

Once

Once I grew brown and covered with fur,
And waited for old and long and winter.
Once I heard, "Welcome and won't you come in?"
And waited for old and tired and friend.

Once I felt even and straight and true,
And danced with, even laughed with blue.
Once I knew mountains and stars and fly,
And whistled with Red-tails in the sky.

Once I curled soft in root and stone
And called cool moss and leafy fern home.
Once I traced shadows in the sky
And into clouds wove dreaming.

Once I grew round and covered with green,
And waited for new and soft and spring.
Once I felt sky-fire split, and death and birth,
And tasted the cool sweet strong brown earth.

Once I knew nothing and moon and time,
And listened to dark wood and river rhyme.
Once I held words as sacred, and I do
Now know the soft name of singing.

Once I curled soft in root and stone...

Once I grew brown and covered with fur...