

BRIGIT PEGEEN KELLY

The Wisdom of Solomon

I was thinking of the lilies, in the night,
the white blades flashing in the room—I was thinking

of Solomon, and his robes, and his crowns,
the hands that wove, and the hands that hammered,

the words tossed to pass the time, and the river
of dark song that rows the day forward—little bark,

little unpainted bark crowded with animals,
the shrieks and cries, the beautiful feathers,

the dung, and the lime. . . I was thinking in the night,
when thought is not itself, but a phantom creature—

half plucked bird, half torn man, unable
to call up its name—I was thinking of the lilies,

Dear brothers—though not, of course, brothers,
for they are females, all. . . Oh, think of them, the lilies,

all naked in the pasture, all undismayed by
any high notion of themselves, and think

of poor Solomon, in all his glory, who had not
the sure wit of one small flower, nor could he

in his encrusted robes mirror—as each lily does—
the body of god lying on the waters,

the unclothed body of god.