

“Energetic Sight”

I am the eagle
that soars the river canyons.
I am the stone
that settles in the silted stream.
I am the trees
that walk the hills in dreamtime.
Watch them, wait
as oaks advance across the ridge.

As I soar,
I feel the weightlessness of flying,
held up by winds and force of heat rising
gently.
Slight turn of wings, dip of feathers
and I rise higher toward the sun.
Higher I go,
toward the light where sight awaits my
knowing.

As I sit
in creek bottoms in shadowed glens,
the hush of waters talk in bubbling whispers.
Sacred dreamtime comes and trees share
wisdom,
Wisdom's calling to arise Stone's knowledge within.
And all becomes alive in energies awakened.

As I walk
my roots move through the earth.
Its formlessness in truth is its reality,
for I am but a dream you have envisioned,
a dream of mountains calling and rivers seeking
your heart, your circle, your song
reaching its perfection.

Corrine Ardoin

