

Pomegranate Promises

Bells around the hem
of Aaron's robe
ring moments
of his ministry.
Between golden,
sacred sounds
broidered pomegranates,
flower-crowned, garnish
the garment's edge.

Sun sinks into
a moonless night,
as he lays aside the
breastplate weight.

Tented between
glittering galaxies
and star-lit sands,
Aaron dreams he holds
the seed-filled fruit
in the palm of his hand.
He cuts and peels away
leathered skin,
partaking of goodness,
garnet-red and ripe
as God's promises
to Abraham.

—Sharon Price Anderson