

We see hoof prints in the sands  
 and follow them to this listening room  
 of field stones—this sunlit pasture—  
 letting their words embed themselves  
 like seeds. Wild squatters, we climb boundless  
 up the dizzying stairs, reaching an open bloom  
 of windows and light. In semi-circles  
 we cradle their quick, thick lines  
 warm as wine, thinking, *Let it come!*  
 and *How can they know?*

Under a ramshackle trellis of lights,  
 they tap sun and frost and sanity,  
 about what could be ours  
 when we wake alone, uncomprehending  
 clouds, or the wind off the water  
 burning away in us, awakening a response.  
 Rhythms rise, heads dip, arms sail, as if rowing  
 to some shore that is ours alone.  
 The unspeakable sea surrounds us, taking on  
 its new spring look. Existing as a page of lines,  
 as waves that come and go.  
 We flock under their green fronds,  
 lean into what we hear, for joy, the rippled tassels  
 of seaweeds, a mother calling, a baby's cry.  
 In the silence, hidden stars press  
 like shells to our ears.  
 What did you hear, traveling home,  
 like your thoughts?

This is not a dream, though our trodden hearts  
 are stamped with hoof prints.  
 In a nearby pasture, horses feed,  
 then gaze up—at once—what are they looking for?  
 What mystery or triumph here is heard?  
 Everywhere, music. The spring center,  
 our bowed spines, the changelless brilliance  
 from inside.

They spare us  
 the cleaning up after the party,  
 all the skeleton-words—their suicidal bloom  
 into night—swept up, drop by bodiless drop,  
 from a distant bleak beach,  
 the way the Towers was spared  
 from a fire long ago.  
 Out of nowhere, flames curled around the frame,  
 overcoming the object of love. Who can say  
 we will not be spared,  
 just as the Towers withdrew  
 to the heights into itself, to bloom again,  
 this fortress of so much intimate stone.  
 Or how, sun-thickened, it was meant to stand  
 —the way prayer swims inward—alone.

## Why We Climb

*On a reading of poems at the Towers*



Beatrice Lazarus

They come slowly up, swim  
 reddened seas to get here. The night before  
 they could not sleep, eyes fixed on feckless  
 words, lines criss-crossed, passed over, tossed  
 into black wastebaskets, declarations  
 unsaid. Some things are not meant to be read.  
 They'll force a galaxy into an ocean,  
 sunrise into the glow of a clock, a great wave  
 of sighs into the kiss goodnight.

*Please recycle to a friend!*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Photo by Richard Benjamin  
 - by kind permission -  
 //richardbenjamin.zenfolio.com

Origami Poems Project™

### Why We Climb

Beatrice Lazarus © 2013

