

One Thousand Two Hundred Sixty Days

Kathryn Knight Sonntag

Revelation 12:6–14

Sometimes in a long white
gown, often in tattered brown
wool, always with two wings
of a great eagle on Her back, Asherah
circles the edges
of the square, of the wilderness where
we have left Her,
watching.

Sometimes in the towering sphere
of the temple, we continue to build,
the void at its center, the scar
of Her uprooting
flickers Her image—white
bark and meat, branch and trunk,
the softness of Her belly fruit—plump
pears, pomegranates—
pulling on the softness
of my womb.