

WALTER KAUFMANN

## Desert-born god

Desert-born god,  
sandstorm-cradled:  
thine is burning,  
blistering justice,  
fiery darkness  
that blinds and destroys.

Language, lead me not  
windlike to praise him:  
rhythms, swallow not  
sight and memory,  
lest I yield to him,  
singing in darkness!

Memory, strike  
through worshipful night:  
rise like the sea wind,  
purging the air!

Trees that are kissing  
sand-whirling ground,  
loving the storm that  
snaps their trunks:  
I shall not bow to  
merciless glory.

Silvery circle,  
sun rests in the storm,  
the sound of the wind  
is like heavy wine:  
music, seduce me not  
lest I forget!

Let not beauty  
bury the past:  
memory, marry  
the flesh of god's glory!

Thine is the desert  
in which you are buried,  
thine is the darkness  
that was your mother,  
thine is the power  
whose death I sing.