

One Thread of Sky

Christine Rowland

One thread of sky filtered through the mist to meet my skin not too
different from the skin of Buddha

You

Ain't got no white girl eyes

The only straight line in nature is one thread of black sprouted from your
head

The only perfect circle is the sun

And your eyes

You ain't got no

White girl eyes they'd say to me like they could see into
my history

My ancestry

The golden circle of the sun

The 360 degrees of your

Eyes

As beautiful as Shangri-La my darling your skin filters through the lace
like clouds being combed by branches of trees on the highest peaks of
the Huangshan mountains

When Tibet's pavement wears through from peace seeking feet the dirt
will touch the sky again and I will wrap all my arms around you