

Into the Wilderness

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*A book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of bread,
a jug of wine and thou, beside me singing in the wilderness
~ Edward FitzGerald*

His hands trace the country of my eager skin, become a cascading waterfall of touch,
they guide me wild, wilder, into the wild grape wilderness—deep
where I am most feminine
He forms me from the love in his eyes, his gaze holds mine every time, my spirit is a bird
but my heart is a willing captive
Fog gathers on towering peaks, magenta sunset mirrors off the glaciated mountains,
everything promises elevation here as the twilight sky unveils its diamond drape
down steep slopes of granite and evergreen shadow
I step from a luminous river, water streaming from my hair and limbs, to find him there
on the bank to receive me, we're cast as one on the anvil of our primitive need
My love is a warrior with one foot in the rapids and the other in a ray of moonlight, his
shoulders are wide, his legs are strong timber, and so I fear no evil, only
his lips can tame mine, I kiss him down to the ache in his marrow
We're the lovers in this verse over a circle of stones learning to build fire, and this
untrammelled forest holds enough mystery to blaze for our lifetimes, and
he sings to me with his wilderness voice while he strums to his unrestrained song as the
woods slowly darken around us
I hear his voice in the wilderness, I hear him calling for me, he calls me—
Night Flower, Pretty as a Willow, Woman