

# Poetry

by Louise Fabiani and Isabella Colalillo Katz \*

## 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.

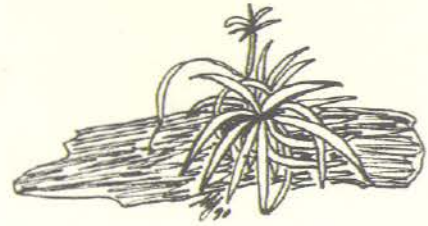
My feet - unshod  
by pavement - will know where to tread:  
on fallen twigs and needles,  
avoiding mouse and flower and spider web,  
even if eyes are closed  
to allow smell and hearing to savor,  
to guide most wisely and willingly  
as if following a map  
woven into the genetic code.

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.

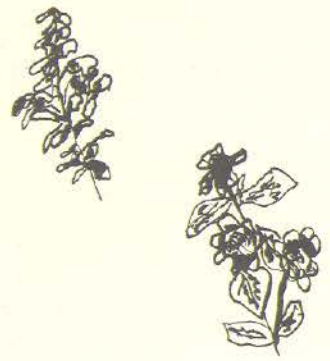
I.C.K.

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ONE AFTERNOON IN THE ORINOCCO 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 "contra-  
ceptives;" 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:

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.

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.

