

DIVINING

Julia Wieting

My friend, you say
Haleakalā floats there
blue mountain on white sky.
'Aumakua settle always
 around you
And the God of your fathers agrees:
The distance He made between
 islands is not, is never
so large as we think.

And I remember on Thursday seeing
how the clouds of my own sky
were uddered with a far deep blue,
curving up and up.
I've carried this time with me
waiting, for the right time.
I'll wager that the ground is only
 half of life:
rain won't ever taste of milk
but mouths upturn themselves
 all the same
mewling
and I think
the God of our fathers
and the body of our mountains
 the body of our sky
my metaphor and yours
manna and mauna
speak to each other in low
 and tender voices
that we only sometimes hear,
when clouds prompt us to pray
looking up.