

**Seasonal Rains (a tribute to Louis Gluck), by Sarah Schaff**

We-

or I-

reached out; tendrils, vines, then fingers,

and so from timelessness and into time

*you* emerged, from being into Being.

It used to be that the wildflower observed

itself through your eyes.

You traveled with the river for miles without

ever losing your place in the shallows

but that was a language lost to childbirth.

Tell me, when was it that you first confused the bird

outside the nest?

You began to believe yourselves

*different,*

          separate,

*above,*

          apart

and so I let you be.

Yet in all the sunless moments since

you have cried out to one hundred thousand gods

to ease the suffering of their

sundered

          creations

their ugly

wounded

children.

With clumsy red tongues, you whisper,

weep and howl to me

and though you believe us divided

by unfathomable eternities,  
I know you through each thing that lives.  
You have molded gods in your own image  
Ripping away fistfuls of feathers, handfuls of glittering scales  
rinsing the raw earth from their bodies  
razing their branches  
removing their animal heads  
so they might better turn your own gaze back upon you  
and it is in these strange seasons you ask, "Who am I?"  
like the wren calls to the grey morning.  
It was to myself that I once asked the same question-  
and in doing so, I found you  
as one who wanders into a garden of their own creation  
and finds divinity, hidden like a bee between soft petals  
drinking nectar from the throat of the wild iris.