

# Clearing

By Morgan Farley

I am clearing a space  
here, where the trees stand back  
I am making a circle so open  
the moon will fall in love  
and stroke these grasses with her silver

I am setting stones in the four directions  
stones that have called my name  
from mountaintops and river beds,  
canyons and mesas

Here I will stand with my hands empty  
mind empty under the moon  
and if something  
takes my life, if a sudden wind  
sweeps through me, changing everything  
I will not resist  
I am ready for whatever comes

But I think it will be  
something small, an animal  
padding out from the shadows  
on delicate paws, or a word  
spoken so softly I hear it inside

There is a way to live  
that makes the angels cry out in rapture.  
There is  
a way to live that makes each cell a star.

Come stand with me here, it is  
cold, I know, and silent,  
nothing is happening  
the next breath, and the next,  
is the new life