

## **Run Fox, Stop Beyond Reach**

Advancing train cry  
Through a fragile eye watering night.  
The call to her to conceive  
The imponderable silence  
As the last decibel fades.

Give birth at a clear blue hour  
when darts the golden fox  
Through brush and salt cedar,  
Never to drop guard  
In the bosque freedom.

What form takes liberation  
As through the canal new life  
Emancipated in a moving milieu?

This she strives for and only this,  
A home unrestricted with love's pervasive smile  
Though death roams and a star falls in growing silence  
After the last train whistle.

Ray Johnson, 2009

## **We Are Bound**

Night's dark with age.  
Coldness wraps its hands  
Around our spine as we slide up  
To the fire  
Encouraging our thoughts to go  
Where it's warm and glowing.  
We stop and think and wait for rest.

Night's quiet with echoes.  
We listen to soft buzz of universe  
And set our rhythm  
To interval and length.  
Soon we learn eternal pulse of motionlessness  
And sigh after crisp inhale.  
We are bound to nothingness.

Ray Johnson, 2009