

FAITH

By Deborah George

I'm trying to tell you something about the wind
how it smells like the Gulf of Mexico, tastes like figs

how it blows across the desert, sounds like the sea.
I'm trying to tell you that I hear one thing

see another that I want to believe what you say
not what I hear. I'm trying to tell you

that I want to pronounce you good
and clean as plate glass washed in vinegar

wiped clear with newspaper. I'm trying to tell you
that I will not run away from you

or the sound of the sea
or the wind smelling like figs

*I wanted to assure the one who walks beside me that I wouldn't run away.
We're engaged now.*