

Finding Another World

by Jane Stuart

Almost forty years ago but time was only hypothetical,
I went away, a day most beautiful, to find the secret tree
That grew up inside my backyard and scattered walnuts
For the squirrels to find, a tree that touched the sky
Where a mocking bird sat in every leaf,
to find beauty, I said, and it was there.
My understanding brightened only at the fact
that curiosity will satisfy itself when answers seem
to follow your request and eagerly the tree put back together
the jigsaw my life was, the puzzle that grew into shapes
I could not define except to say my hand held no pen
and life, could not contain a cameo or souvenir.
What was wrong? is that I longed to find
a blue-green, glass-blue sea where mermaids swim
and dolphins play beside a little boat
filled with fishers' nets near islands lost under
the golden tan of sunny skies and wind
that blows our sails until we go back home
where trees are watching over lonely creeks,
where deer run and birds fly in southern vees,
where moon and stars glow in a winter sky
that turns to summer after lovely spring
leafs life with dreams of yesterday's sweet song.