MANIFESTATION

Where there is an open door
I will walk through it,
to find that place uncontained,
that space undefined
    by walls or floors or ceilings - the only border
made by the limits of my own skull.

My feet - unshod
by pavement - will know where to tread:
on fallen twigs and needles,
avoiding mouse and flower and spider web,
even if eyes are closed
to allow smell and hearing to savor,
to guide most wisely and willingly
as if following a map
    woven into the genetic code.

And there you will find gods:
hearts pulsing with every
murmur and thump and flutter,
blood coursing red and green through miles of vessels,
breath coming the howling, moaning wind
    and the sighs of pine boughs.

Then I will let all this wrap around me,
wrap me into it,
and open myself around it, my hands
ever caressing tenderly what invisible
corporeal form I give it, knowing
its infinite topography
    as well as a lover's.

And, when at last I need to rest,
I shall lie
with my ear to the ground.

L.F.

TO DANTE FROM 1981

We are oft
without centre
computerized
in the medulla oblongata of living
suffering poets of life...

What are the stars
but light?
Oneiric waves of eternal flowing,
to our eyes
a great becoming among
Beings
of wisdom.

The
Universe
    unfolding
in   rose
petals
of Light.

I.C.K.

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ONE AFTERNOON IN THE ORINOCO BASIN

No eye can penetrate the green dark but the mind ventures, a road forms; the road welcomes machines, fire, and, within hours, there is enough clearing for a million human eyes to see nothing.

The vertical systems - an eon of adaptation - are brought to earth, destroying the "cancer cures," the "new crops," the "contraceptives;" through the sudden, yellow light they tumble into a more permanent darkness. We mourn but our loss: the collector's regret at the trophy unknown, the mystery unsolved. The phenomenon of life is the ultimate abstraction.

Through complexity, these lives co-evolved. Through stupidity, they cease existence, rotting quickly under the blind eye of the sun, glare unfiltered by the emerald canopy, the anchored clouds. To dust they return - fertilizer for grazing meat.

In the held-breath silence of destruction's wake, a voice emerges: a creature sings its own elegy:

My nose searches the air for the scent image of my mate, but she is covered in smoke. My cries echo across the hollow forest. She is long gone - a shard of shattered jewel, a thread from the tattered tapestry. My seeds will die - lonely - within me. Our children are sawdust. Our entire species is me.

L.F.

ENLIGHTENMENT

Profusely
confused
I reach to the afternoon wind.
Time clenched between my teeth, music rises to syllabus of tears.

Cleaning day arrives.

Laughter melts the face of fear.
Tourbillion of touching known.
Enlightenment comes lickety split.

I.C.K.