

Desole

By Mary Sue Middleton

I am an empty desert waste,
Laid open to the rain and sun.
I am a broken drinking bowl
Upon the stones, the wine all run.
I am a page left cleanly blank
Of any single written word.
I am a soldier sent to fight
That finds himself without a sword.
I am a traveler bereft
At journey's start of any road.
I am a stream that stopped itself
Before its waters ever flowed.
I am a star put out by clouds
Before it ever learned to shine.
I am the angel cast from heaven
When it forgot to be divine.
I am the hafflement of hope
That finds itself without desire.
I am a soul with only breath,
An altar-place without a fire.

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Yet must I still in silence yearn,
As hollow caves the floods implore,
Be it with ecstasy or grief,
May I be full again once more.