

Michael McGuire "Rebecca And The Three Miracles"

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REBECCA AND THE THREE MIRACLES

I was tossed and reckoned upon the brutal breast of
the sea, there
was no land no hope nothing but the nothingness of
me, without a
star for my steering I wallowed in the ocean's empty
arms, student
and victim of the night and all its morbid charms,
until the stench of
death was the perfumed afterlife I could taste and
savour, the wreck
of Poseidon I cursed him and sought no gods favor,
surrendered to
my weakness and willingness to be lost at sea forever
more, but
suddenly she was there with her golden hair she lit this
ship to shore.
I become locked and tortured by devices of my own
design, a prisoner
starving by my own bread this warden of mine, I
became despised of
my own untuned music of thought, in a rage of futures
I yanked the
ankles of the angels and I fought, mercy's deliberate
stranger I
nursed on my misery's wine, till I was as barren and
wasted as the
bride of time, I was sick with a hunger but I could take
no food to
stomach that wasn't hated, till she fed me of the
bread of her caring
and I was sated.
With a bare sky that allowed more heat than this desert
could endure,
I wandered for memory's ages finding no animal
cure, a mortal caught
in the indifferent rush of the god's fitful plans, no spit
left for cursing
only handfuls of these hot desert sands, although only
dying of thirst
I felt already as dead as the host, this desert fallen in

my path like
some infinite ghost, then she altered the very heavens
in a cloud of
rain from above, and she said water I bring you water
my love.

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