



**MATINICUS FROM MT. ARARAT**  
*George Bellows, 1916*

Sabbaths, Mother forbade me play  
outdoors, her voice cadenced like wind  
spirited with the Lord's breath  
upon the waters. She'd read  
from Genesis, while I sat mute

and drew. This Sunday morning  
a few gulls loft like prayers  
above the rooftops still huddled  
in sleep's green shade. I'm grateful  
for the ark that strands me here,

apart, deluged in delight. I count them  
two by two, skiffs and sails, the windows'  
blind eyes. For a while all the world  
that doesn't matter can lie distant  
and drowned beneath this glorious blue.

**RICHARD FOERSTER**

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