

FROM WHERE I AM

I see the chairness
 Of this wood
 Which is disposed
 To let me sit --
 I see the woodness
 Of this chair
 Reveal
 The very oak of it.

One think is always more than one --
 For space is time
 Where moments storm
 To day that fills
 Tomorrow's world
 With measures made
 Of moving form;

And time is space
 Where life unfolds
 Blood and blossom
 Where they grow --
 For wood is chair
 And chair is wood,
 The present state
 Of years ago.

--*Muhammad X*

GREETINGS AND FELICITATIONS

From the vast and largely unexplored
 territory of me
 to the known headlands of you,
 greetings and felicitations.
 Today, the slant of sun illuminates
 your miles and acres with a wash of love,
 and tenderly I memorize
 detail and texture before the mist erases
 this play of light
 on your loved shores,
 or twilight, with its ambiguity,
 leaves me confused and lonely.

--*Alice Mackenzie Swaim*