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