

THE GREENSBORO REVIEW



Amen and Amen

~Kari Gunter-Seymour

The blood of my monthlies long past,
my prayers are hollow as my hip-bones,

my framework a muster of knurled pottery
half floating, half sunken, navigating
an arrogant fog that wants me to lie down in it.

I've ever longed for a bouquet
of exactly the right blossoms,

waited up nights, rising beyond
all that summersaults within me
to lip at the dark. There's always

a clock ticking fewer tocks
and shadows scudding my vision.

Too much has overstayed in me,
though some of it worth the keeping.
I hold unwavering the time

I wandered alongside a congregation
of bees, heard in their juice-harp-buzz
an old-timey gospel, every flip-flap of wings

a commitment to wonderment,
upholding the goldest of days.

I don't know how much like a church it might be
inside colorful cups of petals and pistils,
but the sun knows worship, clearly,

as do dogs keening after the rain
and robins fussing the blue of their eggs.