

of so many angels and two Gods dancing in a farmer's hat.
I'm not claiming either way, except to remember: Brigham
told every man to discover such *matériel*. He himself had found
as many as he had wives, and probably with less trouble.
What I am saying is: there are worse ways to discover God.
When the leper put a crust into the Buddha's begging bowl,
and the cripple's finger severed beside the bread, the Buddha
ate
without removing what was not food. I no longer beg; but if I
did,
I would discover a rock, since everyone who disagrees with such
has not seen God, nor heard the voice of God, nor wondered
how
so small an issue as the intelligence of stones can teach us the
world
and how to find water and gold and other treasure in the quiet
dark.

Flying Out

Dixie Partridge

This morning makes no shadow, compresses
with its grayness and that knot
I learned to grow against winter
long ago in Wyoming.

A few sweeps of green
lap at the white altitudes of the Rockies.
Mountain ranges flow like ice streams.
Nothing beneath me looks random,
though I am told all seeming stillness
and order are chaos, the silence below
filled with sound we don't hear.

I wake from a doze—
having dreamt something
about cellos and white birds
which leaves me on the verge of tune,
humming . . . the mind lightnings to places
immense and secluded, but specific
as electrons of our cells
once inside a star.

Last week my daughter, the mathematician,
told me each breath we take
contains some particle from that first one
we took. Exotic bodies of animals
drew close, what we need to breathe
hooked to common respirations.

Someone waits for me now, miles
yet just minutes ahead.
We'll meet at the gate after landing
and everything for those moments
will turn significant—a hint of music
in a collision of particles. . . .

And I remember one afternoon alone
when breathing came suddenly painful:
a strange torment in the need
to inhale. Senses dilated
to a higher power. . . .
Then it was gone—and like so much
of living, never explained in the body memory,
the bellows-hymn of the lungs.