Yalobusha Review

Volume 9 Article 14

8-1-2004

Confluence

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Recommended Citation

Ray, Janisse (2004) "Confluence," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 9 , Article 14. Available at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol9/iss1/14

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Yalobusha Review

Janisse Ray

Confluence

To find you, I combed heaven and earth barefoot across blistering sand dunes, through gnarled wind-forest. Through meadows, thickets and gardens I went looking. In halls, stairwells, cafes, on buses - in the faces of a thousand thousand strangers I looked for you. Once in Arizona, stopping for pie, a man asked could I recite the opening lines of Canterbury Tales, because he dreamed of a certain woman who would. The way, when I was sixteen, you came mid-sleep calling yourself Red: you were dark-skinned, long hair braided, and rode from the badlands on horseback. I'm sorry, I told the man, who had to go on looking.

And you, my love, to get here, were sent out into a storm that rained blue-hot hail, requiring that you traverse a lonely beach while lightning struck around you. Everywhere you turned the world was on fire. Behind, your house burned to the ground. Thus, bearing our thunderous hearts, we came to the same shade under the same tree. Are you writing a song? You asked. No, a poem, I said.

Already much of the time we had to be together is gone. How much is left we do not know.

Yalohusha Review

Each moment is a hive, filled with honey, a tree in fruit: waking in your arms, bent over lettuce in the garden, waltzing in the kitchen, paddling toward sunset at Wakulla Beach among dolphins giddy in an outgoing tide. We have only moments, and deer tongue growing where none had been in the bare dirt. We have only this moment, standing by a river, to say, what glory, o wonder, o boundless grace.