1-1-2000

I Am

Kim L. Ranger

Grand Valley State University

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Solitary Blue

Looking into blue eyes full of light —
overwhelming
undertowing
massaging hands that are all tendon, bone, and muscle,
fingers that play music of the wind and sea —
O that I might explore the heart of that sound
the tender, vulnerable belly
long back, petulant lower lip and resonant core
the alto singing into my center.

I AM

Waking self draws me out; I cannot return to sleep.
Courage sweeps out of the east
carrying me toward transformation:
Red horses on a black horizon,
thunder manes and lightning-bolt tails,
silver raindrops on their flanks.

I didn't want to be a teacher.
“You already are.”
“If you could do anything, what would you do?”
Teach.
“Who are you?”
Mystic. shaman. spiritual mentor.

Horses leap skyward, circle the stars,
gallop down into the roots of the earth—
I am utterly awake, still dreaming.
Immured in and bitten by snaking change,
I have been and will exist for millennia.
I am.