

Unfolding

Loosen, fingers,
loosen your death grip on this very day.
Open to the atmosphere of open,
drink in large draughts of clear.
Hear the rain linger freely on your blessed face.

Breathe in the wreathes of a hero's laughter,
for life is an enormous,
and very tender,
Fool.

That dark cellar,
those cruel rememberings,
can be at rest for the day.

Rivers bubble gradually from springs
long before they go swaying through the wilderness.

Mountains green softly into hills over eons,
no sooner.

These are the rhythms of the great heart of a whale
were she to become a world.

This is the unheralded music, the slow rhyme,
waiting to be savored and held
in your loose and local fingers
this very day.

Dawn Elizabeth Hunt