

Juan de La Cruz, Can You Hear Me?

The angry despair of sitting, paralyzed,
on the bridge from desert to heaven,
unable to cross over, or go back.

Yet we know, don't we,
that others have passed this way.
Did they endure the dark night,
or get crushed?

The dust of bones reveals much:
soil for weeds that, occasionally
put forth a flower.

Other men, not having dared
the journey, point to the flower
saying, "fruit of the holy ones."
They do not see the dust of bones
throbbing still with pain,
know the despair
of infinite eros that finds no lover,
see the arms, wrists, fingers
stretched outward
holding nothing.

They do not see how the cosmos aches
through the ashes of lovers.

This is lost to lesser men, Juan de la Cruz,
who see your ecstasy but not your dying.

Perhaps you, Juan de la Cruz,
crossed over, leaving this desert behind.
Or is your dust too, but soil for weeds?

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June 2017