

## Moments of Revelation

(i)

With some, I find it hard to acknowledge  
that they too  
saying "I"  
mean hub now  
of a single Universe,  
core (precarious)  
of Eternity  
looking out  
unable without mirrors to see back of me  
or side of me -  
that they, in short,  
are as central  
now and I  
as I am,  
however different  
and unspeakably  
several. I require moments  
of revelation to convince me.

My foot-print  
is different  
from your foot-print  
but time after time  
and all through my life  
I chanced on moments  
of revelation with you -  
  
and now you've gone.

(ii)

There's a bird making a particular racket  
in the yard this evening  
possibly a thrush. It is early March  
not quite warm enough  
for sitting out. The thrush  
is pouring all it's ever been  
into the sound it's making now  
and that pure fervour  
will surely take passage  
home with me.

(iii)

There are no divisions -  
only boundaries demanding constant negotiation.

There are no clear walls -  
only surfaces crumbling surfaces cohering.

There is no firm ground -  
only waves that engulf unless the surfing is lucky and expert.

There is no sense -  
only agony wandering between the lines.

*Rogan Wolf*  
*March 2005*