



The Loss of Certainty

RUTH KNAFO SETTON

Come with me, Ruth.

No, said I, for I am a Moabite.
And how do you know me?

My sister whispered, His eyes are like caves
you enter and cannot leave. He comes from over there,

that strange tribe of men with desert hands and feet,
women whose teeth slice flesh, and worse—

*I saw you in my dream, he said.
My mother saw you too.*

—worse, their god makes them want
what they cannot hold.

You, I want. He opened his hand,
a furrowed sun.

His mother watched, eyes pale
yet dark, and said, Go home, girl.

But the walls cracked,
wind blew, sand gritted

my throat, blinded my sister,
toppled my gods. Whirling, falling,

I cleaved to him.