

Shakti and Her Sisters

(October 8, 2008)

Deep in the forest
on a steeply sloping hillside,
peopled by faeries,
who no longer choose
to conceal themselves from me,
I see a scrub oak.
It somehow manages to grow vertically
and claim its place in the sun.
Around his lordly trunk
and uplifted limbs
three vines are wrapped.
They are braided into each other
and clinging to his flesh,
like Shakti and her sisters
entwined on the sacred torso of Shiva.
A Hindu vision
for a Catholic priest.
Namasté