WILDERNESS REFLECTIONS

Outside Kathmandu

*On August 23, 2010 a plane carrying 11 passengers
from Kathmandu to Lukla crashed in heavy rains.*

What draws us
To high places:
The eternal snows of isolation and loneliness
Hopes that open within us
A sense of spirit
In the east, with the sunrise
Cuts away laser-like—precise
The insignificant
Each day planes, pilgrims in their bellies
Rise into thick tropical air
Garbage, pungent incense, jasmine, and curry
Carry crusaders who seek to touch
Crystalline azure of the high Himalaya
Ancient paths of Thari-pati
Alter of sacrifice
Skeletons of aluminum and bone
Among Rhododendron, Fir, and tattered prayer flags
Broken into a million monuments of human and machine
On a clear day iron-blue currents tear brightly colored fragments
Lift strings and spirits through cloud and mist
To the west the Annapurna's and the east Everest's jagged summits
Touch the cobalt hiding place of God.

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