

At the Breezy Time of Day

*They heard the voice of God moving through the garden at the breezy time of day...*  
- Genesis 3:8

By the look of the trembling  
bittercress, I would say: God

wanders the garden. That,  
or a March wind leaps

like a dog at a thousand  
green shins. Let it be wind.

And to every blast, every  
ecstatic slap, let me say: Here.

Here I am. Though here  
is a room and now a lost

hour and every man longs  
for a glimpse of his God

in the suburbs. That, or he  
hides in plain sight, dug in,

like the poor pachysandra,  
that some people mistake for mint.

—Benjamin Shalva