

Christie Lund Coles

## *MOSES*

Orphan, Prince, Prophet!

Was His voice  
like thunder roaring?  
Was it like music?  
Was it like a great wind  
torn from the center of night?  
Or was it a father's  
controlled whisper?

He gave you Aaron,  
with fluidity of voice  
like water over smooth rocks.  
He blessed your brother,  
but, it was you, Moses,  
who was lifted in a cloud,  
you, who saw the finger  
writing upon  
the impregnable stone.

I think of you, and suddenly  
all I seem to remember  
is an old man  
written into the silken pages,  
who saw the Promised Land  
but never entered it.