

Ascension

after John Donne

Kathryn Knight Sonntag

*Embrace the first and forever night,
Heartening as this Moon journeys from cresting
To full-figured, and in this ecstasy begins to fall
Earthward, pulling me down to orchards heavy
And underground, into mysteries of regeneration—soft-
Bellied seeds nursing. Death-life-death, Her step
Makes darkness delicious. Licking sweet syrups from fungi
Kingdoms, Mother God is not the sun, the straight, golden
Path, but braided roots, white pears of underworld offering
Themselves into these my hands, dispelling the garment
Of wrath. Lady Wisdom reigns in me, in time and ever-presence,
To my own recovered humanity. My heart, finally.
My Holy Cloud, the only Holy Ghost—
*Knit my heart with wind and rain and wolf.**

KATHRYN KNIGHT SONNTAG {kavalier@gmail.com} is the author of *The Tree at the Center* (By Common Consent Press, 2019). Her poems and essays appear in *Colorado Review*, *The Inflectionist Review*, *Rock & Sling*, *Ethel*, *Psalmery & Lyre*, *Exponent II*, *Blossom as the Cliffrose: Mormon Legacies and the Beckoning Wild* (Torrey House Press, 2021), and others. She holds a Master of Landscape Architecture and Environmental Planning degree and works as a land planner in Salt Lake City.