

FOUR POEMS

by Pamela Light

SECRET TELLING

In this rare time when I have days alone
I hear the trees resume their secret telling.

They whisper spells, speak of sacred paths
conjure smoky visitations from ritual fires.

Their dervish dance draws down the moon
They dive thirsty into earth's depths.

They say
Invite the humid approach of jealous storms
the hot wash of sky's complaint.

Confound the hubris of the sun
Reach and meet as equals.

Drenched and seared by storms and stars
bend or rise.
Chant burn dance dive.

THE SURFER

The distant figure paddles
 on his rainbow board
out into the vast blue
 where he lies on the sea
and studies her movement.

Seduced by the swell of her power
 he rises with her
and stands upon his fragile craft.

With outstretched arms
 and tender balance
he traces her heights
 maps her undulations
and rides and rides.

FLIGHT

She ducks into the bar like she's
 escaping some familiar tyrant.

The atonal chaos of the music
 tracks her to the barkeep
and prompts her reckless request
 for a double scotch.

The barstool creaks under
 her awkward bulk when
she swivels to one side
 then the other, searching
strangers' faces for
 the threat of recognition.

Gulping the iced whiskey
 darting eyes refusing a partner
she bangs the tumbler down
 on the mottled bar
turns and
 steps on my foot
as she banks for the exit
 red skirt flying.

THE VOLCANO

I soar on bird's wings into
the majestic earthworm
extinct volcano eroded
by cold cosmos
exposed sides
black with vegetation.

I skim interior walls toward
the waterfall's rush which
crashes unimpeded onto
glossy rocks below and
like a silver ribbon
drapes across the inner floor.

I track the crystalline flow
out to the waiting sea
and hear ancient echoes grumbling
seething magma
recalling Peel's former might
and dreaming her return.