

A Triptych of Knowing

I. New grass laughed under our feet,
and warm fingers
twined lacework promises
one to one
while the greening trees threw a song of Eden
to the sky.

II. This is the power
of sadness.

It is winter, my grief shaking rain
from a sullen sky,
and each splash hardens
in mudded ice
another weighted chill across
the pit of my remembrance.

It is darkness
piled wet and cloudward about me,
this, the work of your renunciations,
forbidding tomorrow.

And soon silence,
heavy silence,
where I yet in my pit
slosh among deep-etched regardings
and quiver
to the fading echo of your magic
incantations.

III. I have made me
a coat of thorns
and wrapped me about in wonder
that yet another warmth
may call,
that yet again I might know
laughter and twining.

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