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Edu.

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Edu.

Before, I thought I wondered
What impossible gulf one would encounter?
To reach the land so often promised.
A promise of enlightenment?
Yes, to take me beyond my borders.
I saw the ford as others had,
But there, in a flood of doubt
I drowned.
I pondered.
Courage surged into my soul,
I crossed the flooded tide.
Quivering on the far shore
I couldn't see the promise,
Doubt racked my soul
Laid me waste on the desert's floor.
Distraught I fought to focus.
Crystal vision.
Spirits soared.
Grasping soul revealed
The bondage of seductive ignorance.
Rising, rising clarity.
Coral world in a Caribbean Sea
I longed to succeed! Succeed!
Vastly before me turquoise sea.
Ignorance lost.
I sea. Edu.

Song of Gaia

Should you come through the door the light increases, and should you leave the light does down at noon.
The harmonies I hear change as your presence shifts from near to far through twelve descending tones.
I love you like the shepherd loves the day.
O, revelations! Mountain peaks at dawn!
My poems document these vast sensations, but all I can be sure of is your bones.

Your body fills all space, your face exists in all dimensions. Your lips cannot be touched behind the flesh they move in rhythms strange, their words are mysteries, handfuls of stones.
Nor does your name give any clue to your true being. There's blood and laughter, love and pain in you, but all I can be sure of is your bones.

Stephanie Hopkins Hughes

Tim Tanner