

Seismic Dream

Walking in dream space, the
Magnet draws my steel resistance towards
Larger-than-self forces,

Carrying me and my fears
Past childhood understandings
Pulsating towards the unknown.

My vehicle in this not-knowing is change,
Questioning is my sail to understanding
Questioning the continuous motion to survive.

The landscape is now man-made.
Post-war Industry's iron cathedrals are dying,
Expectations wither and quake.

My tools and materials are dated and wasteful.
But guilt will not make concrete my abstract thoughts.
My watery waves of resilience waltz me along.

Step-by-step my rhythmic mobility seeks equilibrium while
Still small roots ground me in beliefs, loves, and fears.
These twisting energies drag yet pull me along.

One foot in front of another,
Is it the one or the other in the lead?
Trusting the movement is my anchor and my raft.

- Pattie Porter Firestone, 2011