

Poetry Flowing From the Heart Of Another

There are probably as many ways to approach writing poems as there are poets. Certainly, taking classes on this subject could broaden anyone's approach and constructive criticism from an apt teacher could provide useful guidelines.

Another way to look at it is to wonder what your thoughts would be if they were just allowed to form. Most of us don't take the time to stop and look at where our thoughts are going or what they might have to say to us. We see random thought as pretty willy-nilly and, therefore, useless.

Ah, but what if it were focused and then allowed to drift around? What then? Could we have an interesting and pleasurable time watching what bubbled to the surface?

Come with me one step further, and consider opening up to the experience of another. Beyond our prejudices is it possible to tune into someone else? What would that be like...if we were to let a poem from someone else's heart come up through ours and onto paper?

Here is what came to me when I was with my daughter recently. She was looking at raw land off the grid with nothing on it except what she termed a "strawbale house."

My judgments were strong; it was desolate there, dry and hot. It was barren and felt almost hostile. There were large and small critters there that I would not want to co-exist with...slithering through the dead grass, bounding over the rocks, and sneaking around at night. Why would anyone ever want to be without a reliable power source?

While she talked with the owner and tramped around outside with him, I sat for a while in the tiny, one room house and let myself come up with the willingness to see it through her eyes. The following poem was the result of that reverie.

ADOBE OASIS By Luise Volta

Cool in this strawbale house. Very quiet. Peaceful.
The building snuggles down. Solid. Welcoming. Protective.
Just "there"... "here". Being

Hot outside. Prairie winds.
Distance folding and unfolding. More than quiet. Silent.
God's footprints everywhere from glaciers of old.
Harsh land. Soft, too. Ancient, not just aging.
Primal, forceful nothingness.

Invisible animals: gophers, wild cats, deer, coyotes, snakes.
Landowners of yore. Wandering still.

A place to meditate and not know that you are.

Water can tame it, what you want to tame.
Trees and plants can be made to flourish in safety...behind fences.
They will nurture and nourish.
Primitive and modern...why not both? Why not indeed?

No bed downstairs. No way. A floating bedroom, only.
The loft is holy...like owning a cloud. Oh, the rain on the roof!
Guests can bunk in the tent trailer! Temporary migrants.

Stately Ponderosa pines, silent.
Quivering aspens, like silver pennies, whispering their silly secrets.
This homestead was here before you were born. Before your parent's parents.

It speaks of the eons after you leave and hardly notices your footfall.

Yet, beneath this land lies the heart of "all that is"...beating.

It calls to you, "Come and reduce yourself to manageable proportions.

Come and rest and reflect. Come and work and heal.

Get comfortable with yourself and The Mother.

Melt into the mold and become."

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About the Author

Luise Volta's life has included careers in nursing, teaching pre-school, interior design, Real Estate sales, insurance adjusting, and dairy herd testing.

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