

Journal notes 9/21/17 all but illegible as written in the dark of nightfall....

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Evening—about 8:00—Katydid sweet and rhythmic, a last bird at the feeder chipping, a far-off dog barking, cars whirring past, crickets chirping the temperature with brittle feet, the high sky a faded, silken Venetian blue mottled with soft gold filigree of cloud; to the Northwest soft mohair skeins, grey tinged with orange--where the sun sets this Autumnal Equinox Eve, due west, burnished tangerine sets off stark silhouettes of graceful curving maple trunks and delicate tracery of leaves—southwest, grey cloaks spread soft over pale coral seas, the horizon before me a firm line of dove grey upon which the coral laps a farther shore—

Look again northwest and the grey has gone all peach smoke, wisping, the gold filigree above, pearled peach stipple like the interior of a precious shell—I feel for a moment as if I am cupped under an inverted abalone, everything sacred kept safe and secreted—

And now—too soon colors fade and leach so everything is black against a smoky blurred dream of remembered blue—one high lake the tenderest cerulean promise of dawn again—no pinprick star—no sickle moon, barest crescent after her nights dark—promise indeed, boundless—

If this is all there is it is splendor enough—who could want more than the rippled spindrift on the Firmament's shore? Who would want more than witness of treasure beyond keeping? Who could want more than the perfection of night music from hearts singing praise, mine, theirs inseparable, onening in dusky affirmation—

Somewhere all that has been lost resides and yet sings—somewhere all the souls of trees threshed like grain, the wailing babies in forgotten famines, the countless corals and plundered plains—the indigenous geniuses—somewhere all they were is potent for an uprising—upwelling of remembrance and resurrection—

Grace. Yes.

Remembrance. Yes.

Sacrament. Yes.

Love. Yes.