

Housing the Indefinite

by Dianna MacKinnon Henning

How might I kayak my body
into the flow that empties into the ocean,

live in the lives of all things that cover earth;
to bloom as flower, to leaf on a bough?

To have no thought but the feel
of water expanding me until, I, too,

flow downstream, present
as all things are that are uniquely existent.

O, expansion, you are not a circus,
but you are the water I was first baptized with.