





not knowing
is most intimate
-dizang

riddle of panarces in plato's republic:

There is a story that a man & not a man saw & did not see a bird & not a bird perched on a branch & not a branch and hit him & did not hit him with a rock & not a rock



the nature of your exile



loss of what you thought was home a place a people an innocence even the center of what you thought was yourself disorientation to find it gone perhaps you are larger now what served yesterday as center became the suburbs and you a dot of light in the womb of the universe wrapped in your grandmother's handkerchief the one with tatted lace she still keeps in the sleeve of her sweater all humans are born premature suckle milk from cracked vessels vast as space intimate as an orphan bird asleep against your neck feathers woven with your hair

a somewhat something moving dreamlike



on a fading road



? there in the firs where the foxes dug their neat cushioned bed to sleep hidden beneath heavy boughs i found my way by accident afraid my scent would frighten them yet still i stayed in that wild sweetness intimate under trees where no human goes

wild mysterious sweetness

just for now

? just for now don't lament the loss of species not when these crazy pink and orange flowers explode like fireworks on the green bush each blossom a party even as things die even as the sky growls flicks tears from its clouds it has always been this way spotted owls don't despair they grow feathers and fly

questions don't get answered, they just change



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About the author: Jane Brunette teaches and writes about meditation, spirituality and creating a soulful life in challenging times. She created Writing from the Soul, an approach to writing that has spawned groups around the world, and she mentors individuals in writing and spiritual practice. The author of three collections of poetry and numerous essays, her novel *Lineage of the Trees* received a Nautilus Book Award. Her website is flamingseed.com.