



perception

take this image, photograph, window
ancient seabed wintered sky
snow strewn desolation
creosote and blue flax sleeping
nested in a Mojave stillness

you can almost hear the wind
feel the distant mountains
know it's twilight
imagine how summer creatures might fit it all together
in some living never again to be repeated jazz

the molecules, the entangled waves
our cells, the organs that make up our bodies
 free their names and our narratives for them
create community / exist by their Choices
commitments to serve One Another
how more sacred a place conceivable

no winning argument abides
no anything-can-mean-anything explanations will work
individuals, societies, networks eventually come to a juncture
either evolve, grow, mature
or fail

given the risk involved
 the Climate Crisis
 Nuclear Arms
 the gross Economic Inequity
what success not question
opinion not drop
what possible Heavenly change not make