

I have been thinking

and I think
you are
the wilderness

it would be difficult
to discern
of course
amidst all your tears
and sleepless hours
blackness
appearing all around
tugging deep
it felt like drowning

but you are not
you are breathing
purest air from its source
you are beneath
yes
but not the water

do you see now
though it is still dark
the lichen above you?
the forest floor
a living quilt overhead
and roots
you did not know you had
they
are tugging
in their tumultuous growth
but not down

up
the sunlight says
pouring in
from tiny cracks
in the labyrinthine assemblage of sticks
and grasses
mushrooms
chartreuse buds
moist red earth
and your redder blood
mixed

wildflower heart
you are scattered
yes
but melodic
like seeds
vivid
sixteenth-notes
prim rose poems in the yawning canyon
emollient petals
amongst the singing stones

grieving spirit
bright wind
and falcon huntress
riotous
serene
together at once
and each apart
and
in your own time

atlas lungs
Three Sisters strength
you
are
the wilderness

for there is none so vast
and ever-growing
so deep
and undiscovered
and strewn with stars
as the love
that is searching you out
from
within you