

## **Durga and the Dervish**

**(5/29/08)**

I

Two elegantly tall stalks of golden grass  
stand head and shoulders above their peers;  
long, straight, naked stems  
culminating in dozens of arms;  
each dripping fertile golden seeds  
from the tips of golden fingers  
onto the golden ground beneath.

II

A passing zephyr has noted their stateliness;  
he appoints himself the choreographer of their dance.  
Now, these many-armed durgas  
become whirling dervishes,  
composing their fingers  
into mudras that befit their mystic movements

III

In the oak tree overhead  
a bird warbles and whistles;  
sounds of admiration,  
notes of encouragement.

IV

All of nature  
appreciates life's auto-erotic love affair  
with itself.