

The Mountain They Climb

some

in thirst
beside the fountain

lying with silence
leaving things open

some

thinking to please
the eye

through the hand
the psyche

by thinking
with the heart

some

helping the body
release its music

free from
background noise

beyond belief
or credulity

no definite article
before *soul*

some

giving themselves
up to it

not from desire
but with a will

conscious
in the act

of loving
of living

of dying
as an art

a trickle of faith
in the craft

some

in that calm
plenitude

accepting
the quickening air

some

casting no shadow
unaware

they are
the light

some

under the mountain
as it moves

an emptiness
a hollow in the rock

some

like moonlight
after the rain

immersed in shining
a glistening

turning on
the crickets

some

in touch
with themselves

with one another
lover and beloved

into it

despite themselves

some

quiet as clouds
on still water

blue petals
settle on

sunlight
the morning after

some

bowing toward the mountain
they climb