

Karl Plank

AS A MOTHER WHO ONCE HAD A CHILD LOVES

God loves. As a mother who once had a child loves
the sliver of new moon that led him to cry
“It’s like a fingernail stuck’n up in the sky,”
so God hears the echoes of small voices and yearns,
for God loves as a mother.

Who once had a child loves even the rain
that falls in the graveyard when heads are bowed,
for frail tears do not fill an emptied heart
and so God gives the heavens to weep,
for God loves as a mother who once had a child.

Loves, they remain on the diary’s page
kept at night when words gather the moon,
and the rain that pours down
until all is planted in the eternal womb where
God loves as a mother who once had a child loves.

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