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The Promise

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Rockele

Is that you, Rockele? I ask myself
I see your face among a few wandering souls
Suddenly it brightens as you recognize me
We begin toward each other, slowly at first,
then sprint to close the gap between us
As we wrap our arms around each other
and spin until we fall in the dewy grass,
we transform into lighthearted children for a moment
I am once again reminded that I couldn’t find a better friend.

Pam Van Den Broek

The Promise

I was stranded on a gray rock
Paralyzed below my bones by the bloody covenant
Of our flesh and the decrees of creation

Haunted by cruel dirt and dead crosses,
I had unearthed a world of fire and shattered glass,
A place littered with fractured boughs and fallen ladders,
Inhabited by sweaty men with cracked black fingernails
That grasped and puckered our precious new flesh.

You were dancing on a saffron cloud
Swaying and switching to the dreamy pulsing rhythm
Of our flesh and the decrees of creation

Inspired by soft kicks and warm murmurs
You breathlessly straddled the unbroken rainbow
And grappled with the ancient coiled serpent;
You made it lay flat at your feet in disgrace
And held high the crying crux of my redemption.

Surrounded by shrill dirty echoes
And the silent broken shards of circles,
That plastic four-letter word,
That tattered gold and white word,
is now reborn in the sweat of your labor.

My love,
In the curve of your mouth
And the fecundity of your hips,
In the circumference of your belly
And the fullness of your breasts,
In the contours of your soul
And the finality of your hope,
I have experienced the pulse of you and I
And rediscovered the ripe promise of us.

Brian Blums

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