

The Wild

That place we go
to be any thing
than what we are, yet
who we truly are.

Who our being will be with
that which we did not
make for ourselves.
We are faced with pure reflection.

The wild;
uncontrollable because
it is not in our control.
A force larger than ourselves
-- even collectively.
We bow a humble head.

Through time, we may lose our way.
But then,
we find solace in our creations --
"the work of our hands."
We feel secure. Certain.
Meanwhile
we know
ideas spring forth from our thoughts
intertwined with that which is other.
Our paths through wilderness inspire a new.

Deep inside we know
were we to possess it --
align it to our bidding here,
detach it from ourselves there --
it is just a matter of time
our world would become
a sad and lonely place.

For it's its grandeur, its otherness,
mystery, beauty, and its furry
that gives that exalted feeling
that has been named Sublime
through the ages.

I am reminded of love.

Like love, like our wilderness,
we face the unknown
in ourselves, in the other.
And like love, like the wilderness,
we find our self
as we learn a rhythm
with that we did not know.
We experience Resonance
fleeting and lasting.

It is in the world,
facing our wilderness,
facing the unknown
-- and the unknowable --
that we find a love
which is ours to keep in its giving.

Like love,
like wilderness,
we find it where it is.
There all along.
And maybe, like love,
like the Wild, we find it
where we actively engage;
where we play, let loose,
where we join
in the
 conditions
 for its
 existence.