

the view from above

*jack and jill went up the hill...
—nursery rhyme*

on clear days we can see forever
and when the fog rolls in
we have eyes to spare —
the wind blows up here
beating the air clear and fine
and our blood runs to silver
from the climb

come, take my hand
the way is steep
and the way down
leads to nowhere —
over that final crest
and the one beyond
is the place we're aiming for

if we can find
the vortex of sun
where earth touches sky
and water is one with fire
then there is no harm
to take us in

up here the light is thick —
our eyes are closed
but we can see

—Dave Margoshes