

Beyond a Distance

Beyond a distance, a fog arose,
an expectation of sullen clouds
that froze themselves and settled to the earth
too still to bloom out of their bulbs of truth.
In such a state I put away my gaze
just out of sight beyond that which one knows.

Trying to fall asleep, I felt a tickle upon my nose.
In a rush from my bed I quickly arose.
I could not believe what had taken my gaze:
Giant white and disfigured clouds
rolling past the window, revealing the truth,
of the great beauty that is earth.

I'm happy enough to live here on this Earth,
where my world seems at the tip my nose.
Of course it is! And I know the truth,
almost as much as I know that that's a rose,
and that those are ominous clouds
that lumber through my glimpsing gaze.

I do not fear what I cannot gaze
upon. All that is real is my beloved earth.
I sometimes see messages in the clouds,
but I fear I cannot see what's beyond my nose.
Am I foolish? I was once, when I arose
like a zombie from a dirty grave and uncovered the truth.

"The earth cannot lie; she is filled with all things truth."
It's a fact I ponder while I gaze
at a universe that cannot be sorted into so many rows.
How blessed am I to be alive on this Earth,
if only she'd tell me all that she knows,
instead of hiding her knowledge in the clouds.

To feel into the soft machine of clouds,
to fill one's heart and mind with seeds of truth,
to see beyond the limit of what one knows!

Democrats, Republicans, straights, trans, bisexuals, gays --
such petty labeling that binds us on this Earth!
It keeps us from mastering the mystery of a rose

and clouds our sight of the angels in ourselves. How they arose
once, are rising still, a truth beyond tongue, beyond eyes, beyond nose,
beyond ears, leaving in an un-gaze, still waiting for their return to us, on Earth.

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