

Lynn Domina is the author of two collections of poetry, *Corporal Works* and *Framed in Silence*, and the editor of a collection of essays, *Poets on the Psalms*. Her recent work has been published in *The Gettysburg Review*, *The Southern Review*, *Arts & Letters*, and many other periodicals. Domina's poems are emblematic of the Mystical Mode in Theopoetic Poetry, as her poems are steeped in a desire for expansive stillness and clarity and seek to engage a transcendent and contemplative divine intelligence that is both within and without the body. Domina's work wanders the reaches of being focused on the slow and simple labor that will aid in the attainment of a small slice of spiritual lucidity, without having to sacrifice the very things that make us creaturely — our desires to name, describe, and inhabit the world in which we find ourselves. Readers will feel the quiet of her poetry both abundantly inviting and immediately familiar, since it is the divine quiet in each of us. She is currently an M.Div. student at The Earlham School of Religion, where she has taken courses in the Ministry of Writing Program, and she lives with her family in the western Catskill region of New York.

Once Again, I Vow

to live
like a person drowning,
minutes left, all vision
refracted, for everything
shines, doesn't it, needle pricks
of sunlight, damp gull feathers,
our gesturing hands, skin,
its salted glaze.

St. Jerome's Miracle

Always he is portrayed
translating, translating, books
propped on his desk, books stacked in his cupboard.
Today, Jerome mulls over
the deaf man in Mark's story. Jesus touched
his tongue. Jesus stroked the man's ears
as if they were blossoms
unfolding until the man also
touched Jesus, hearing him say
be opened before he said it. Then he heard
wasps buzzing, some animal's odd squeal, a girl ask her mother
for figs. Jerome strains

to hear – his chair leg scrapes
the floor; his cloak rustles. Outside
one boy curses his friend. Jerome had only ever once
uttered that word. How would a man know
to curse who'd been born deaf?
Jerome hears gulls flock to the cobblestones, he hears
the fruit seller shoo them off, he hears coins
clink into the fruit seller's palm as the servant girl
plucks another pear from the fruit seller's basket.
He hears distant cymbals, he hears a lamb bleat,
he hears words, his own voice, a deaf man's new blessing.

The Earth In Its Solitude

I prefer the giraffe moving.

I prefer soil black and loose.

I prefer the bearded iris with its loose drooping petals.

I prefer black eye patches of a giant panda, raccoon, ring-tailed lemur.

I prefer loons calling through dusk.

I prefer the grief of elephants.

I prefer the earth quiet, or still.

I prefer the hummingbird still, its wings invisibly whirring.

I prefer the moon a waning crescent.

I prefer fields bright with pumpkins.

I prefer fresh water, its abundance, its promise of solitude.

I prefer tropical fish.

I prefer plump doves.

I prefer the owl, solitary, observant.

I prefer the blue whale's eye, big as both my hands, turning slowly, slowly.

I prefer the pigeon's eye meeting mine.