

V.B. Price

from *Chaco Mind*

WAITING FOR SHOOTING STARS

for Rini, Jim, Jacki, Marc, Chris, John, Francis, and Ian

I have never physically been to the top,
star waiting on La Fajada Butte.
But I would not need to be told
how to be
 if they, long ago,
 should find me there in their minds,
a useless dream shape
from who knows where.
 I know enough.

 (The sacred
and profane
are sacred.)

I know that hills and peaks
are the cores
of caves and the deep;
that everything fits;
that the present
is the core of the past--
 so I know
 what is there
 at the top
as a novice knows
what is to be known
in places too holy
for knowing alone.

We go to a hill each New Year's eve,
and watch the sky on our backs among shards,
backed up to rabbit grass knolls,
waiting for shooting stars.
We are children in this,

knowing the truth
without
being it yet.

And I remember there
the old watcher on La Fajada
waiting and waiting,
working not to wait,
working not to want
 something to happen.

On my back on the hill
I know I know nothing,
will never know anything else
 but what I can guess:
that the dream dark sea of space and time
is real
 beyond thought,
that we witness
the edge of a fact vaster than death ever was,
that the whole
 endless
 enterprise of the atoms
results in love
as real as the stars ever are.

I need nothing more.
Stars give light;
 I see it.
Humans love;
 I feel it.
Proof enough.
 In the wild, serene,
 annihilating
 night,
we are real,

we belong.

We are real.

