

half & full circle

julia doughty

in gratitude to: shree maa & swami satyananda, mamma, trees & earth, & all teachers & friends.

they grow whether there's winter rain or not

light sphere in hill dip  
sun already gone from this gully

whenever there's fear  
there's underground

yes to change frogs in dry grasses still singing

we manage & more

as imagined in the books & movies  
destruction comes is coming

what is life, tho, doesn't die

that answers that  
chaparral currant is in the ravine  
not up this hard red clay slope

every moment is the new year

over here the highway muffled in hills

burned & green sumac is the same sumac

white sage in new leaf & wind yielding dried stalks

come around the bend to an age  
of knowing the random

jump on the count of three

out of the mouth the old & new

in this gully's shadows  
hidden thrivings  
monardella nestled with rock

looking for what moved through

ground holes—  
some hold sleeping lives

\*\*\* 1/1/12

red trail becomes river sand trail  
walk on

what is left, the plants are saying

we crumble or groan

granite cliffside in fall grays

hard ground speckled with ancient shells

family matters don't hold

rock's former spot an indent

next season's wash-out

in shade goldenbush

lichen thriving in dry undersides

sumac getting higher in heat & frost

this is the education this is the  
missing page

here is the word

i am that little bird  
petite oiseaux  
so do not shout

everywhere the plants give a tender spot  
of kindness

wind  
comes through ok then  
not to know

you will be a daughter  
you will be a kind of mother to many others  
you will be a worker

taken up  
like standing rain water taken up in warm light

once around is all the rounds  
you have been doing  
in these hills

see clearly in  
and the outside  
will be weather  
and seasons  
and passing  
years

is there more to be done

as long as you're breathing  
you may as well

it looks like the days of walking

now cactus on the hillside  
in the spot it's been in  
two hundred years  
gives as always its sweet fruit

sky has been changing by the day  
by the hour

and we get to delight in its company

when the ground got dry  
it pulled the roots  
further down

all that you know  
& would like to know  
in one spot

it's how it's done around here

i have to remember that—  
each of us

one of them  
it's how it is  
how it's done

chaparral in white blossoms  
toyon beginning its red fruit

yucca stalks & dudleya  
in repose

there in the granite the creases  
of thousands of runoffs

put the hat on  
take it off

open close the door

walk by the full river  
cross the fall river

in the trees  
returned birds

\*\*\* 10/28/12

down dry slopes is the old coming up  
thru the new  
natives making it thru tumbleweed & saltweed

rocks move around  
bring infinities of grey & brown

a couple times  
and again a little later  
thru the afternoon  
hawk calling

sun moves from there to there  
bright shadowed bright  
in fast winter time

\*\*\* 1/2/12

winter unlike winter

good water still to be had

warm days so we forget where we are in the year

of cheer but of a summer kind

only so much roaming to be done out & about

until it's time of its own accord  
to find the world inside

early in the morning the thud the stench  
of skunk coming through cement floor & plaster walls

you might think we have an easy time of it  
or not

you might  
think

you remember for me the parts of my story i forget  
and i'll do the same for you

awash in the saints' poetic telling  
all this journey down through the ages  
the sacred delivering its goods

you might think we have had a bad spell

good might happen, bad

are of the kind to go with others

or of a singular ecstatic sort

knees go as you age but that's not what  
we're talking about here

in the absence & the blazing beaming of that presence

\*\*\* 1/4/12



do i know what there is to know

singing is believing

believing is believing

whether the cloth is put in or falls in

to the river

\*\*\* 8/25/12

she is wrapped from head to toe  
in a white sheet  
but breathing very much alive  
her head on her day pack  
she is hidden behind the planter wall  
in front of the church gate  
leaning  
into the wall is the photo of a boy  
maybe 10 or 11  
and there are two smaller  
pictures, each an angel  
on either side of the boy

they say  
get back on the horse and ride it

sky turns dry and even hotter

i can do it, but slower

one will come near  
& seem to go far

and you will know one  
in both places

\*\*\* 9/15/12

something like  
being on the bottom of the ocean  
& seeing it  
& being at the water's surface  
& seeing clearly all the way down

being in both  
all that weight & lightness

& sky coming & going  
in light & dark

\*\*\* 11/4/12

sand painting every day  
making what is possible beautiful  
& then it is gone

flourishes of leaves

a crow strutting on the roof

she goes up into the high mountains  
on horse & with pack mule  
because she still can

i can tell you that i don't know  
for certain  
yet i am doing my best  
to move forward

ask anyone  
& they will say some part  
& it's just that  
some part  
just some

ask a leaf a stone

ask kali ganesh

ask the shivas

a door or frame

the wood that it once was

i found myself  
in words  
in ground  
in the eyes of shivas

a tent up then down  
the truck bed for bed  
alongside desert singing creek

all happiness in the singing cottonwood  
& crumbled granite gravel

all sadness too

there is nowhere that you are not  
in this way we go on  
in the beginning of every beginning  
where we are with words & without  
where we are

there the chasm the flooding  
lightning in places

i have a feeling of you

the we of we

sunlight coming in through the cold

i will stand like tree here

where the stars are holding their place  
in the sky  
veiled by daylight's sky

where i am yours

where you shook your head  
& made the scattered stars

yes, it's too much to know

all friend all family  
my beloved my one

thus we roam in distant places  
by means of sacrifice

now here is ground soft from rain  
ready to be cleared & planted

and wind for the moment is calm

\*\*\* 11/11/12

a hazy morning, a kind of fog a kind  
of all pervading cloud

there was a tree there  
all that's left  
is a stump

there is a time  
past these occasional times  
i'm told  
when the some of it is the none of it  
you  
are in it but not of it  
not it

or, as they say, all of it

here's the sky  
the ground

just now getting more murky  
more of this one big cloud  
coming back down & all in  
to all the places & the sun less clear

leaves moving up & down, side to side,  
not yet in quick-step but looking  
to maybe going that direction

\*\*\* 11/25/12

we fell in love with light

we gave ours to make the light

into being

we turned to the light

we bow we bow

into the light we gave our all

having come from light & returning  
having never left

as if this sky this sun

we turned in half circles & full  
arcing through our skies

we encircled light light brought out  
of edges of dark

as if this sky is dark then light

light only of light

a light unto itself

this world these worlds

in the beginning the infinite  
beginnings

a song of the light we give  
this song

this rhythm this vibrating song

all spectrums warm & cool hot & cold

as if cloud & planet

more  
than one  
sky

making light known & unknown

making light of ourselves laughing  
as if  
laughing

the arc  
of smile

the round of moon & sun

first morning then dusk

and all along shining

making our light giving light

reflecting

\*\*\* 12/2/12



