

SARAH GLAZ

Ghazal: Resonant air

Suddenly summer rain dances through fragrant air,
leaps on leaf trampolines, somersaults in buoyant air.

Turtle doves take refuge, gurgling cues, under eaves,
coo-coey-coo, coo-coey-coo, flutter and flit—migrant air.

Once Farinelli sang, *Ombra mai fu*, at La Fenice, Venezia,
a voice without a shadow casting a spell—radiant air.

All afternoon my love and I sip wine and eavesdrop on
the waves, *love-and-leave, love-and-leave*—undulant air.

Unmoored, a gondola glides by the *Aqua Alta* flooded
street. Wanderers' serendipity—kiss of flamboyant air.

Faraway galaxies lure with a promise of life. God of
trees, seas, beauty, and birds: Grant us water! Grant air!

Perpendicular lines delineate a grid on the map. Three-
quarters stone dead, but in the last quadrant—air.

Don't say *Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die*;
prepare bread and wine, song and dance—tolerant air.

The desert breathes deep at sunrise, before the sands spin
fire and the heat ripples beneath a dome of flagrant air.

Sarah laughs when she hears the gazelle's dying cry: in
the end it resembles the sound of her song—resonant air.

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