

Moments

Don't think of time, time
Has its festivals, its anniversaries, it has
Periods of this, years of that—
The hunger for privilege, experience,
The pain of age, and the changes
That time brings.

Think of moments, the seasons' round,
The staggering holiness of every
Day's happenings, their grace
And aptness; golden, sunlit wings—
Moments' pure certainty,
Aching wholeness.

Time begins and ends, brings misfortune
As well as blessings; moments are not
For you to seize, or own, or remember
As yours, but are for you to live.
In these endless moments your time
Is confounded.

Mistakes in Time

I am not concerned with mistakes
In time—if I see uncommon virtue
Suddenly manifest, I know not to wonder
But to accept the gift as given.

No harm to take counsel from when—
If virid truths are themselves
They come as they must; no confusion
In time, that folds and opens.

I know that rivers are the arteries
Of the land, and I see that land,
Land in drought, green,
With bushes where buildings were.

I see a tree blossoming, then snow,
Spring's all-power, chill wind—
The house that does not exist
Yet, or no longer does, is open.

I know that wherever our footsteps
Lead, it is on trodden paths;
The course of affairs is now,
Time makes no mistakes.

Beyond Love

Beyond love is an arctic sea
Falling against the granitic land—
Curlews crying from the flows,
Swans on the lochan.

Beyond love is desert grass,
Desert scrub, ancient peneplain
Stretching far away, bird-calls,
A lizard in the spinifex.

Beyond love is an empty land,
But not without the sea,
The granite shore, the immensity
Of craton-shield—love.

The Fourth Person

The fourth person in some languages
Has a special ending, to mark
Lesser importance.

In *our* language it's not a habit
Of grammar, instead it's one
Of common thought:

The fourth person hardly exists
In any belief, is ignored
In all truth,

Yet it is itself multitudes,
The heart of need, mother
Of all living.

The first three persons command,
They have their reasons, but the fourth
Stands aside, and smiles
At their presumption.