

Poems

by Vickie Cimprich

Little Thompson River,
Redwoods Abbey

There it all is.
It's all going there
flow and foam
fast.

The roots cannot hold it back,
the rocks cannot resist.

I cannot cross over.
Old pools disappear in the channel.
New pools are not quiet.

Through the dam and over it,
like newsprint off the press,
words going by
too fast to read.

September 14,
Exaltation of the Holy Cross

Windowful
of age-old tree,

southeast flowing
cumulus shapes,

apple falling,
shotgun sound:

what, my God, may finally be,
your own deepest need in me?

Vickie Cimprich lives in Kentucky. Her first collection of poetry, *Pretty Mother's Home—A Shakeress Daybook*, was researched at The Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill in Kentucky. See page 49 for two more poems.

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Eucharist in Lhasa

My body, the kata
I fold around the shoulders
of your body the bread.

My prayer

is a blunt ax.

My prayer
is a broken shoe.

With burnt out valves
it burns motor oil.

With doorpins dropped out,
my groans make mold
on the blueprint.