

The body is the landscape of the mind;
Where the dramas of our early life
Are still happening
Or have become a kind of
Rich engendering compost -
The vastnesses remembered
As the fruitful fields, valleys, marshes,
And deserts of wisdom
Standing behind us as we are here now
Present in this way
In the moment of our lives.

It is a land
Where the placid and awesome features
of the yet undiscovered wilderness
Are wildly flowering within themselves
For our unexpected future explorations.

And as we grow
Out of our more infantile and fearful selves
We wander into these unknown landscapes,
Transformed into those sleek, feathered, scaly and wooly animals
We really are,
The ones we are both able and needed to be
To live in those wilder, more ancient,
Unknown future parts of that farther
Uncharted dancing, tingling, glowing,
Purple thunderous, gentle
And softly rivered terrain of ourselves.

As told by buffalo; Moab, Utah; 1985

Mel S. Kimura Bucholtz

