

Belonging

I know where Molly is
On this human stage
As we fall helpless facing
Mysterious unknown.
Infinite belonging is what it's about,
Willing to render ourselves obsolete
Yet timeless, having a place in the universe
Not rented nor leased but owned.
We negotiate ourselves under a full moon
On abandoned nights
Into arms open for infusion
Of endless love.

Found sister never to give over
To dark mystery as your very blue eyes
Shine recognition and light.
Effervescent laugh
Penetrating thought
Stoic and profound your stature.

Without unity of intention
For each other's well being
We would flounder helplessly alone
Trying to divert flood waters
In canyon deep. Build a raft using father knowledge,
Fish with brother reel enthusiastically probing,
Locate your mother whereabouts intuitively and wait
Knowing your small warming morning fire
Gives way to sunrise.

Ray Johnson, May 2008