

The Most Important Gift Come at the End

I want to give to your body
an orchard of pomegranates, its paths
through the trees lined with straw from a farm
where nothing dies. I want to give to your body
a desert of dreams where the rain when it comes
feels like the moist breath of a mother moving up and down
your new skin. I want to give to your body five goats and a cart
full of moss and mist, the branches of a sycamore,
arbutus bark and a thousand years of longing.
I want to give to your body humming and holiness,
the colour of the vowels in a young boy's chanting,
the barbs of consonants that catch the hair of coyotes
and foxes and the skirt hem of the first girl you touched
under her armour of cloth and whale bone and shyness.
I want to give to your body three sweet notes from a shin-bone flute,
light that loves the shade, beads of laughter, a moon-snail shell
with a wish inside it. I want to give to your body the silence
of night snow falling across the plains, morning
above a silver sea, the smell of birth and fatherhood,
the sound of your own blood singing in your ears.

-Lorna Crozier