

Miserere

by [Steve Laubermilch](#) in the [February 8, 2012](#) issue

*If I were alone in a desert and feeling afraid,
I would like a child with me.*

—Meister Eckhart

Across the basin
the blue of mountains, beyond
those waves still more. Not

rollers and not clouds, they are
animals waking from sleep,

catching a scent, trace
of the child who, over seas,
picks up a bone flute,

draws breath, and like a light wind,
a dawn wind, begins to play.