw away
question the quartz as something more than

patterns of the world’s self-revelation

ask the sister-sun of her brother’s galaxy
can gods be found in a grain of sand?

if there isn’t a god in a grain
there is a story

and it is filled with untold stars
Bibliography


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