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

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