when the mind is quiet
Ursula Hurley

the body sings
croons a loose-limbed
lieder
revels in the fire
of flexed muscle
the burning whip of
tendons taking unaccustomed
weight

as eye and hand and
foot conspire to rise
hold by hold
the will bent only to
the next advance the
gaining of height
the mind zygotic
doubles buds
off talks
to its

Other
hidden
beneath
the bright stream which
fizzes with mayflies and sparkles and swirls

under a glass meniscus
where trout shadows flicker
the

of movement is found