when the mind is quiet

Ursula Hurley

the body sings croons a loose-limbed lieder revels in the fire of flexed muscle the burning whip of tendons taking unaccustomed weight

as eye and hand and foot conspire to rise hold by hold the will bent only to the next advance the gaining of height the mind zygotic doubles buds off talks to its Other

Oth

hidden

beneath the bright stream which

fizzes with mayflies and sparkles and swirls

under a glass meniscus where trout shadows flicker the stasis of movement is found