

The Holy Ghost in Polyhymnia's Closet

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"What you seek is seeking you."

—Rumi

Dear Holy (one?) I hope you are home for this.

Tell me the name of your name. For this

*I am on my knees (though I am closed
still. Bruised.) But I have come for this.*

Awake the ears of my ears, open
the eyes of my eyes. Hum. (For this?)

For soldered vowels?) Give me groanings.

(Shall I bloody my thumbs for this?)

Empty your heart as a bucket.

Which syllables constitute a quorum for this?

It's true: I want pearly feathers. Something seismic.

But I would be content in your penumbra. Or this:

remember when you died? Went down
in the dark of Buddha's mother's womb? *For this:*

*not clemency. Not to be heard (I didn't
believe). To utter. One wish.*

Limn for this.

*(Limn, delete, limn, delete.) Where is your
sacred city? I will skirt it three times for this.*

To refrain is not to hold back—but repeat,
repeat, repeat. Find a hymn for this.

Remember His oath. *God, you are abundant:
are you satisfied? I'm out of time for this.*