

## THE VEIL

You Are THERE.  
I Am HERE.

The Veil,  
A Thin, Fine  
Shadow Lies Between Us,  
A Swarm of Dust Motes  
Cascading in the Rays of the Lowering Sun,  
Hiding Everything.

HERE,  
Are You the Tiny Flash  
Caught At the Corner of My Eye  
When There Is No Light?

Are You the Slight Brush  
Across My Arm  
When Nothing Is Moving?

Even the Thought of Touch  
Seems to Vanish  
Across Timelessness.

The Arab Berbers  
Say God Created the Desert  
So He Could Have a Place  
To Walk in Peace and Quiet.

Can I Return  
To the Desert of Ghadames,  
Where the Air Was So Light  
Where the Silence Was So Deep  
We Felt We Could Hold Our Breath  
Across Eternity?

That Libyan Desert  
Where We Camped by the Lake,  
No Inlet,  
No Outlet,  
A Liquid Black Hole  
Transcending the Veil?

Closer to Home,  
Can I Return  
To the Waterless, Powerless  
Six-Site Camp Below Green Mountain  
Where We Held Our Breath  
As the Last Sunrays Saturated the Hillside  
Turning All the Junipers to Gold?

Sahara or Eastern Oregon,  
Deserts Are Where We Explore the Veil Lifting  
Leaving Us Whole,  
Almost Fused.

THE VEIL  
IS  
A THRESHOLD  
IN  
MY REALITY

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