

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/4

Cleo Griffith

Butterflies and Chaos

When I don't sleep does someone
on the other side of the world
respond by oversleeping?
Are we connected like
the butterfly and the tornado,
moon and tides?
I am dazed and dazzled
by the cold sun this bright day.
In a warm place opposite
does someone question a dark moon?
What conversation could we have
during these balancing moments,
perhaps begin to work at righting the world,
set up equalization, boundaries,
systems and procedures,
there would have to be a Chair,
and a Co-Chair and Committees,
and that would probably end like
so many group endeavors -- in chaos,
which is where we are now.

I will just wonder alone, not request
the populations of the world to intervene,
their thoughts of butterflies
are probably more romantic than mine.

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Telling You About Her

I will tell her, you are the one she needs,
you will understand the steps she takes
into the creek bed, water to her knees,
you will understand the fascination
of the challenge to escape the near
and fade into nature's camouflage.

You will know the distinction between
afternoon and evening suns,
between the flotsam of water's path
and man's carelessness.

To you, her definitions will harmonize,
you sway to the same rhythm,
walk the same paths on different plains,
see the same fine shadows from the past
upon the sunshine of today.

I will tell her, come to you,
communion heals.

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Urgent Edges

I burn the imitations behind which I cowered,
light urgent edges along the murmur of snow,
my soul says project style,
present knowledge with crescendos--
but I forget how to sparkle, inspire

I remember pomegranates electric red
I want the eerie to be me in partial space
I call for burn, light, water

My heart says match the rattle of trains passing,
the river overwhelmed with winter
says sigh with me, cry with me,
the moon says be inconstant in a regular cycle

my quick radiant action will be irreversible,
crack open, beginning again