

The Older Covenant

Kathryn Knight Sonntag

*Gospel of Philip
Job 38:33–36*

Take me back
before the broken tablets,
back to the secrets of winds
unfurled, constellations rising
in a new horizon, mud
and branch called by name.

I know of the Tree, good
and evil swirling
in its fruit, alive
before the lesser law
became our golden calf.

Lady Wisdom wanders,
knows too well
that nothing transgresses
its appointed order
but we.

Take me back
to the pattern of the heavens
sewn in the lining
of Her dress.

Give me the wisdom
of the ant, she who
needs no instruction
on how to gather
and harvest, on the true
measure of her
creation.

Grant me a gaze
into the Holy
of Holies that I may know
the paths of everything
that lives.