

Wonder

Mei-meï Berssenbrugge

1

One summer night, walking from our house after dinner, stars make the sky almost white.

My awe is like blindness; wonder exchanges for sight.

Star-by-star comprises a multiplicity like thought, but quiet, too dense for any dark planet between.

While single stars are a feature of the horizon at dusk, caught at the edge of the net of gems.

Transparence hanging on its outer connectedness casts occurrence as accretion, filling in, of extravagant

Then, being as spirit and in matter is known, here to there.

I go home and tell my children to come out and look.

The souls of my two children fly up like little birds into branches of the Milky Way, chatting with each other

Wonder by Mei-meï Berssenbrugge

Scritto da Leni

Lunedì 13 Aprile 2020 16:46 -

They exclaim at similarities between what they see in the sky and on our land.

So, by wonder, they strengthen correspondence between sky and home.

Earth is made from this alchemy of all children, human and animal, combined with our deep gratitude.

2

I see his dark shape, moving and shifting against night's screen of stars.

My little girl reaches for his lighted silhouette.

Human beings are thought upward and flown through by bright birds.

We believe stars are spirits of very high frequency.

We feel proud our animals come from stars so dense in meaning close to sacrament.

We describe time passing in stories about animals; star movement is named for seasonal migrations of

Our snake Olivia, for example, tells me there's no conflict between humans and rain, because resource

A coyote loved night, and he loved to gaze at the stars.

Wonder by Mei-meï Berssenbrugge

Scritto da Leni

Lunedì 13 Aprile 2020 16:46 -

"I noticed one star in Cassiopeia; I talked to her, and each night she grew brighter and closer, and she
"She looks like a dancer on tiptoe, stepping around pink star-blossoms surging up after rain."

3

Constellations are experienced emotionally as this play of self through plant and animal symbols and va

A dream atmosphere flows; everything represented is sacred; being moves in accord, not of time.

Returning from the Milky Way, she realized crystals had fallen from her bag and looked up.

My story links a journey to sky with the creation of stars, in which place accommodates becoming.

Chama River flows north-south to the horizon, then straight up through the Milky Way, like water moving

Abiquiu Mountain, El Rito Creek, coyote, snake, rainbow and rain, spider and hummingbird identify equi

4

I start up to ask my birds to return home, and find our land continuous with a starry sky mapped as entiti

Place awaits an imprint from this potential, even though starlight arriving now already happened; what h

I move at high speed, but I'm still standing beside my house in the dark.

Wonder by Mei-mei Berssenbrugge

Scritto da Leni

Lunedì 13 Aprile 2020 16:46 -

To go there, I find the place on our mesa that correlates to their tree in the sky and leap up.

Space stirs as star trilliums emerge through darkness like humus.

I ask one blossom to please in the future renew these bonds between sky and my children, so they will a

5

Sun on its nightly underground journey weaves a black thread between white days on the cosmic loom,

The origin of stars expresses the underlying warp of this fabric; summer solstice draws a diagonal across

The reverse is well known.

That's why I don't use a telescope, star charts or glasses when I go out; I think of a place; I wait, then fly

When the star-gate is raised, there's a narrow door between sky and ground.

But when I arrive, I find the sky solid; I can't break through to visit my starbirds and stand there wonderin

Then sky vault lifts; maybe I can slip through to find the Milky Way and see its blossoms.

Then our sun appears in the crack and pushes through to the day.

Wonder by Mei-meï Berssenbrugge

Scritto da Leni

Lunedì 13 Aprile 2020 16:46 -

It's so bright, so hot, I step back and cover my eyes; I hear my mother calling.

Copyright © 2020 by Mei-meï Berssenbrugge. Originally published in Poem-a-Day on April 13, 2020.



The image shows a dark-themed audio player interface. On the left is a large blue circle with the text "poem-a-day" in white. To the right of the circle is a purple play button icon. Below the play button is the text "Poem-a-Day" and "Click to listen to an audio recording of this poem". Below this text is a white audio waveform. At the bottom of the player are the links "SHARE", "SUBSCRIBE", "COOKIE POLICY", and "DESCRIPTION".