

Roots

by Darryl Price

We're still falling. Sometimes it looks like we're
not because the seasons change. There's nothing
that I would say now that I didn't say
to you then. It's a long way from a state
of amazing grace when you refuse to

even listen to the winds in your own
heart's canyon. If you're frozen you're still a
wondrous thing in some kind of vibrating
motion. Look around you. The trees are an
ancient prime example of this type of

living river, with its lapping songs to
the land. They are constantly stampeding
forward, outstretched, with a tree shaped message
in their growing branches, but the world won't
exactly listen. If they stop to graze,

it's only because they have young ones with
them who need rest and nourishment and play.
Same as all of us. And they might want to
simply celebrate and remember something
or someone important to the history

of all trees everywhere, but soon
enough their roots will get restless again
to communicate with the universe
in present movement and thought tenses. It's
not flight, as much as it's like dancing, only

it comes through in constant waves of wood
and sap in our visionary world. But

it's still only us I'm talking about.
So when did we settle for believing
in nothing being national to heaven

on earth? We are here, we are not gone.
It's all here or it doesn't exist. Things
are trying to get your attention in
ways that won't involve so much greed or death
to us all. This poem is part of that

conversation. It's no more important
than a leaf, a snail or a cloud, but its
place is assured by a oneness that is
supplied by a certain bright knowing within
all things everywhere. It may be a

mystery, but it's not an imaginary
number. It is, however, if
you want to view it that way, a flowing
fountain of renewed hope for the weary
soul traveler. A navigator star.

An X marks the spot on a treasure map.
But it can never take the place of you.
Nor should it. You are the essential piece
we need to complete this journey home. The
doorkeeper who has the care of your part.

