

SELAH

poem by Kristene Kaye Brown

Waves wash over the beached shells. Searching in a way
that will not fail.

Strange how soft water shapes hard rock
with its ancient lunar language.

I wish I understood the pyramids. I wish I understood
what holds together all the unlit spaces of a night sky.

I came to the shore to see what it might teach me.

The ocean lays down her rhythm and I float
above the noise of my mind. Today the moon

is as close to earth as it will be all year,

but his is beside the point. A wise saint once said:

There is no truth without first becoming truth. It's true,

we become what we love. I love this silence

above all else. This is where I learn

to be alone. This is where I learn

all desire is the desire of God in disguise.

Just listen to the hush of a slow moving wave. It is

the sound of a body emptying itself. It is the world

dreaming itself awake.