

Run Fox, Stop Beyond Reach

Advancing train cry
Through a fragile eye watering night.
The call to her to conceive
The imponderable silence
As the last decibel fades.

Give birth at a clear blue hour
when darts the golden fox
Through brush and salt cedar,
Never to drop guard
In the bosque freedom.

What form takes liberation
As through the canal new life
Emancipated in a moving milieu?

This she strives for and only this,
A home unrestricted with love's pervasive smile
Though death roams and a star falls in growing silence
After the last train whistle.

Ray Johnson, 2009

We Are Bound

Night's dark with age.
Coldness wraps its hands
Around our spine as we slide up
To the fire
Encouraging our thoughts to go
Where it's warm and glowing.
We stop and think and wait for rest.

Night's quiet with echoes.
We listen to soft buzz of universe
And set our rhythm
To interval and length.
Soon we learn eternal pulse of motionlessness
And sigh after crisp inhale.
We are bound to nothingness.

Ray Johnson, 2009