

The Adoration

They are all there as ever, but are we?
They are so fully there. Even the ox,
as present as the moment, bides all time.
*They are the master-key to all deadlocks,
the endlessly inflected paradigm
of all our making sense and letting be.*

The star is still, the camels rest, and there
are those who journeyed from its birth to his
in search of being. Here they have arrived.
*They are the whither that shall be and is,
when all our yesteryears have been revived
and all our wanderings are elsewhere.*

The mother holds the eternal to herself,
embracing her presentiment of loss,
wholly herself in being there for him.
*They are the river we may never cross,
in which we must for ever sink or swim,
fleeing or finding the self-sundered self.*