



PROJECT MUSE®

Hammered Dulcimer

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SUNDAY MORNING

So this is beginning:
day entering the long field
voiced and plumed,
noise entering the mind's
accruelement of dream.
It is always a struggle,
the constant waking
from inward pattern
to outward motion,
from sleep to distraction
and back again.
While around us, the sounds
of so much affluence,
details prickling the air,
a sensory cacophony
of things and more things
lifted out of despair,
the black rush of distance.
What does it matter
how true they are?
These are what we wait for,
this multiplicity
of throats and feathers,
a busy consciousness
landing on the rigid bushes
and windblown grasses,
cattails nodding in assent
as if they understood
the physical completely.
I sit on a porch

looking out at the morning
and it feels like a precipice
between the known and the unknown.

It seems a miracle
that we are not always afraid,
our many thoughts crowding

the singular present,
an untidy flock
without tangible wings

in a tangible mist,
sweeping in from the cold
to shriek of vividness.

The mind would carry the world off
but where would it land?

The real is landlord here,

you can smell it in the wind
although, if the dew is to be believed,
this field is primed

and open, it is vulnerable
to the claws of possibility,
to the multicolored being

intertwined with rays of sun.

It will come over the mountain,
flying, flying,

while the two halves of the self—

one the resting body,
the other the mind unable

to lie on the ground—
stay on their precipice,
inextricable twins

that do not understand
what they have come to find
but willing to wait for something

partly sublime.