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Hosanna

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Los Angeles, Michelangelo, Jude, peopling the lost souls, tell me now: 
Do you remember this eye, this hand, these ears, this mouth? May I break my solemn invocation with a sneeze? 
Forgive me. No bless yous – 

my sinuses are cork-tight. No soul will leak tonight. I have Benadryl, Claritin, Zyrtec. The clerics. They'll not deliver me unto any Egyptian waters; I haven't yet written my holy litany, my radiant magnum opus. Till this, 

too many senses deadened by overwork and Melee. Not enough ticks or tocks. But now I've reached a Beginning. Evening is here, and I have my two legs, my arms, all the ganglies I need to stay a peopled sack of water and bones 

for at least another 60 years. The angles, the corners of this mouth of ours, the corners of this usiku-blue room, and even the ones of some other room that never was or will be, are angels. Laugh not. It's for them I float my holy basket among these rushes Here, with the hope that 

   one day the universe will forget to contain itself and this living wave will mush, glow, cease yes, until everything is alright forever and forever and forever, 

and I'll be chanting kunywa siku, to drink the day, hearing myself
say it in my head, out loud with my own mouth, and you'll be knowing fluidly
that it really was alright to think of cell phones as absorbent wonderspeaks,
not the devils of some chalk-faced globalizer's right-angled intentions. This is Heaven

right Now, I told you in my natural tongue, without
words, and hulijua huko (you did not understand that) but still you must
believe me: it's only common magic, the warped light on your
family picture, the children-only frequency of the televisheni (the television) on mute
today as I offered up my djembe prayer, my taking-a-shit prayer, my
nightmare prayer, all to make ready for this current one, this unmapped blue current
of a Hosanna waited to the floating mind, to the ecstatic descending Dove.
Why this way? What basket? In Egypt, the symbol for "question" is reeds and water.

Rick Hale has work out or almost out through Mud Luscious and Hotel St. George presses, as well as a
chapbook, "Pistachio & Iris," forthcoming from Greying Ghost Press. He edits for Cow Heavy Books,
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