

Fire in the Water

Stanton Harris Hall

Barely a man
he stands trembling
water lapping at thighs in cotton white
right arm to the square
" ... having been commissioned ... "
asking of the stones and the wind
to make this water a crossroad
between the living
and those yet to be borne.

The push of water wrinkles
at the spirit's edge

pushing in
washing, cleansing, changing

pushing out in covenant circles
edge to edge
and beyond

moist waveforms
radiating renewal

Each cloud-delivered molecule
hydrogen and
oxygen,
a covenant between fire and air
and in their grasp
the scene plays into the universe.