

Maria Leng

Oh Beautiful World Undressed Are You

Exxon-Mobil
Skin of Canada, the elder dawn
Mosquito nets
Against the fracking,
The f**king, the ice

Widow we know
Steps up to our house
Lifts back her black
Veil of lace to promise:

“So many times told
The child’s graveyard
Once full of wishes
Revisited by the woman
Who’d been denied

Now surrenders and displays
The mourning.”

Invite the oil from grain, molasses, the bales where your scent flowed and never left,
the guiding pines, the feel of currycomb, the cashmere, the touch, the dew as light as
wind, to quicken the chase to gates beyond the letting go, Oh Dear Magnificent God: In
your earth Be Thou in me, as dawn of our fate together knows your shore and lust
requites the fury In our union, for I am not God, but Thee are you in me.