

American Christians Visit Mt. Nebo

Lee Robison

We had only cameras
and yearning, but the wind rasped
stone like a hot tongue
and cameras and yearning
were not enough to savor the ripening
along the Jordan, the salt sea,
that bitter Wilderness wind
and the candescent wafer
of the sun. We entered
the chapel, hoping for respite, ease,

relief. There were nearly perfect
mosaics to photograph, and we marveled
how men, bending arthritic knees, thumbed
each chip against cement to fill
the hunger of silence and waiting
for visitation. We craved hard
with our minutes but heard
only the grazing air soughing
between the sun and these soothing
arrangements in stone.