

Sophia

Sophia is a bird
glimpsed through the trees
She calls me to follow
without knowing where she leads

Sometimes I find feathers
fallen in the leaves
Hints and signs to guide me
to remind me to believe

Searching for knowledge,
for light in my mind,
Looking for elusive truth
for clear and wiser sight

(Though a part of me grasps
the goal is not the gold;
That gifts of love along the way
are the true treasures to hold)

Sophia is a word
whispered in my heart
Framing silent questions
I have no words to ask

Her flight traces my own longing
both need and source of all I seek;
The song of love and joy and grief –
the silence and the speech.

Knowing

Closer to me are my eyes
than the things which my eyes
seem to see;
closer to me than my thoughts
is the space where my thoughts
rise and die.

Ask me the knowing I know
and I'll answer in the blood
between beats of my heart;
the being that waits and beholds,
and endures beyond what is beheld.

Closer to me than my mind
is this gnosis I feel that I know,
that watches the knower
and watches the watching,
that remains when I close my eyes.

Mirror Image

Reaching out with eye of mind
I grasp the stars and hold
their images as mirror
to constellations of my soul

As a poet sees the link
between the moon and dreams
so divine imagination may
discern the stitches and the seams

The gods that steer this wheeling arc
weave patterns, signs, designs:
webs are spun in cosmic silk
and are echoed in our lives

To lay against celestial maps
the lines that form my path
is to spin a thread between
my psyche and the stars

The Poem

It has entered me, this wolf,
by stealth, under the old guise
of yellow-papered second-hand sight;
let in by the lapse of my usual guards,
soothed by soft late-night bedside
page-turns and light looks.

I thought to watch from a distance –
he lured my gaze, promised
a fence between his lean strength
and my fragile body –
now he has closed the distance.

The poem has left the sure muscles
of a thing, out there, to find a den
deep in the nerves that tangle
between eyes and the hot-bed of feeling,
housed somehow in the shadowlands
beneath my skull and skin.

I know he will not leave,
this beast, the new animal
will never be released
though I may forget
he's there.

