CHORALE OF MOUNTAIN SPRING

Gilean Douglas

Now we can hear within the piano night
the bass of rocks crescendo down the mountain,
the treble of small stones before and after;
and the river, mumbling with boulders, articulate with trees:
“Going home, going home—glory!”

Softly the rain, lullaby, lullaby,
softly the leaves chiming of sleep,
but the streams leap ployphonic from the hills
in waterfalls of singing
and the river, exultant with soil and cedar:
“Going home, going home—glory!”

Behind the soft-voiced chinook, the tinkle of drops glissando,
storm rhythms our blood and the beat of canyon wind;
the earth is mad with water, mad with the throbbing flood-drum of the river
heaven-shouting:
“Glory, glory, glory—going home!”

VIEW FROM A HIGH RISE

Gilean Douglas

Dark trembles on the edge of bright
while onset and decay of sound
create a laser beam of time
that splinters space to red-shift light,
that carves a starbirth troglydite—
static? expanding? steady-state?
pulsating like a twelve-tone rhyme?
or none of these, perhaps, but round
too squarely set, too much, too late.