

Durga and the Dervish

(5/29/08)

I

Two elegantly tall stalks of golden grass
stand head and shoulders above their peers;
long, straight, naked stems
culminating in dozens of arms;
each dripping fertile golden seeds
from the tips of golden fingers
onto the golden ground beneath.

II

A passing zephyr has noted their stateliness;
he appoints himself the choreographer of their dance.
Now, these many-armed durgas
become whirling dervishes,
composing their fingers
into mudras that befit their mystic movements

III

In the oak tree overhead
a bird warbles and whistles;
sounds of admiration,
notes of encouragement.

IV

All of nature
appreciates life's auto-erotic love affair
with itself.