

## Ancient Child

Delights in the puzzle,  
fitting a jig of mundane  
to a saw of eternity.

With unvarying marvel  
hunts through all traditions,  
from stars, to awakened one,  
to carpenter unwooden,  
for jagged bits of truth,  
wide-eyed at proof  
when piece locks into piece.

Lips tremble as, mystery-laden,  
the piecemeal picture rises:  
beauty, smudged but unsullied.

Eyes weep with wonder,  
seeing One in all.  
Giggles gush  
over murky flaws,  
sanctifying me with  
a wellspring of love  
unclouded by censure.

I am converted  
to her soul's sparkling  
vision of me.

Of God. One.

— for Jane

Charrie Hazard, February 2003