

Daisy Bassen

If I became devout, doubtless I'd be driven to acts of heroism

I am thankful
Not to have had a revelation
Of the most profound faith,
A critical redefinition of the world,
Of every road cresting a hill,
Every window cut into a stone wall.
Every time our daughter turns
Her face to me and I know
I love her best.

I am thankful there is nothing
That divides us, that takes you from me
More clearly than an ocean, unskimmed
Even by gulls. If I wake you in the night,
You will understand my fear.

There is nothing to console us, we agree.
We sleep easily, without prayers for the day.
We needn't judge our prayer for a day,
Addressing ourselves to our animal selves,
Our desire to hold, for a dream we direct,
Whose seams we close without knots.

On burning mirrors

Your mother can keep any secret from you,
As she kept you, before she knew what a secret was.

If you find out, she has decided to let you know;
She has decided to show you her face, knowing

You will not recognize your own. A looking-glass,
Silverback or speculum metal, reflects what is.

You are more. Your mother has always known that.
She's always known the stillness before your next swallow,

Your next life.

Medium, measured

Miracles have parameters
Like your hinged knees,
Limitation necessary for awe
To retain coherence, your lips
Parted for the traffic of breath,
The sound before voice,
Before a praise-song is drawn
From you, dowsing medulla-deep.

Our eyes are made with lids, superior
Tarsi, the veil we cannot keep
From falling; a gift of small darkness
We need to maintain equanimity
Faced with radiance. Bread, torn open,
And ghosts brook no such barrier.