

Coming home, breaking open

Serotiny

Serotiny | noun

1. (*botany*) seed dispersal as a result of an ecological trigger, typically fire.
2. The quality of being serotinous, requiring the heat of a wildfire to open.

—

For some of us, it goes this way

Hope

encased in a hard body
just waiting for a life that burns brightly
enough to set it free

What is this?

Do you feel broken?

It goes this way

for some of us

The remembering,

the forgiving,

(not of the ashes)

(of the embers)

of the glowing,

the remains

For some of us

it goes this way

we can hear it

say,

What is this part of us that does the knowing?

Well
some of us were born
to melt away

And then break open

So yes
it goes this way

And the days will still be cold
very likely

The years will wax
grow too large and wane

But when you feel that feeling—
your hope small
and all alone in your body

Remember:
that's the lighting sky
inside you longing

Brave
and poised
to one day strike

November Sky

Tomorrow there will be a bird that sings into the morning
There will be a soft cool evening welcomed by a delicate waning moon

Tomorrow the leaves will fall onto the soil
and the squirrels will bury their nuts
only to forget where they placed them come winter

Tomorrow, I'll visit you in the afternoon
and then think fondly of you on my drive home
Today, I sit very still
and wonder why the sky turns so bravely orange
on the days we feel most ashamedly alone

Today, I look upon the trees and whisper
a silent thank you to their bowing branches
to the million breathing beating conversations
never meant for my straining human ear

Today, I sit here and wonder how much I can belong to something
like a lake or a wild wild wood

I too sit by the water
I too gaze out across the ancient widening plain

January Prayer

Listen now:
there's a home welling up inside you

Through the orange,
through the glow of the windows,
you watch yourself return

And practice—
it's a swelling,
it's a thawing,
the embrace of a new day's dawning

It's a cracking open,
like a pale eager hand poised to pray

It's climbing
like starlight
this new tide warming the shoreline

This someone
composing a morning
from the ever-dull dark of your shame

Who am I?

I am that humming
in my chest
I am that very ancient flame

I am that aching
I'm that burning
I'm that brimming that bursting
Redeemed in dreaming and
laying claim
to what time could not change

So, I whisper now
a no-longer-secret vow

And I listen
for its not-so-quiet resounding song

Confessing that
the night has finally left us

Confessing that
here,
in the embrace of life's beginnings,
I do belong