

*Wilderness House Literary Review 2/1*

**witness**

I am married to a dream  
some might call it a prison, others a passion  
in either case, the sun shines its white guise  
into the sea of my eyes, your eyes  
unmasked, staring into our wants,  
a bridge carrying all the weight of the outside  
too many stones and many of them drifting

How could I have let myself be blind  
to the wilderness, the chaos  
kneeling in front of the canvas praying  
will these colors, shapes and textures  
ever explain the meaning of the world's  
destruction, oh maze of silence  
your corners have led to shadow  
and your heavens dispel only  
a thin wave of light

I am married to a star blinking  
through freezing flakes of temporary bliss,  
they fly and only enjoy the moment  
this I know and have learned  
as I have that there is only reflection  
and I breathe witness to this strength,  
we are here dancing in the clouds  
and our only river is faith.