

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Lolita Paiewonsky

SEEING

(On the Need to Write)

Build me a mountain, build me a world
 build me a vision
so I can curl up in it, the stream of it
 like silvery rain in spring
and there lay or sleep or die or dream
 it washing over me like a good river,
un río de pax, a river of peace
 streaming down and winding around
mountainsides quilted in wildflowers
 volcanosides, sleeping and brown
Indianmounds like Chinesejade
 covering the ancestors sleeping beneath
peace like the dawn, in the air
 cascading silently over me, me laughing
lying curled inside the world inside the waterfall
 only I can see.
inside the vision inside the mountain, inside the world
 only I can see.