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Where is the Wilderness?

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"WHERE IS THE WILDERNESS?"

Where is the wilderness?
I dreamed of it again last night
and this time I could smell the pine trees.
Up above, the moon, that marvelous dish,
shone down like torchlight and
together we danced in a rocky grove.

Where is the wilderness?
Yesterday I could really touch it
just outside the back door.
Were there brown men living in the hills then?
children with painted faces?
No one talks to the ancestors anymore.

Where is the wilderness?
Everything is a bone --
the table I eat at, this bed, that wall --
Everything is a bone
limbs axed from the seething forest,
hearts dug from their sleeping mountain tombs.

Where is the wilderness?
I look over the city: There is no sky.
In the barrio a shadow passes swiftly through the burnt walls.
I dreamed of it again last night
and this time I could smell the cinders.
Up above, the moon, that marvelous dish,
shone down like torchlight
and together we remembered
our dance in the rocky grove.

PAT BRIDGES