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Ruth and Ken

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Ruth and Ken

RUTH AND KEN

She's the fountain,
he the water jar.

They leap continents
ears tasting underground
for the stone-cool water drops
their fingers can see the ozone smell-of
before a spade or trowel may untouch
the web of mother earth's womb.

Machu Picchu and Mesa Verde
respect Ken and Ruth Wright

For their half-step, quarter-step,
go-slow no-step solution to progress –
progress backwards.

Consider this engineering argument
your lawyer mate can calculate precisely,
matching your insight: the Wright Corollary –
Shoe-Be-Do, tread softly and carry a walking stick,
for the present's a rocky prologue to the past and
contemporary civilization a remnant of ancient
understandings modern myths obscure.

Get up early. Ken and Ruth aren't talking the
cutting edge of dull, no TV-staged exotic island enticement
where the Survivor leaves her unspared change with
an advertiser before changing channels

They're talking rock tongues in high places where
condors wheel at your feet and pot sherds speak
with thirsty lips in high-hand niches holding out
for a good rain.

"Take a look at this, Hobbit." Ruth relates a piece
of mug that flashes a zig-zag pattern of black and white
lightning, "Pueblo II." Ken writes in his field book
yet another second coming.

Come you the departed whole of the sky, the ground,
the underground, come trinity the ancient ones
revered as one. Mountain goat on weathered outcrop.
Llama ash on water. Corn roots feeling their way
down. For the dead do not sleep but preside
among us, "Que Milagro!"

I am the arc that nests this mountain,
hold to my umbilical.

(in celebration of Ken and Ruth Wright
bringing the water heritage of the Americas
back home, President's Award, Colorado
Foundation for Water Education 2008)