



One Foot

Walking down the dusty road, far in the distance,
hidden by clouds,
by dust,
by the desire to look at what is going on by
my feet

I see mountains.
mixed with dreams,
mixed with hope.
mixed with visions,

And I put
 One foot
 in front of
 One foot
 in front of
 One mountain.

David Berger

deep ecology

this wilderness
 is strange

now,

only
in that

i notice for
the first

time,

recognizing
confusion

in my own
familiarity.

(if you can
imagine

a tree in
timbuktu

calling you
by name)

biggar

hopscotch

*the flowers and trees play hopscotch
over many years
the rocks that are hills and mountains are tossed
around rivers and streams
all life jumps and plays and tumbles
over sandy beaches
under cloudless skies
of endless blue
water
falls
like raindrops
landing softly
on a forest floor
of fragrant pine
needles and leaves
me waiting, wondering and watching
for the returning birds
eye view of the world waking
to spring
and jump and play
hopscotch with the flowers and trees*

randee holmes

watercolour

these are the clouds;
gathered, a fist.
these are the winds;
the east & the west.
this is the sun,
the green & the blue.
& this;
this is the darkness
that carries the moon.

Drawing light here
in rough sketches & buckets
an artist has been at work
reconstructing the moon
from mountain rib.

Teaching light
to the mountainside
Sun's madness
& the rise
& fall of oceans

this is an old trick
man from dust.

biggar



I saw, I heard, I felt
a forest, a maze of flowers
an ocean -
waves fragrant with colour, stirred by breezes,
and then tossed about by the gale
of my own perception.

Animals gradually emerged
from closeby, afraid
- my fear upon them -
yet willing to shrug off
100 millennia of practiced caution
and approach:

winging aside the cascading petals,
pawing the crushed nectaries,
slithering through a sea
of bright grains
to reach me.

One by one, eager beaks,
noses,
snouts

investigated my ignorant skin.
One by one, patient beings drew me in
as one of their own kind:

I leapt
and my arms suddenly feathered
into three-foot wings, and my clawed feet
securely rounded a branch; I spoke, and
a cry of triumph pierced the foliage;

I crouched
and my hands and feet
grew fur, became thickened and strong;
my voice discovered a low rumble; my maw
hungered for flesh; I blinked
into another Hairy One, and found myself hoofed,
and long-of-stomach, my lip eager
for fresh shoots and berries;

I lay down
and the length of me
thinned into a sleek streak of pale green;
my tongue bifurcated and I tasted
the heady scent of warmth all around me.

*

The rains came and we scurried
or huddled or openly drank
of liquid life; like the flowers,
we became our dependence: on the soil,
the rain, the sun, each other.
Like the flowers, we did not last.

Louise Fabiani