

A GLORY FROM THE EARTH

Our science has achieved its opposite
and taken us down a peg or two.
Our animal nature has come unglued
from ghost; we're Things equipped with skills and wit.

Once we had a soul because we thought
the world was also made in part
of spirit. Taught by story, art
and church, we went about the earth in awe.

Those who went before believed with ease,
an opening between two roots
gave passage to the underworld.
Enchanted bridges spanned the burning seas

between defeat and safety, peril and hope.
Of host of angels, fairy host,
song sifted from the sky or rose
in mists of heavenly vapor from the moat.

By silver water, fruit of gold bowed low
to free the spellbound prince from form
of tree or beast, or keep from harm
the peasant girl before whom all will bow.

What shall we do with all our magic now?
Our wands are turned to sticks to beat
each other off and school belief.
Once, our gift of meaning to our world

gave back the gift of meaning to our days.
*But even still, imagination
lets all understanding happen;
even then, curiosity was praise.*