On the Lykken Trail

By Derek Denckla

sprays of wildflowers
— five-spot and desert star
phacelias and lupines
— burst out of fine cracks

crannies — crevices
slivered — rough-hewn
into the hard face
of bleached granite

beside barrel cacti
keeping round watch
over narrow switchbacks
sliced into San Jacinto

sides inclining
wild and tread

hiding edens
under foot

— tiny flowers
yearning upward

five-petaled popcorn flower
tendrilling towards
my five-fingered fist

alongside tight bouquets
of purple mat and primrose

vivid miniature
remembrances

that we all need
a place to land

a surface crack
for our seeds
to slip into

a shaded refuge
sipping dew
until we unfurl
a narrow place
from which we stretch
our bony necks

fueled by the force
of the green fuse

to reach and reach
and reach
— ever yearning
upward to touch

a sky
a sunbeam
a loving eye
a golden disc

a gift
set before us

without ceremony
unwrapped
unadorned

to see
life is for us

to see

what matters
little
matters most