

Loving What's Left

An absence. Straight from the heart. Hunger
an inner gnawing at the stomach. What
matters is immaterial, to come to a place
where nothing material can be seen, nothing
man-made. Vortex of hydrangea
swirling after spring rain, the place to be
becomes greater the more we give up, give
over to... See how long you can stay there.
Away from gasoline fumes & the eternal
spinning of the combustion engine. Close
the ear to that noise, the nose to
that foul scent. Settle into
this, whatever it is
you must take for granted. Red rock
of the Chiricahua transformed here,
its centre touched by white
flecks of stone. It all fits. Make the most of it.

Doug Beardsley, who has published a number of volumes of poetry, recently retired from teaching in the English Dept. at the University of Victoria.