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I Send You Spinning

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I Send You Spinning

I play with you, Globe, and send you spinning,
Beneath books and green curtains in my father's den.
You, the replica, of perfect but merciless Earth.

My eyes follow round oceans, my thumb rides
The mountains, and the borders of the nations.
You, the replica of perfection, like Plato's forms or man in
Jesus.

Like the near affinity of our sizes proportion,
I wish that you were really the earth,
And my space much more took in its universe.

So I could wash my face in oceans,
Tiptoe cross whole mountains,
And the desert be just a pile of dust, dirtying my hands.

Mere names like Jerusalem and Paris and Sahara I'd understand,
Seeing all activity, know better, and better love.
And with the tip of a finger, I'd send the world spinning.

Or I'd send the world spinning, with the sigh of my breath,
My arms round the equator, I'd hold the world in place,
Carry it silent and still, in a gentle embrace.

But then I dance to volcanic rhythms
Of exploding eruptions. Clothed by clouds,
A thunderstorm tickles. And I giggle with the roaring

Of a river overflowing. Flames:
Blindly raging, to forests ravishing,
Be for me a campfire, warmth comforting.

Ruin promised by nature's fate, I await
A crush from the Giant whom you model.
You be the world, me tears can be sweet rain,

To nourish and sustain, while she feeds me.
But I am fed only to be crushed, my size so small,
Grand only next to you: mere imitation.

My flimsy finger delirious, I send you spinning.

--- *Catherine Claire Wedemeyer*