

SUSAN TICHY

That Most Heart-Exciting of Earthly Things

'Wind and thunder cross my threshold'
Child masturbating on the edge of a door
—any moment in which to practice *calm*
'With your own body carry yourself'
Though we were less strong
than stubborn
Writing with gloves on, burning scrap
Freeing a doe with her hind leg caught in a fence
'If you don't wash your clothes
you can carry smoke'
scribbled inside my copy of *High Path*
'Roads appear and disappear'
'We walked upon the very brink'
Large, therefore, is spoken of
Tea settles in a dirty cup
And a few pennies left
for the news
'War horses graze by the city walls'
'Seed pods ripen to brilliant red'
Trim the wicks, so the lamps burn brighter
Leave the window open
for company
The car high-centered in knee-deep ruts
Ridge-tops shining by starlight
As the master says: impossible
to set a mountain before your eyes