“To Look Beneath”
By Suzanne Bruce

In the midst of midair, seeing this bouldered view, a cavity caused by unknown impact, like a mind wanting to be filled with solid thoughts, reverently waits.

Rising from below, rocks with hidden faces stare---I look beyond my hardness, unheard words carve curiosity,

I soften into my breath,
begin to look inward,

lush green peeking through crevices
water rambling over granite

sometimes gently
sometimes swiftly
feel the energy
hear the sounds.

Like a sigh releases into tranquility,

river is my breath,
crater, my soul.