Hammered Dulcimer

Williams, Lisa

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The day is green and blown
but her mother was strong
as these trees bending in the wind.

The clouds are full of avowals
but her father had the clarity
of rain-scrubbed altitudes.

There is nothing whim can't change
but the buried, nothing it can't sway
but the ground.

Now their thoughts are thinnest air
above the tangle of intelligence.
Now their touch drifts
blurred and down.

The wall between the self and wind
is just a limited perception, the eye's redress.

In the wide light,
in the blaring continuity of it,
over the dark and scrambled green,
white blooms like sudden freedoms
lift the harsh bark
as possibility raises the eye up
from its body, distinguishes its backdrop
from ordinary scenes
and from the leaves, those same spun leaves
that weigh the branches down.
But in between the wind and eye
is the interrupting wall
and the figure in place behind it
who sees the lashed events
and feels unsafe.