

Her Song of the Man

"Come, eat of my bread, and drink
of the wine which I have mingled."
—The voice of Wisdom
speaking in Proverbs IX:5

i

Dawn man, awakened by the singing tide
of light by the river, the first
I saw of you: your shadow
on the surface
mingled with the dipping single shadow of all
the cedars. Your shape

flowed blue
as a flame in darkness
'till the splintering sun
pushed through mountains to fire
your hair, and your body

became a torrent of light
on the still-dark border of the driving stream.

ii

Under the risen sun
you heaved your net, a swollen
silver muscle
of struggling fish. You thrust
in your hand: the glittering

mass knotted and slid a sigh
into the air—the shifting of scaled flank
upon flank.

With a flint you split the snakesoft belly
of the largest
fish,
laid its carcass
upon the rock
and sang
to the morning,
"Make me strong!"

From Eve's Diary
by Kathleen Moore