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There is Little Stillness in Devotion

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THERE IS LITTLE
STILLNESS IN DEVOTION
SCOTT CAMERON

There is little stillness in devotion
Or in the trumpet hymns of Sandhill Cranes.
Wind fuses dirt and clouds through motion.

In sudden rhythmic fits, the need to run
Sends herds in cataracts across the plains.
There is little stillness in devotion.

Sailors pattern their lives on the ocean,
the rise and fall of waves traced in their veins
wind fuses the sea and clouds through motion.

Bats flicker after insect commotion
flashing in then out of twilight terrain.
There is little stillness in devotion.

Children mix leaves and pepper in potions
Calling on dark skies to release warm rain.
Wind fuses dirt and clouds through motion.

The darkened corners of cathedrals shun
light and birds and dancing; no one explains
there is little stillness in devotion.
We fuse dirt and God with our motion.