The Verge of Enlightenment

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II. Moment of Parting

When the burning season comes
and fields blaze in contained borders,
smoke hovers in the atmosphere
and glides amongst the warm and cold fronts.

In the unripe infancy of fall
when summer has breathed her last
warm breath, but the leaves have not
browned nor the flowers entirely withered,

I recall sitting on that back porch
and breathing the thick musty air,
but this air was sweeter than that,
my grandfather's hand on my knee

while he smoked the pleasant aroma
of his wooden pipe, and we watched
the bright blaze rising over the fields
devouring the old and making way for the new.

IV. The Verge of Enlightenment

From the abandonment of an old fire tower
the blackened soil simmered in the aftermath
of an uncontrollable blaze, the rolling sea
of infinite green and Douglas Fir

had smoldered to insignificant ash
and the countryside was barren.
The ragged edge of this blackness
was a brown fringe along a timberline,

and through the timber meandered
a small stream that flowed, unknowingly,
as though nothing were lost. Then,
looking over the edge of the tower,

I saw that the soil here was rich
but the height was unnerving,
not so high to disfigure the rocks below
and not so low to offer security.