

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

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RHYTHMS

The rising sun
Warms the wind
Rushing through the fine grasses
Grasses rooted deep
In dark brown soil
Water

Bounces and beads
Off and on the blades of grass
As days
Flip like playing cards
The echoes
Bounce off the surrounding hills

As time
Rushes forward
The loving blackness
Of the descending night sky
Finds stars and the moon
Standing watch from above

Watching waves
Rhythmically
Pound the shore
Both the sun and moon
Know well - the bottomless sensuality of this kiss
They wait for each other - stare over the great expanse

Light up with all the colors of heaven and earth
But say nothing
Time rushing, twisting and turning again
As the fly silently soars over my head
Floating on the light morning air

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Soaring forward

Before lightly settling on the surface
Of the sun-splashed water
Within this light-filled silence
A pulsating rhythm
Buffets my soul, while below
Gills rhythmically open and close in the rushing water

Eyes rotate upward
Light and all the colors of heaven and earth
Suddenly streak toward the surface
Life, light and color
Explode in the still morning
The river turns to watch impassively

As a soft breeze blows through my heart
My soul moves to the day's slow rhythm
Both heart and soul knowing well
The bottomless sensuality
Of this gentle lingering kiss

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THE UNFOLDING

What has just happened - has happened before - and will happen again
You have been here before, and will be here again
Your face will be different, your standing - perhaps your gender
But it will be you
Intuition, impulses - they are memories
You are attracted by the way someone wears his or her hair
You glance into the light in someone's eyes, and recognize something
What?
What you recognize is something different
Something different that you know
Something you know
Though
That is not different
Ever
Not before, not after and not now
Is the other
The other is - and always will be - the same
S/he is always out there
A star on the horizon of your being
Without even being aware of it, as you engage in idle conversation,
You are constantly glancing up and away - to the horizon
Always remaining aware of his or her movement
For like eagles, ospreys and wolves you have mated for life
For all lives - every life - you have one true mate
Your other half
It is s/he that truly makes you whole
Yes, the pieces get moved around. Decisions have to be made
Decisions of consequence
Each one triggering a ripple effect into the future and the past
And after each one - after each and every decision
You unconsciously glance up and away - searching
Searching as the constant unfolding continues
Every time you think it is done you realize

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There is another panel to open
More decisions to be made
Decisions of consequence
One day though, it will be over
It will be done.
Your work on this tier will be complete.
And as you roll down the grass covered hill in each other's arms
Under clear blue skies, finally coming to a rest at the bottom
You look into the other's eyes and recognize something tangled up in all
the laughter.
Something different
Something the same
What?
It is you!

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ANCIENT STONE

It is one of my favorite places
One of my favorite moments
A corner
Of an ancient stone wall
Standing silent through the ages
As the world grows all around
Silent and still stone
Standing now in a majestic hardwood forest

I tuck myself into the corner
On a pile of dry oak leaves
Wrap my arms around my knees
And sit silently
Within the great silence
Listening to the chatter and voices
All around
I have always gone back

Always I return
At different times
And different ages
Move myself into my corner
My arms wrap around my knees
I sit in silence
Listening to the chatter and voices
All around

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The shadow of the now massive oak
Falls over my face
Lifted to the blue sky
The wind whispers to me and washes time
Ancient stone still has my back
Arms rest lightly on my knees
Eyes close with a slow smile
As my thoughts quietly

Move to you