

MANTI TEMPLE
KARL KELLER

A faceless stone stands above my valley,
pushing the broad seasons before it into
millennia of green light. And the sky
surrounds the stone confession of courage in
an intercourse of blue voices unscarred
by preposterous sky-foam of star-crossed man.
The stone is a stark sail for our eyes,
set upon a sea of its own, leading
our washed feet and naked souls upon
the bread-strewn waters of our faith,
where are carved cherrystones into stars.