A Double Portion of Thy Spirit

Margaret Buxton

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To reach the mountain, climb and soar.
To know the ocean, float on turbulence.
These are the motions of the soul.

We have great mountains here; they say, "Mountains take the place of sea." When I stood at the Crest, my eyes looked down upon a hawk, and I was reconciled.

Until the wind came in the night, casting itself as pounding surf upon the shore; it flowed and ebbed with gurgling breath, spewing the sand it gathered from the shoals.

Then I could see the ocean where the desert spread, the layers of atmosphere, bluer than a clear lagoon, the mesas crowned with sedimentary rock, each limestone ledge a catacomb of old aquatic life. Grottoes sculptured by a ceaseless tide are mountain caves; high lonely rocks, once islands underneath this moon. Sage and tumbleweed upon the sands, waver in the wind as coral fans below the vanished deeps.

The sand and water each create mirage. We gaze at mountains and they seem as distant land across a phantom sea.
A double portion of thy spirit on this wilderness. The soul recalls the pulses of the deep, the glory of lost wings.

—Margaret Buxton