

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

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So far beyond the casual solitudes

—Wallace Stevens, “Re-Statement of Romance”

Sleeked and long-haired mosses
stream in the cool rush of McKenzie River, their peridot green
silkeness brushing the black sides of basalt.
Second waterfall in a series, we sit
on an weathered wood bench overlooking
what we’ve come to call our living room. Here, Steller’s jays
accompany us along the trails we hike
(the sweat-equity of finding beauty within).
When I walk or sit with you, my soul-kin beyond reason,
I cease to feel the borderlines of our skin and merge
into the miraculous union which madmen call *love*.
It’s a ferocious stillness,
a steady rush of earth-buzz and staunch anticipation of desire.
We are intermingling—
no longer do our bodies separate or conceal
(we congeal into oneness, a single eye).
We become the wind, cedar, sun and maidenhair fern.
Chipmunks must understand what’s going on;
they linger at bush-edge, watching.
When my essence wafts sideways into your chest
I guess at a term for feeling: “joint-solitude” — a way of being
in our space with no definition,
uniquely alone together
in a world of magic & stilled time, crossing the simple harmonies
of endorphin high rafting the glacial blue of this water’s
roaring consistency: it runs and spills and keeps on
pouring its translucent juice into our hearts’ conduit byways.