

A Proposal Poem

The knee evolved for this:
 To imprint its shape on the earth
 When the final bow is made
 In the surrender of what I once was
 To what I shall become.
 From here I shall walk
 A path inside the ring
 As a pilgrim, traveling
 Down toward the Holy Land
 Stretched within the circle of a prayer.
 This ring, a circle of footsteps,
 Is the path that Adam took
 Since the time he lost Eve in the garden
 Until I found you again, here,
 Weeping beneath the apple tree.
 Miles and miles of you
 Stretched out before me, I see
 The world focused
 Through the center of a ring,
 Folds of white skin waving
 Around me, your palm
 Outstretched on the horizon.
 See the light strike
 And crystallize my form,
 Kneeling in the dirt with a question.

Mark A Clements

