

# Miserere

by [Steve Lautermilch](#) in the [February 8, 2012](#) issue

*If I were alone in a desert and feeling afraid,  
I would like a child with me.*

—Meister Eckhart

Across the basin  
    the blue of mountains, beyond  
those waves still more. Not

    rollers and not clouds, they are  
animals waking from sleep,

catching a scent, trace  
    of the child who, over seas,  
picks up a bone flute,

    draws breath, and like a light wind,  
a dawn wind, begins to play.