

Burning Bush

His rejection letter was kind.
It did not say
what it might have said:
that not a word was perfect. Sulking

a bit, I drove to my usual spot
and sought inspiration in bitter
coffee and a potted plant—
some shrub

tucked in a corner and stabbing
at the drywall with tongues
of green heat, craving, needle tipped,
a terrible trying thing. I wrote

nothing worth saving that morning.
I drove home, prepared to quit.
Then I remembered
what we say of Moses:

there will never be another.
But—and here I picked up
my pen—about the burning bush,
we say no such thing.

—Benjamin Shalva