TWO POEMS
By Therése Halscheid

Therése Halscheid has been an itinerant writer for more than two decades, living simply on the road as a house-sitter. She writes, “A nomadic lifestyle has allowed me to connect with the Earth and understand more deeply the interconnectedness between nature and human nature.”

Enlightenment

Regarding the lotus,
they have their beginnings in dark places
at the very bottom of things, of lakes and of shallow rivers, growing from the muck up, a frond navigating itself, fronds

long and green, leaving the muddy riverbed, its rocky silences.

Think of the stem
when its murky secret becomes its body’s truth,
think of the bud needing air
to open, needing to struggle without saying
and this is considered pure, this

is the white blossom
becoming light itself, on the surface of water.
To the Eskimo, glances are actions. And of actions, they leave a bright trail to read

so that when two crows hit against the glass window where Linky was, she said, *something has happened!*

she said nothing comes here without significance, that even the wind blows as God’s breath

shaking the willows, taking its leaves. She said what I said, that even dusk talks in long sentences of color.

Everything that shifts, moves, but not only for itself like the sun dropping a strong phrase of light

on a child, like the child giving a crow call the same moment as Linky sights the birds.

This is what the cold has taught. How the world is of words though no one is speaking

how the days went as this day went, which has nothing to do with time.