BRAHMA OF THE FOG

To go uphill in the morning,

is to see the gray cobweb

catchments terracing the slope,

to punch a hole in one, wanting

to stir the spider, and watch

the dew bead up around a heart-

shaped void. To climb steeply

in the fog is to shed the past,

that jerry-built contraption,

stand willingly in the world,

a weathered lens, to see

in a circle that fades out,

the center ground rich, you,

now, yourself, clear as

coalescing dew, and to know

that a space will open, and

will move with you, faithfully

step-in-step with you. To go on

in the chill of the morning,

is to come, wet, up on all

that exists, the Brahman bull,

the sun trying to break through.