

Sukkot

Jehanne Dubrow

Folded in half, crumpled, or quickly cut,
our will is tethered to the sand, a tent
on shifting ground. We listen for the storms,
the unseen finger-winds that rearrange
the dunes and nudge the stars into new shapes.
No map. We walk for forty years, always
half-lost but following the clouds by day
or flames that write directions on the night.
The Archer's arrow arches through the sky
until it spears the Scorpion. We find
what certainty we can — the constancy
of yellow hills that move like bodies twined
in bed, confused but slow to shake this sleep,
asleep but waking to another dream.



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