

V.B. Price

from *Chaco Mind*

THE MUSIC OF TIME

It is all one sea,
one sky,
to the edge
of the end.

At Pacific's rim off Malibu,
sail boats slicing through a sunny fog,
we watched the waters
swallow Chaco up,
and we could see
no difference
on the surface of the sea.

And as the waves changed places,
the sea between us
was made of ashes
and the air of days,
days like drops of rain,
like mist, so many days
one after another
endless
without beginning.

(There is
nothing
more.
There is
nothing
other.)

On Chaco days

when shirts are sails,
and wind works dust like water,
I've seen sharks' teeth, like weeds,
cropping up on sandstone flats, have held in my hand
a slab of fish, rock fins and scales flat as shale.
I've seen the nacre of shells, like angel skin
budding through the surface of the rock.

Before "death
and its questionable past,"
I understood so little.

I thought I put my mother's ashes in Pacific Seas,
released her to the waves
and she was gone.
But now, the ocean's sound
is just her breathing,
my mind rising and falling
with the tide of days
on Chaco's inner shore;
my father's ashes
and my own with hers
rising up in thunderheads
chasing poets off the cliffs
with lightning fact
that burns through words
so faith, for once,
is purified of form.

As ghost clouds
boil across the stone flats
with eons of the moon,
I feel her like a thought
released without a sound,
and see
no difference
on the surface of the sea.