Ayeka

I have spent this breathspace searching:

everything you give, you ask for in return

questions I cannot hear arc & tease

felt only in the curved knowing

of your mark.

On the day of reckoning who calls you to witness?

Am I the judge or the accused?

A world of embers and you court & law.

What if I don't have questions for you?

The path towards you is the same that stems, shapes your form in the negative space of worship. Ask now what hovers at the mind's edge illusion derangement I stumble over roots of unsprouted trees.

If I were a leaf I curled myself into the coiling wind if I were a star

I streaked beyond my fixed place, if I were a man I grew my hair long to hide my eyes with a bronzed loom wove the still-growing strands into a prayer shawl of longing.

whose is this hum of wind? to whom these hands that span the globe?

whose mind questions me into creation? whose voice calls from the darkling past to ask where I am?

Lord, if you don't know how could I?

hear our voices softly speak:

If you are a Who and not a What, I must be a shadow dancing in your sky.

In my living breath I feel your breath sway