

G. C. WALDREP

Strata Florida

if prayer, then, should mean a green thing
 the spiral stairs leading up
 the bare shoulder’s lush horizontal
 only not for the ear, which draws in hunger’s call
 my faith is planted here
 not as a prince, his brown, blown body

but as ferns among the stones of the string-course
 move me, precious giftling
 or move my song, the green hills burn
 with your green thought

& the vowel that quickens
 against the heart’s restless dahlia, its blood-salts
 sunk deep into the leg’s twin shafts

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 the well in the choir
 inverse of the crossing tower (long vanished)
 for the washing of the saints’ feet
 what is *cherish*
 but a well, an inverse gravity
 (to embrace Love twice, in each arm—
 in the biceps, in the labor of each strong arm)

I can’t name the trees that brow this hill
 (which the abbey would have hidden)
 (e.g., from my view)
 (now opened up, into love’s sweet desolation)
 love’s green labor

