

Looking On Time Mantra
(A Matter of Perspective)

sun seeks my face
recognizes
star tracks on skin
freckled kisses

moon holds my blood
then lets it go
my ebb and flow
matching the tides

morning-glories
lay bare their hearts
in dawn-struck dew
and claim no toll

afternoon wanes
petals spiral
into silence
content and still

I match my breaths
to the deep sighs
and rustling gusts
of fir and oak

I rest, dry-mouthed,
in arroyos
and laughing swim
in icy creeks

where foxes sleep
I rest my head
and tireless lope
with coyote

no clock owns me
I am time's child
heir to now, now,
and nothing more

Cassandra Windwalker