

## TEMPLE RITES AT EAGLE CREEK GORGE

*Here Lies Father Earth  
Here Is Stability and Gravity*

Between  
stately columns  
royal eagles  
at their crowns  
each bend reveals  
a more interior  
temple room  
each closer to  
where mountain top  
and river source  
unite.

The priestess  
awakes  
from  
glacial  
sleep  
dancing  
in drops  
in rivulets  
from trees  
and branches  
rushing

amidst wildflowers  
cascading through  
rising mists  
down every bank  
into the river  
she runs  
in the springtime sun  
pulled by  
inevitable nature  
to her lover of  
stable stone

Here  
woman  
penetrates  
man  
unceasingly  
deepening  
the narrow way  
between the  
hemispheres of his  
fractured  
heart

He cries  
"Deeper! —  
I need you  
to carve my beauty  
I need you  
to sculpt my soul."  
He holds her  
resting  
in the quiet pools  
she hews.

Between  
stately columns  
the vision holds  
through millenia  
till  
work complete  
beauty perfected  
they take their  
first and  
final breath  
of  
infinite air