



A THOUSAND VESSELS

POEMS

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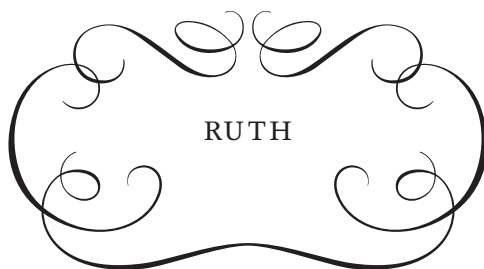
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RUTH

Ruth Speaks to Naomi

*“Where you go I will go, and where you stay I will stay.
Your people will be my people and your God my God.”*
—Ruth 1:16

Really, there is not much to love
in this world. Maybe sparrows,
children laughing in the morning.

But—your God forgive me—
if I knew I had to sleep forever tonight,
my tired heart would survive it.

We are widows now, the shriveled leaves
that blow along the rooftops.
We are worth nothing

but the measure of loneliness
we can remove from each other.
Of course I must follow you,

Naomi, from Moab to Bethlehem,
to the musty corner of our home,
where we will boil the grain and sweep the dirt,

comb each other’s hair in the evening
and feel the coarse curls fall
between our fingers.

Strange Land

At nineteen, I convinced myself of imminent death.
I was ripe for tragedy, draped in the future
and beautiful long hair. So when I got lost on a hike
and stumbled to a creek of wild foxglove,
I thought, of course the rangers will find my body
in this paradise of leafy shadows,
bees turning in the flowers like amber stones.

I tried to pray, waiting for the bear to rumble
through the branches, the earthquake to dislodge boulders
on my neck. An hour passed. Insects ascended my sandals.
The foxglove blazed and pitched with no notice of me.
I might as well give up, I thought, and crawl
into these spotted throats to either drown in sweetness
or be flung out by the winds. Just keep walking
into whatever strange land God lays before me
to gather his blessings like petals and stones,
fallen dragonflies shimmering in the mud.

Boaz Watches Ruth in the Fields

There is something holy in the way
she bends to the ground
and lifts each stalk like a child.

Her hair sweeps the soil,
trapping chaff in its curls.
How her fingers pierce the fields

like rays of light! I believe
she would glean here forever.
Even at sundown,

as the harvesters slump
beneath the sheaves on their backs,
she steps lightly to our meal

of roasted grain. She sighs deeply
with each bite, as if the barley
were part of her body,

finally reunited with its home
of sweet earth and sunlight,
ready to smolder and burst into the sky.

Honeymooning in Monterey Bay

I imagined we'd never leave our room
at the Sandpiper Inn, our bodies separating
only for refills of Chardonnay and massage oil.

But we wandered Cannery Row, snapping pictures
of fat sea lions, smokestacks, my arm around
Steinbeck's shoulders. We entered the aquarium,
expecting long bodies gliding in circles
in massive tanks, water exploding
from blow holes, but found only fiberglass
dolphins and orcas hanging above us,
and tide pool after tide pool of sea anemones.
We didn't bother letting them suck our fingers.
A tank of sardines glimmered like a foil sheet,
ten thousand pivoting in the same direction.
Where was the great white, barracuda,
tentacles of a giant squid curling on the glass?
Deflated puffer fish lurked in a kelp forest.
Even the otters slept, dozens of untouched oysters
sinking to the floor.

I said we should go, remembering my lingerie,
but you strayed to a long counter of microscopes
and motioned me over, your arm brushing my breast
as you pointed to the sign: "Radiolarian Protozoa."
We took turns behind the lens, the skeletons
forming a latticework of cones and spheres,
silica arrows weaving through the openings,
holding the bodies together for good.

The Threshing Floor

*“Wash and perfume yourself, and put on your best clothes.
Then go down to the threshing floor, but don’t let him know
you are there. . . . Go and uncover his feet and lie down.
He will tell you what to do.”*
—Ruth 3:2-4, Naomi to Ruth

She stirs in the heat of the harvest dawn,
lost in a dream of blue linen and myrrh.
Chaff sticks to her hair like moth wings.
Goat hooves shuffle the hay.

His feet poke out from the blanket,
heels cracked open like the Moab desert,
thickets of white hair curling on his toes.
She has just stopped missing her husband’s feet,

the lean, brown knuckles that pressed against her
for seven years. She has begun to wake
each morning and stretch her limbs
like a great cedar tree, the warm sorrows

of widowhood surging through her body.
Now Boaz will take her in marriage,
and their feet will be one. For many thousand nights
her toes will wedge inside his knee

as she shifts and turns for comfort.
His calluses will whisper on her skin
from stars to dawn. His nails will cut.
She will never be alone.