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from *Chaco Body*

BALANCING ZERO

Breathing in,
 one pays attention
as water drops
with nuclei of dust
 add up
to mud clouds piling
geographies of breath
too great
to think across,
inaccessible to feet.

Breathing in,
one pays attention to the day
in rain pools
 upside down,
 the sky
on the surface of the water,
water on the surface of quiet mud,
motion
on the perfectness of light.

Breathing out,
one pays attention to the distances of myth
too great to think across:
 the canyon floor
a map of matter's inwardness,
a truth so distant
we can only see
 the edge light of its skin
as we handily traverse it
in our bodies

 after lunch.
Breathing out,
one pays attention to the slowness all around,
to change we know but cannot find,
to landscape symbols
static as the past,
and dead,
though overhead
 cloudlands go
before our eyes,
 if we look away,
air mud moving
as the land we look from moves.

Breathing,
one pays attention
to the edges
 of the air,
 of the eyes that see the air,
 of the brain that knows the edges
 as they fold and open on
 the edges of our lives;
one pays attention
to the lungs,
to what one thinks of mind,
 of inside horizons
where being has no edges
and the self exchanges with the canyon
all itself
-the place itself
as intimate and distant as the brain,
edgeless
to the blood that feeds it
with the air around the mind
and on the surface of our sight,
edgeless to the light of suns
as to the light of nerves
lightning with each word.