

Tilth

I am deep into this love
like a gardener turning over and over and over
the tilth of a garden.

There are so many who could benefit
from discovering your inner garden.

But like clay pots - blind and mute - on the potter's shelf they sit.
Whilst I drink from you with parched lips,
your essence seeping through my pores
like long tendrils of roots
begging for communion.

I hear my voice now stroke its fingers
through your red hair,
chasing your hidden thoughts
like an autumn breeze playing out
the last falling maple leaf.

Now when I enter gardens
I am awake.

Miasha

for Narana, February 14, 1997