Cultural Daily

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Deena Metzger: Two Poems

Deena Metzger · Wednesday, May 13th, 2020

Tattered Flags Across Richmond Bridge

for Krystyna

The way two images become one occasion, because the wind is a messenger, and, perhaps, also a creator.

Wind, breath, spirit, the same in languages arising from seeds carried great distances, even up river or across the sea to be planted in distant places.

The land becomes a vast altar before our eyes as we gaze, eyes closed, at what is sanctified between us.

The sacred does not need us to manufacture anything, but to tend what springs from the soil, and even the fire at the center of the Earth.

Today, an old friend sent a photo: she is standing in a stream alongside an Elephant who is healing from the terrible work of our hands.

The flags flying between the eucalyptus trees, have images of Wolves who are, at this moment, suffering the hunt.

A young Christian girl wrote from Georgia asking about the Spirits and calling herself, Little Lost Wolf.

Whatever we do or don't do,
the water remains the water,
the air remains the air,
whatever dark burdens
we force them to carry.
And you, there,
gaze, with awe,
at the invisible, revealed by the flags breezing
along Richmond Bridge,
the way I, here, gaze
at tattered flags between the trees.

What we ask, is to hold each other, as we lean into the wind, or dive deep into the holy waters in order to serve promises we made before we were born.

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Night Canoe

When the language of prayer is a tree, walking, or the steady oars of a night canoe across the sky, and each word spoken is a step on the path of not gaining on the future, then, we can also go out, as we once did, dodging Spider webs slung across trees, trembling as we give our word.

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