

Sojourner

Thérèse Ferreria

You came like goddess food
at the end of a long dream.

My temple stood unmoved.

But you entered, discreetly,
within the soft murmur of rain,
seeping into my crevices,
moving into my threshold
like cool, flowing liniment
from stiff leaves of aloe
steadfast in the flickering light
of moon-driven shadows and wind-beaten trees
slapping the silence between us...

My body becomes your movement.

Water quenches fire
Dust flies
from inseparable ground
Pillars uprooted
teeter on the verge of memory...
Then, after freeing me,
you disappear,
leaving me hungry
wanting to eat
the sweet, moist vestiges of you
that came in a whirlwind
and left just as soon—
a visitor to my temple
as transient as rain on a sun-warmed beach...

Alone at my window
deeply inhaling
the wet, warm air
I crave you still.