

WISH

I wish
before trees lift up their arms
to stand for a moment
by the bonfire
in open fields
to let the smoke seep into the brim of eyelids
and lead me back to childhood

I wish
to walk with such belief
as when mother:
say your prayers
get up its almost midday
no school today

And in the evenings
to spy on the ringing silences
look on like the moon
ripe in the stream
listen to the litany of trees
and swim

I wish
yet the river grabs our hands
time greens our names

In the valley of waiting
wishes die
rain washes names away
lifting them into arcs of light
spilling green slashes
until they die
covered by the sky
death in its stony way
kills dreams -
yet they don't cool

enduring in the trees
with arcs of folding arms
reconciled with water and sun
not here in trees surviving
thick with joy whose expanses
angels measure with song
and where clocks are kneeling

just there
in the brightness of declined silence
hands eyes and hearts
under mundaness
hungry streaming roots
are the beginning.

- Lisa Conesa.