Sacred Headwaters of the Jordan

I called to

Wisdom

in the hills.

Her spirit is a river

that springs,

not from one place

but from three.

She oozes out of the earth

 over smooth stones,

slips from the fissures

in the walls of a cave,

and tumbles

like a whooping child

off a cliff.

In the shadow

of Mount Hermon,

I found her

reposing in a pool,

its surface reflecting

droplets of soft sunlight

through a fragrant veil

of bay laurel.

I listened there

and she taught me,

with floating leaves,

mating dragonflies,

and the magnified

features of the riverbed.

The moon crept through branches

to adorn her rivulets.

They flowed

through my heart

and swept me downstream,

 to where they braided together,

triumphant and careless,

in ever-deepening channels.

They gushed along rocky chutes,

became the color

of a veined turquoise crystal,

sought their destiny

while meandering

onto a thirsty desert plain.

I listened there

and she taught me.

If you lie prone

on the warm stones

next to a whirling eddy,

and dip your hand in

to bring her cool elixir

to your lips,

you will come to believe

that even if all the earth

is consumed by fire,

a star-shaped white flower

will burst forth

from every dark cleft.