

CAREY MORNING

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## Summer Holy Days

by Carey Morning

(an on-going poem in five miracles  
or an on-going miracle in five poems)

1.

Woke before my children  
imagine that  
imagine padding crouched  
past their distant dreamings  
out into dew's bright blur  
pink mist lifting off the field beyond the stream  
and only Dan about, striding long-legged  
between wood-pile and fire  
kettle boiling.  
Found my mug.

2.

Watched a white bull  
pissing long and hard into the swimming hole  
as the moon rose through the trees.  
Bathed in it anyway.  
Other cows, heifers, a couple of calves,  
stood round like other moons in the darkened wood  
not particularly moving in that way they do  
then ambled off together.  
Overhead: one fast bat and  
oh: a bird's nest  
unseen by day.

3.

Dreamed Jacob's dream but me not dreaming  
standing up in fact  
on foot-flattened grass and clover  
heavenly ladder running right up the middle of me  
angels on every rung  
hauling up buckets of moisture and gold  
bringing down light on their haloed heads.  
Me quiet round my buzzing honeyed middle,

me certain the children were somewhere happy.

4.

Caught a glimpse of Jesus eating halvah with some Sufis.  
Poked his head inside my stumbling meditation  
and gazed upon me  
eyes like Thaddeus  
only more so.  
In that moment  
whatever was left of me stepped aside  
postponing all poetry.  
It was good to see him.  
Think he felt the same.

5.

Got marinated in your love.  
Got marinated in your love.  
Got penetrated, laminated  
Deep down saturated  
Got decontaminated  
Love-bone detonated  
Heart-garden germinated  
Got uncomplicated  
Partially illuminated. . .  
(Someone wanders off, whistling.  
Someone doesn't wander off.)

Drank nectar from the stars  
through fingertips turned hummingbirds.  
Didn't find that the least bit peculiar.  
Wanted you to have some too.