

達摩

DaMo Before the Wall

After the first thousand days,
fractures running like nameless lovers
go full and vibrant in the afternoon,
tall women dancing down
from clouds with trails of lace.
He tips his ear to invisible sobs
working in gray indentations,
a woman's protestation or her grief--
he shudders in his faded robe,
his ears no longer tuned to a woman's voice.
It was spring inside a house
where the colors rippled under
the curtains twirling; she brought him
his cooked meat and a prophecy
on a tray painted with gold birds.
They made love past the hour of the cock.
Now he clings to his body and the wall,
with one silk nerve cast in silence.

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from My Father's Geography
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