

IS

What is this IS?

IS is the wrapped package, red ribbons and bows,
The oversized lock
In the case-hardened chain
On the ten-speed bicycle.

IS is the brass plate
On the gilded frame
Of the famous painting.

IS is the cornerstone of "forever,"
"Until death do us part"
In the warm breeze
Under the lighted cross.

IS is the key on the rack to the Porche in the garage.
IS is handshakes and pats from the right people after your talk.
IS is the bright candle on the table when the lights go out.
IS is recalling last evening's love making.
IS is a television replay of color exploding in a black July sky.
IS is Hope
To remain
As IS.

IS is Remains;
The curled and cracked snapshots
In the secretary drawer,
Souvenirs of Happiness.
In the slow pace of summer,
The boulder in the stream IS.
Yet, the boulder was a cliff,
And Winter will see cracks
The rush of Spring will dash to stones,
The Remains of IS.

IS is the crisp broad Sycamore leaf floating downstream,
Looking back to see its branching whiteness dissolve into the hillside
And vanish at the turn.

There is only the water
That always IS
But never Remains.

To BE is to carry IS into Becoming,
To explode with the spring boulder,
To delight in the white water leaf,
To relish the slick rolling water beneath
 Into the turn.

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