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Jon Remmerde

I Spoke with Raven and Coyote

early this morning.
They spoke in knowledge,
their mouths and throats
not formed of words,
their minds,
their ways of thinking,
not formed of words.

They explained to me,
when I walked up the hill
while the moon shone.
This hilltop, Raven told me,
there is no other hilltop.
This is all of existence.

Trillions of trillions of hilltops
Coyote and Raven said.
I rejected man-like thoughts
trying to form in my mind
to obscure what I heard
from wild voices.

This planet is all of reality
is all that exists
is a planet of millions of hilltops
in a universe of trillions of planets.

This is what we sing about, Coyote said,
and Raven said, I fly about this.
This is why I fly
and sing
this is why

The moon
as slow as ice melting
set behind snow on mountains.
Sun rose
brilliant gold in infinite blue.

Coyote sang and Raven flew and sang.

I will try
to exit humanness on this hilltop,
to form wild sounds.
Moon sets in my throat.
Sun rises from my mouth.
I touch infinite blue sky,
become wild notes of joy
above wild hilltop
then quiet to uncountable
shades of blue.