Because I Want to Know God's Will

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Because I Want to Know God’s Will

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for my life, I decide to buy a
Leicester Long Wool sheep, shave its coat,

card the fibers into a cloud, leave
it on my lawn to see what the dew

will do. This acting as Gideon
is dangerous like dismantling sunlight

and separating it into piles
by color and hue like my brother did

as a child: taking apart clocks
and radios to understand how

they worked, chimed the hour, broadcast
the news. But unlike him, I am afraid

that once all the screws have been loosed,
bolts unwound, toggles released, I will

be unable to gather the light and reassemble
it in the shape of early January sun.

So take the yarn instead between your fingers,
cast a row of stitches on a thin,

cold needle and pray the pattern
will be revealed as each row drops.