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A Double Portion of Thy Spirit

Margaret Buxton

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A Double Portion of Thy Spirit

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