Awake, O North Wind

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Awake, O north wind

4:16 Awake, O north wind;
And come, thou South;
blow upon my garden
that the spices thereof may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden
and eat his pleasant fruits.

Shut up closet doors, hurl out
Shadows of veils black
And white crosses secret loom
Over pews and gold wet with wine.
Virgin heels no noise make.

6:10 Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
    fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
    and terrible as an army with banners?

As pale as white fear, hands
Wrinkled with worry and prayers
Touch smooth wooden beads.

Saint Teresa
Is in ecstasy, lips
Of marble parted,
Panting for a hollow womb.

2:1 I am the Rose of Sharon
And the lily of the valleys.

/Rebecca Rosso/

Sing or not
Of the beauty or not
Of each feature cast in flesh
each member cast of bone
Placed each as an August garden
Each fragile as a cry
Each perfect in imperfection
Each scarred by thorns
Each touched by so many hands
Each felt by so few

Letters
drown, impotent write
midnight wake
Tangled in their own description
Who can rhyme what fantasy fears
Seen not by cataract eyes
Praised not by adobe tongues
Shattered by too I
Perceived not by the senseless

Only glimpsed by a withering
Only envisioned by sunrise I
Only captured for whatever I
Only stored in vaults of awe
Only held so close that spirit
(cannot be you of the willow age
as sand drifts into sea
but you nor time can dull my
Runed Mind

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