



Invitation To The Present

To dream of the tree is to be awake in the garden, of the pomegranates that leap into the girl child's cradled basket. Of the doves that circle as they climb the invisible helix toward the formless nest in the open. Of the raindrops that hang pearled, leaking bowl of sky lake. Beauty, the beautiful moment; cause for the shoreline herself to retreat and lay naked what galactic fossils, what lush remains, the remnants of spheres crushed between god-strong hands. Mass bending light flavored with the spittle of angels.

Look down! The earth shakes herself like some wet dog. Fences evaporate. A sure-footed child descends the embankment to check the day's traps. A bouquet of wheat. Cane fields swaying in the gentle breeze. Ceaseless dawning. The calling of limbs to fruit. The immortality of wonder. The very texture of love.

August 4th, '03
C. Mehrhoff