

Land, Wellsprings, Layers





Ravines interlacing this canyon
Curves of land
Curves seemingly as a pregnant mother
Her body grounded against sharp broken rocks
Scattered drops of erosion
Amidst a geologic storm of tumbling stone

Ridges outlined by occasional lone pine
Lines of sediment
Lines of aging mother nature
Her body exposed, deeply
thru the layers
Revealing years of past times

Land covered over with old growth
Buffeted yellow straw grass
Skeletal reminders of summer gold
Leaving expelled ghosts of seeds
Gone into ground for spring



Standing here leaves one strangely out of body

This place resists the intrusion
Wind peeling past as
Intense invisible icicles on the skin
Numbing one down, pushing one on
---to move with the sounds ---
roaring gently into the distance

Is this the sound of wind
or river from below?

Becoming inconsequential as each belongs to movement
Which takes all back to time
Whether of land, stone, grass or body
As time always comes, eventually to move us each on by



===== Side Excursions =====

Like the land, this section only shows a surface of a topic. To move in pace with the geology of our life, we need to let time erode deeper aspects of our hidden self into view. Personal knowledge, discovery, self revelations: each comes in stages, exposed by the whims of the wind of passing happenstance.