

In an Attempt to Find Eve

we dug through the dirt, breathing
her name into the fine mist of morning.

Miraculous creatures appeared
around us, first one and then
suddenly, another
ensconced in the swelling forest
crying out until all voices
melted into a singular song.

*Where did you go, and why did you go
so quietly?* Slipping noiselessly into the
black mouth of night while creation ached
for your touch. *Where did you go?*

Where did you go? We dug until nightfall
covered us, each turning slowly back toward the
refuge of trees, a new knowledge rising in our chests
while the moon, in her benevolence, covered us
in magnificent light.

The Forest

Each morning, and every time
the breeze covers us, we go running
into the trees under a canopy of birdsong
away from the dizzying world.

There in the forest, among
the oyster mushrooms, squirrels,
and moss, we are mercifully
(thankfully) unnoticed.

Like an animal mother, we hold
this novelty between our teeth
praying the owls will keep
calling out to one another the
intimate song of familiars.

Migration

Soon the leaves will begin to yellow
and a strange belt of wind will push
the monarchs south.

When they come, the goldenrod
will signal to them: Love Abounds Here.
Here, in this garden of celestial dreams,

in this small corner that the world has
not yet consumed, in this divine relationship
between all creatures living

and dead. They will stop and rest a while
sucking nectar from long-stemmed Asters
reclaiming their strength

before continuing on
into the glory of their lives.

Devotional

How devoted you are
to loving this world, to waking up
each day and beginning anew,

yesterday tucked away in a memory
or a dream you can only remember
the soft edges of.

The pliable and persistent mind
coaxed over hundreds of years and
thousands of small triumphs,

an unfathomable lightness cradled
inside you while you tend to the
quiet longings of the body.