

the Intimacy

Mount Eerie

The only reason I'm moved seeing clouds and hills mingle
Is because the intimacy of the world otherwise stays hidden
Even though I know it's there
(In animals calling
In the cave overflowing
In the food I've built on
In the song of the bat
And in rotting bodies unfolding)
I am touched each time I can see hand-holding
Mist married to branches married to me with my eyes
Stopping my work for a moment to say
"What a generous place is unveiling here!"
And
"Thank you. We have enough"