

DAVID ALLEN  
SULLIVAN

Kashgar  
Morning

نەكتۆي پۇنوق ئاس  
نەمىرى بىكى نزال شۇقىزى سىناس

*I am one of the countless birds  
that feathers your branches.*

—Abdulahad Abduresheet Berqi  
(Translated from the Uyghur  
by Berqi and Mai Methis Min)

David Allen Sullivan's books include *Strong-Armed Angels*; *Every Seed of the Pomegranate*; a book of cotranslation with Abbas Kadhim from the Arabic of Iraqi Adnan Al-Sayegh, *Bombs Have Not Breakfasted Yet*; and *Black Ice*. He won the Mary Ballard Chapbook Poetry Prize for *Take Wing*, and his book of poems about the year he spent as a Fulbright lecturer in China, *Seed Shell Ash*, is forthcoming from Salmon Press. He teaches at Cabrillo College, where he edits *Porter Gulch Review* with his students, and lives in Santa Cruz with his family.

Call of the muezzin descends from the gilded cage  
of gold-painted bars that, like an airy egg, swells  
just before the needle of the minaret jabs the sky  
in this Muslim city; his Qur'an is open  
on a built-in stand that rises above the stairs,  
and the words that surge up through him  
are not his, but call to everyone;

and now  
an after-echo sounds as another minaret  
of the city starts in—words catch fire  
and spread—and yes, another, even fainter,  
each signal tower lit in turn, turning  
through the day until day returns to this spot,  
each man suddenly not alone;

while below,  
others rise and wash and ready themselves  
to fall on their knees, and god knocks off  
their shoes before they enter mosques, and god  
kneels with them on prayer mats, says thanks  
for the faithful few that fill the temples and  
churches, the synagogues and monasteries,  
bowing down to something they've created  
that created them—circle that circles us all—  
and no one is alone for this hour, this day,  
this life, and no one is not touched:

believer,  
unbeliever, vaunted cantor, too-proud priest,  
soldier removing paper prayers from cracks  
in the Wailing Wall so others can be folded in,  
sweeper of temple steps who listens  
to dry pine needles and stoops to scoop up  
bird smears, plague survivor who raises  
lesioned arms—

and the angel who's every angel  
steps into the still pool and troubles the water  
as we fumble off our cots and follow  
to be suckled by the sweet plashing sounds,  
for all doors are open and no one's mouth  
will go unfulfilled by song, for we are all children  
who have done wrong—who can do no wrong.

WILL MARINO

*Shadow (fig tree), 2014*  
Wound and folded paper, 37.5 x 49 x 2.5 in



PHOTO BY R.R. JONES