

THE WILDERNESS WAY

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,  
The perfect complements. For now  
I have the secret scented pine,  
The woods, a book of verse-- and thou.

What more could postponed lovers ask?  
Today has waited in my heart  
Like claret mellowed in the cask  
To flow clear-bright from this old flask.  
Is "heart" a passe word apart  
From clinic terms? Oh, not in mine.  
It's still the source of living's art,  
Not cipherable as brain-waved chart.  
Our brains won't think this fare divine,  
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine.

The bread is cold, the wine too warm,  
Our cultured taste should be offended.  
My weather eye says it may storm;  
My inner eye, another form  
Of knowing, sees the rain has ended.  
Beyond the mind, the fact-framed brow,  
My wider center comprehended  
Things in yours that touched and blended  
With depths of mine, and shaped somehow,  
The perfect complements for now.

Let sophists say that all is mental,  
Let them call "heart" mawkish and trite  
Who never learned that love, though gentle,  
Provides the strength for transcendental  
Wings our heads would keep from flight.  
Long growth has made deep roots-- woodbine  
Of immortality, in spite  
Of death's old weeds and ancient blight.  
Above cerebral timberline  
We share the secret-scented pine.

I brought you here beneath this tree  
Because your green trail-blazing eyes  
Made paths through browning time's debris,  
Homed in the place we both agree  
Is all my heart, both wild and wise.  
Where verdure circles every bough  
Just listen with your branches; rise  
On shafts of sun and synthesize  
The light. This heart attends my vow,  
The woods, a book of verse-- and thou.

--Glenna Holloway