

Of Light and Water

The alphabet of time is written in the play of light and water,
in the music of wind and stone, the dance between the seasons.
I remember that language and dance, the song of rubber tires on
asphalt, the heat radiating off sandstone waves a hundred feet high
in the cool desert night. Shadows moved like expressions across
the face of things; stars stood sentinel in the dry, thin air.

That night, thunderclouds stitched lightning from the sky
to the earth as we drove north from Monument Valley's stone
oven, green light of the dash illuminating your face while outside,
eons of sagebrush and stories blurred past. The sun and moon have
a dance too: illumination and reflection; roiling desiccant and cold
mover of seas. Gravity and sound. Silence and release.

Nearly twenty years have carved themselves into us since then:
wide arroyos of loss and lush spirals of growth; glyphs of an ancient
dialect only we can speak. We have learned to dance like this,
to give and take, each of us throwing our own light, each reflecting
the other. We move together to Kokopelli's old flute song, extend
ourselves as ladders to raise each other up out of the mire, open
ourselves as distant windows glowing across life's dark,
foreboding landscape to guide each other home.

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