

ERICA JEN

selah

the strings weave sound into soft touch
his fingers awaken the guitar

he apologizes for the practice
he is the player
unaware of enchantment

the sound coalesces into presence
a swirling sweet cadence
kept as a body by his steady hand

slow sure embraced
by his comprehension
the delicate sound
needs his firm endorsement
the sound is as strong as he is

his guitar is a world
that he opens when he plays
full of a beautiful woman whose
tears bathe his heart
as only a woman can bathe his heart

full of a dancer who only stops
her bountiful story when
he pauses when he sleeps
she is always ready to start again
His fingers touch the strings
her face is hidden by the euphoria
of his beat

this man these hands,
which unveil a tenderness more real
than a miracle
he plays his guitar in solitude

he sleeps in solitude
he lives in the glory of his own simplicity

at last the sound may reach his ears
in praise and gracefulness
she will hold his undiluted ardor
so hidden from the pleasure of sharing
she will tell of his extraordinary calm
inside his hands as he toils day and
night

the music will reach him so deeply
that his eyes will open to her unerring
enchantment

she stops sorrow
with her quelling loveliness
every time his hand is upon her

everyone knows but him
the one who conjurs her by his hands

the sound is every woman
knowing truth in herself
it is a harbor for uniting life
continuous untamed deliberate

his hands fuse all the moments
make them swell into a cradle
rocked by a lullaby

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erica jen writes and teaches both in Canada and abroad. Poetry is the heart of her life.