

The Glove

Rumi spoke,

“O furious wind, I am only straw before You;
How could I know where I will be blown next?”

I am straw, too, gnarled by a bristling Stallion.
Ground flour between ivory teeth, sweet bread.
And yet, I am caught in the mane of this fiery beast.

I am a glove.
Dry suede, worked leather,
With warm lambs fur lining.

You slide Your hand into me,
Skin so fair, calloused palms,
You knead deep,
And deeper,
Into the flesh of my soft inner core,
Past cuff, stitched so tight,
Stretching and extending Your fingers
Across my body,
From the inside out.

I, in turn, grasp blindly at your mane,
This fire, curling around my hand,
As you race me, unharnessed,
Across the desert of my dreams,
Towards bliss,
And the dawn of Ecstasy.

| Brett M. Wilbur