

BRONZE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

In October comes a voice
From this passive-burning bush,
A speaking to the Moses in me.

In this flame-and-mist time comes
A command to the exodus,
To the far-country journey.

Leave your quiet sheepstrewn hills
Drowsing in the silent sun, it says,
Leave love and the lost dream.

Go down, it says, to an ancient land
Trouble the old gods, the old king,
Make fugitive the peoples of your mind

Go over into the wilderness;
Go in rage or go in peace,
But go humbly in your knowing.

The bronze chrysanthemums —
Bush burning, voice burning,
A revelation, single and unique,
Speaking to the Moses in me.

Marden Dahlstedt