The House of Levine

The doors of your house
are painted with the circles
of Miro and the tent-like roof
is braced with pieces of oak
the cooler murmurs like a blimp
carrying us through summer.
We drink your brandy
and I notice through your hand
through the golden ring
the flaming lions on the
label and the white walls
of Spain. Something about
your eyes ancient as stars
in the smoke of noon
reminds me of this dream-
the loose robes shook
from the dust like wings
and the smoking crust
of a mountain rose toward
the Word. The wine presses
burst and the bread you
held on a burning plate
was tracked with blood
the veins of your right arm
unravelling like branches
the strange seeds spun
backward the angel of truth
turning you back again
where the hot sand blows
across your lawn where
the brazed garden full
of sunflowers rains its heat
back into the earth.
One by one your sons put on
the wings of the onion.
I can sense the bitter
strength in my own arms
one by one we knock and enter
Fran is there with our
white towels and our wine
in this house kept
like a temple of words.

Dear Allan
I tried to get a biblical texture for this poem, and I tried to catch the spiritual nature of my teacher.
Glover