

Ways



The way of water
is a downward way.
Humbly it meanders
under and between
until some low sea
breathes it aloft
into our only sky.

The way of forests
is to drink deeply
and unfold sunward
through brittleness
into more calm than
can be understood
by most ambulators.





The way of deserts
is to store and restore.
Cacti are old canteens
holding what's dear
behind prickled walls
while basking loftily
in abundance of sun.

The way of ways
is a study in if.
Go we fully know
but ends we don't.
A way is how best
we can walk with
our bag so heavy.

