

so runs the free river

"brings us across to the other shore..."

borders, so-called, and given strength —
so easily transcended
by breath, by spirit;
wild song.

Fire songs, sky songs, mountain songs —

becoming mountain

becoming sky

becoming song

becoming —

the creek
splashes my face

the trail crosses over.

The planet carries us —

I go out to talk to the fire at night,
it whips 'round to me.
sun energy sounds
in air — in wood — in earth

brings dreams;

and we look ever to the skies.

fire-stars /
desert flowers, everywhere

The brightest stars,

my tracks.

The bright edge cuts across,

leaves only the sound of wind

pure songs come clearer

no brighter moment than when
we look right in the eye
of another

horizons where hearts meet

Earth-maker's lifelines

mountains and rivers,

great thunder ways,

trails, tracks way out behind,

kenshō flashes of our ancestors:

more highways than we could ever need,

this blue star still shining.

new days call

every part of me and you —

we are this arc

as far as we can see,

contains all of us.

kestrel swoops and swerves back around for another pass,
he's too fast for them, but they're so many!
kestrel call wakes me.

I take a breath at dawn

an arrow
let fly by the bow of the sky,

sunrise fires — out on mountaintops.

I hold this fire in my two hands

and it doesn't burn me —

my heart beats a-blaze,

this, like all the gifts we carry comes without even asking.

We do the best we can.

For peace, we reach higher.

For peace, we listen.

Sep. '20

("brings us across to the other shore..." (/Heart Sutra/); ken: 'seeing', shō: 'nature' or 'essence')

I climbed, 'wildly awake'

I climbed

— *the same spruce, the same snow* —

where the real wild spirits are said to go

'You gotta find out where wolves go when they die',

he called back to me and he went out the door

in a dream that woke me,

and said 'remember — remember why that woke you.'

remember —

running on, running bright

Wildly awake

real dreamtime.

life-song in

your bright shining heart,

your bright shining mind.

Full-color desert sky!

Can't look away, can't even try

when all the animal spirits come to look you straight in the eye.

'Light in the eye...'

Yet to learn,

so much to learn.

San Bushmen say you've got to wake twice every morning,

once with body, once with heart.

Wake up body!

Wake up heart!

Open up, ways closed for the longest time,

fighting against Spirit.

June 2020

note:

“Light in the eye...” Gary Lawless (Caribou Planet, 2015) sent me a poem with the line “when the time is right / the spirit of the wolf returns” by email, which fit right with the dream I’d just had. He surprised me by sending me two books from Maine to here. “Wildly awake” is from Tim McNulty, read it that morning (from “Night, Sourdough Mountain Lookout,” in *Ascendance*, 2013). He wrote me back from Lost Mountain, with a ‘Yes!’ in answer to the Bushmen quote. I don’t really remember where I heard that, but maybe.