

Mary Sauve
Ms. Sauve
Social Commentary Poem #1
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Even Rocks Will Move

As a child I walked in fields of marigolds
Feeling the sunshine kiss my skin
You know that MUAH feeling when you stop, look up,
close your eyes and feel its warmth MMM
I walked and walked till dawn at times
through raging rivers, unkept acres,
the tallest redwoods, reaching, reaching up, up
I walked till my feet blistered, my legs cramped, and my mind doubted
I walked til I was sore
Yet, still my spirit soared.

As a child I walked in among the giant rocks
The wily wind whispering, egging me on
It swirled all around me
But I wasn't dizzy - giddy, more like it
Calmly, gleefully propelled forward –
Legend has it the rocks are the heads of forgotten ghosts
And walking among them feels holy, possessed in a way
As though you're in their thoughts, part of their history
An ESP or telepathy of sorts having access to what they know
If you know how to listen, that is
An eerie, eroded pathway to instant wisdom
Ripe for the taking, ripe for those who dare, ripe for seekers.

I never met anyone on my walks
Always alone, always solitude my sole companion
Always the feeling of possibility, the feeling that whatever was five
minutes away, over that hill, down that dirt road, passed that creek, under
that bridge, up that hill, would be better, more scenic, more able to take
my mind away from here. From now. For now.
Solace is always temporary after all.
That and the grass isn't ever really that green or that much greener
elsewhere, people.

But it's always been just the quiet air, and me,
breathing it in, breathing it out
Through the rivers of my dreams, I've walked and waded, and waited
Countless times I've counted on their limitless power
Countless times I've walked those waking dreamscapes, my imaginary
pilgrimages taking me nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

As a child I stood at the base of the mountain, green and lush
Smelling that great mix of pine and composting leaves
I started to climb unintimidated by its size, its height, its terrain
Uninhibited in the stillness
Me, the quiet, walking, walking, walking
I splashed at the base of the waterfall
Renewing myself, time and again, baptism and rebirth, rinse and repeat
Always awed by the searing power of gravity on my skin
Grateful just to be there
To bear witness to where all journeys must begin
and all seekers must end
in the dirt and rubble of the humble truth that even rocks as stubborn and
immovable as myself can move and be moved.