



BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

—SHANN RAY

I wonder if suicides aren't in fact sad guardians of the meaning of life.

—Václav Havel

Are there any real questions
to be asked anymore,
like the one
you asked me
when we walked among blue spruce mountains
and saw a yellow butterfly,
paper thin,
almost stumbling in the air
over the timothy grass along the river:
Why does water sometimes seem to pause and run
against itself
before going on?
Do we still speak the big truths?
Who are we? Why are we here?
Who were we meant to be?
We need something physical, Lord knows,
like the light
in these loyal mountains
even after the day dies. I won't forget the night
you placed your hands on the back of my head
and whispered.
I had my face in my arms
but I heard you, your beautiful voice
saying do not be afraid.