2002

On God and Lust

Jennifer Wagner
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss2/12
The richest garden
Lies within itself
And its spaces inside the race
Where the naked man's arms
Embrace woman in
The vast green early morning
While the orchard lay yawning
In lingering sheets of mist
Like a humble transient,
A spirit accompanying the
Slightness of dawn waking,
Both mindful and understanding
Of humankind in its desire
Of wanting to see but
Only suffering sounds—
The croaks of sadness, of being
Nature's oldest foe
For loving
A shallow glass reflection
In the hot springs
That once ran deep until
It boiled over and
Spilled out madness
For emptiness and vanity and skin
On skin—
Having lain together
Now let us drink
To the fruitless laughter
To the shallow spring
To the maker
Who gave us empty glasses
To fill with reflections
Of beauty that we now covet
And come to know as shame.