

Ode to the Slow

By Wendy Videlock

I've an affinity for ghosts, and so,
dwelling as we ghostly do, with the caw
and the screech and the pinion moon, where the freeze
and the thaw and the witness are
together alive and together entombed,
here on the edge of a high desert world
where all is stone, and all is sky,

here where an ancient sea surged forth
and slowly died, here where the ruins and the peaks
have changed their names to butte and bluff,
here where the Ute had slowed their feet
and harvested the sister seeds,
here where the reach of the canyon ends
or begins, or infers —like knowledge, it's always

a rapture or a bit of a blur— (one could soar on the wing
or fall in) — here where the rolling stone knows
the world is only made of sand, and the arc
is the mark of the fallen star,
here where the ghosts and the slopes are wan,
and empty of virtue and of sin, I lower a bridge,
and watch the morning fog roll in.

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