

How many days in the weeping cave
seeking the inner place
would it take before aloneness
became a festival of revelation?

how many prayers before the moss
grows a language for saying things
potent enough to wake our languor?

what depth the cavern river
before light cannot breach its belly?

what lives within the deeps
illuminated not by sun

how vast the music of the hollow's
endless chambers

how pure the tones of sequestered moments
strung across the heart
an heirloom bright and rosy

and the bath in the limestone circle
sulfurous vapors tickling up the stalagmites'
slick and oozing slopes
sour emanation whose only want
is to go on curling

the stacked stones at the wall's foot
gray and cadenced against themselves
marking prior presence
yearning for those to come

bright wind at the mouth
beckoning bravely
for who knows what might
come answering from the dark?

and still the secluded body
drinking light into its heart
rubbing fingers against smoothed stones
a mutual massage

kneeling between hard places
leaning on the strong tree of nothingness

dozing off behind vanguard of pines
to serenade of breeze along chosen crevasse
away from a world of quailing

fattening on the fruit inside the moment
grain swelling on the loom of dreaming

in the cave
that womb of a possible inner place
contracting at the call of moon.

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