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**Waiting for me.**

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# Waiting for Me

DANIEL LARSON

Silver sun-bleached manzanitas lived, died  
And did not wait for me;  
Ten-story pine scrapes sky where its parent ashed,  
Will one day wave the air where no ear sounds  
While fire seedlings break ground ungardened.

The water in this pond runs, comes and goes  
And does not wait for me;  
Granite domed rock tops bubble and warp round  
Rivulets of yellow glass-green, bend  
Short-lived or eternal as any now.

This place was place before I came to it,  
Will be no less long after my trace fades—  
It does not wait for me  
To live or move or make a joy of being;  
But rock might be seat so long as I sit,  
Water pipes songs while I am here to hear,  
Pine trunks tell tales in ringed myth cycles  
That with the luminous earth invite a Name.

I carry fiction frames for everything:  
They hold and withhold goodness, beauty, truth;  
Frames finely wrought or crude or mirror-made  
Over-shoulder cultivated vision;  
Carved like lovers' names in path-lined tree trunks,  
They mark anticipation, awakening,  
And groaning for completion, till a place  
Can be a beautiful place, a river  
Song,  
A tree a story, a rock

A seat.

And all the while the water still runs free:

it does not wait for me;

It moves beauty beyond itself, beyond

Myself—I, beauty beholder—toward

Silver sun-bleached manzanitas

ten-story pines

granite domes and

—now—

the frame.