

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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