Water Dog

clear-eyed out of water
graceful under water
swift and playful
in the search for life

on the bank, in the river
in the river, off the shore
between
balanced

furry master of the extremes
teach us
to know when to breathe
and when to hold

to live mindfully
in our own intersections

.....

between the muddy banks of the river
the otter plays
moving between worlds
and I hear him repeat silently

his words of advice
become more than human
so that you may become
truly human

and so I became
the noise of a bee buzzing in a blossom
fat-bodied and dusted with pollen
I tasted the wind

as a pair of seagull’s wings
tossed by currents
that I could not verbalize
some barrier within me

had been dissolved
and the croziers of ferns
unfurled
in a dark place in my soul
Confluence

oceans gather where
ancient turtles lay eggs
at the edge of time

I run my fingers through the soil
beneath an oak tree
and visualize
mycological veins and roots

coiling for miles all around me
glowing with an amber fire

oceans gather where
arctic terns sleep on the wing
between realities

I examine my iris
in a mirror
I see flecks of
blue and white

like the surf on an ocean
seen from an airplane

oceans merge where
humpback whales sing
into the echo chambers of the Milky Way
The Skin is Not a Boundary

the skin is not a boundary
it encapsulates entire clusters of galaxies
and light years of distance
into a form insignificant and beautiful

seeds were sown in the darkness
in the soil between the stars
as a ripple extended outwards
from supernovae in the cosmic void

across mythologies of time and space
into the physicality of this body
these fingers these eyes this breath
are all a concentration of the universe

and the skin is not a boundary
spinning atoms do not say
I am human or I am not human
all bodies and all minds alike

share the bedrock of a common dream
and the dream returns constantly
to the source
melting back into the mystery from which it rises

Seamus Brady