

Arriving At Words

The mind at last has found its very home
and field planted in language. Here the heart's door
opens into its own heaven, dwellings built
with the vowels and consonants of this world.

What a search and slanted road through forest
and city with unfathomable human horror and
natural majesty, burning and flowered, washed and blown.

On a planet clouded with questions I glimpse
the invisible here and there unshadowed, where
I might have died not knowing
it is all poetry.

But here I am, awake, living for a time within
the great mystery tilted on its axis.

Sandy Meade 1999