Solitude

BY CHRISTINE CONDIT

Know, strong roots, know
that not only earth is deep and vast,
but hearts also.

Know, flowers, massed
apart from the nourisher which lent you birth,
earth,
know that no matter how high
you flourish in the sun’s lone, intoxicating eye,
you die.
Freedom from the clinging earth is never quite given to you.

Know, self, know
that never quite starts
freedom from the clinging loves and hearts;
though you reach with mighty grasp indeed
toward the sun which is your solitude.