

Ruth's sisters

Ruth speaks back to God just once.
Suspecting these moments

of *don't ask*
are invitations.

In the trick of night she crawls
to Boaz's tent, curls at his feet,

allows a slow wave of absence,
a tug of doubt.

This is her moment of risk.
Ruth opens her mouth.

Its wet teeth scratch
God's droning surface.

She speaks the words held tight
in the gaps between her thoughts.

The sounds she makes
evaporate.

Rain blossoms on the sand
and moves across every hidden burrow.

Ruth keeps her watch, certain now
of how the rest will play. Knowing

all mornings are sisters
all evenings identical.