

## THE VINE

Late in the summer day golden light  
seemed to penetrate all things  
and know them through and through:  
tree tossing,  
blown ablaze in the fiery wind,  
bird with crystal eye and song  
condensing in the air —  
all things, no matter how dark,  
even the planks of a shed,  
even shadow.

In that stark light  
I studied a beautiful long flowering vine:  
I could see the way it went,  
how tendrils would feel for a hold,  
turn and turn in empty space,  
twist back  
and with their same will to bind  
entangle themselves,  
then try yet again.  
And so it grew.

In my own life I wandered blind and failed.  
I left the home of what I knew  
to chase the wrong dream  
or one I wasn't ripe for.  
Untrellised, winding backward,  
turning on myself in strangling coils,  
I wanted only to erase my track.

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Here, the knowing light  
told of a seed that once struggled  
to be born from the body of the earth,  
a frail stem, now grown strong  
on a strong frame

and branching from its own wood,  
ready to bear fruit—  
this living vine, both young and old.  
The large leaves shone translucent in the sun  
like green flame.

Then as if with second sight  
I saw beyond appearance to my life's design.

I retraced the unavailing journeys  
that ended back at the start,  
a place no longer home—  
place of despair.  
But then as if an infrared or ultraviolet light  
passed through my darkness  
revealing hidden forms,  
I saw I'd flowered in that very place  
for there, heart broken open,  
I learned to bow.

I saw all along the path of my life  
a flower opening at each nodal point.  
I knew the force that turned me back,  
the unseen power,  
the grace.