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Dust of Allah

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Uncion

Dispelled, I blink
And the spiral cactus I squeeze
For cuts and burns in the kitchen
Shocks the air.

I dream I smolder as the wheel of winter
Grinds the sorrel straw. Spindles wind
A gauze between the trees and clatter
as the pour of the sea.

In the predicament of an accused witch,
Your mouth intoxicates like pure dew,
The resinous poppy bulbs of light's traces.

The cycles of lore about you now
Quickens like the night. How dense
In this high forest! The boughs, like your hands,
Hummer and chant. Only your form is constant.

Our tongues stumble in a dark castle,
The shadows cast on the expanse of a grey wall
Flicker like skirts we wear.
We dance along tile snakes and horse hoof flames.
In layers, we pulse on the cathedral ceiling.
You wear gold around your strong arms
And the amulet of the chained basement.

The oil of your touch is the unction.
Like crushed pearls, sandalwood,
Or the fingernail of the half-moon,
You reach me by balms,
The syrup of darkness
Over the sharp seconds of your absence.

Bruce Leonard

Dust of Allah

Ghosts of Persian rugs
haunt our floor
with the
dust of Allah.

They dwell with
the harmony of dirt clods
and congregate
under the wrath of my broom.

A. Acker