

Ways of Being

for John A. Livingston

Oh, let me see the world with a falcon's eyes:
Height and speed, the sound of failing;
the flash of killing, the smell of flight;
let me be the world with those eyes:
let me know the power,
let me feel the way.

Oh, let me see the world with a wolf's nose:
Stealth and mapping, the colour of pursuit;
the scent of belonging, the song of night;
let me be the world with that nose:
let me know the power,
let me feel the way.

Oh, let me see the world with a dolphin's ears:
Depth and texture, the odour of water;
the music of space, the image of free;
let me be the world with those ears:
let me know the power,
let me feel the way.

Louise Fabiani

Infatuation

i watched her dip her hand
into the deep dark blue lake,
sipping, while staring into the cold depths
watching her rippling reflection.

Blue sky, a harsh northern sun
beating strongly, struggling to hand warmth
to this permanently cold stronghold,
The trees bravely stand,
and here, there the granite juts its long knobby fingers
into the lakes,
making rivers rush roaring over windswept rocks,
the cool breeze hushing the sound.

i pull myself out of the wind,
once more i look round slowly
grasping my paddle
a deep sigh escapes, i breath deeply of
the cool breeze,
i look at her, she at me,

the paddles dip
quietly
we slide on our way.

rolf struthers

