

El Greco

by Marguerite Bouvard

It's the elongated hands that lift us
into the country of deep shadows

and blazing apparitions, fingers
resting upon ancient texts: palms raised

like birds in mid-air, whole bodies
soaring beyond themselves.

St. Francis kneels before us, hands
crossed, his splayed fingers

delicate as new shoots.
St. James the Great still gazes

at what lies beyond our vision,
his many hued cloak swept

by passion's wind,
his light-drenched hand

ferrying us above centuries
of petty quarrels, despicable wars.