

UNDERSTANDING

by Brian Bell

What does the sky know about earth,
but to flood her with rain,
to sear bark and flesh of tree,
to saturate and parch with his own caprice.

Oblivious to the wounds blistered and dredged into her surface,
ignorant to the weight of supporting life
and the seething, heaving stones in her belly.
She bears the scars of time pressed into strata by their fateful marriage.

What does the earth know about sky,
sullen, laden, swollen clouds,
currents amplifying at head and toe,
rival factions discharging an inevitable jagged arc.

Faith sustains their distant, intimate co-existence.
The topography of earth,
imbedded in the sky's atmosphere in molded foam.

Hope winks at the highest altitude,
as the air thins earth gives way
to rock and rock to ice,
and the sky extends his lips
to the earth's upturned face.

Here at the very tip of existence,
she and the sky share burdens.
In the vapor of their breaths,
each understands.