

*To Nurture
To Nature*

A poem by Maria Barnas

Follow hooves up the hill
becoming hills and then sliding valleys,

up up through the rippling sand
and soon we are rushing as one body

gathering speed with wind rustling
through our hair, blowing in all directions.

I catch my breath between the clouds
gushing towards the mountains

over the trees and clouds in me.
How their hues and contours brighten.

I feel the grip of my hand tighten
around a stone I found at a bend

in the river. I am holding on to forms
of a past, a certain shape

of the future, showing the way.

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The trees like to loose their contours
to ease into pure being. I wonder

what exists beyond their names and variations.
They seem to know and sway

in a silence that becomes bristling:
a single word in my hand.

There is a melody in the slow beckoning
of their branches, a movement

you may remember: rattling a stick
along a park's fence, bouncing a clear voice

off the cars passing by, clunking a bag
packed with future, one heart two hearts

pounding against the humming
of the sky, humming.

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How can I keep all this alive?
I am not sure how to swim

exactly in the perfect water
that opens up before me

clear and unclear as time.
I open my hand and see water

thrive, a precious stone, a promise
to keep. This is what I carry

as the purest sky and why
I spread my arms and dive.