

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Gate of Grief

By Carl Boon

Here Moses was foretold,
here the land juts as a bridge
from continent to continent,
& here a girl clings to her mother,
scenting danger. Centuries of cold
made crossing possible
& made them us. Centuries
of maybe pushed them east
for Moses eventual & the prophets
we admire. I wish I could've been
a witness to the crossing—
I would've held your hand,
we would've known miracles
of birth & birdsong & quick decay,
toddlers hopping rock to rock
as ours do. We would've learned
the meaning of triangles
& how difficult it must've been
for us to become us.