

## I Don't Know Any Gods

My child arrives in a monastery

far from the sea, her eyes

domed as bulbs in wet dirt. To reach this monastery

I walk for years: lyptus wood for feet, the ragged

twin suns of my knees rising and falling. My hair, grown large,

houses generations of spiders,

although they only speak to me when I bring

my head close to the ground: *your child*

*will be ravenous as a quarry, unadorned as a cliff,*

*holy as an impassable shoal.*

I don't know any gods. *Ill-favored*, they call in voices

like a thousand masts splitting at once—