

## Sarah Rehfeldt

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### Abstract

This is how it's done:  
You lay down some color  
a certain thickness  
on the earth.  
You trace it back  
all the way  
to the far edge of the horizon  
with your eyes,  
never stopping –  
everything spilling out ahead of you  
into what can only be  
the perfect amount of light –  
and wait here.  
The way the wind will whisper over,  
cloud-swirled and violet,  
the shape of moon  
or hint of blue  
revealed inside its pebbled grayness –  
you will have to let it shimmer in your mind a distance,  
then quick-like, mark it permanent  
before the sky erases.

## **Landscape Taken While Looking Up Through Cedar**

Shifting, without words, the clouds  
and earth and beauty  
and what my place is in it –  
that I might find it still,  
if measured  
by breath,  
not distance.

## Threshold

It is no small thing to have come here,  
child that you are,  
remembering what was lost,  
searching the sky  
for that which was wet and beautiful about this place.  
The clouds, for instance,  
half-stained in memory,  
their place on the horizon slowly gathering attention.  
Or the wind, perhaps,  
threadlike and quiet,  
finding its way here again,  
back into this world,  
no longer pressing to the earth.  
Even now the clear green-gold of summer  
is opening into autumn.  
Even now the rain,  
wanting to keep this sound alive,  
is picking up where it left off.

## **Mosaic**

(*"found" objects*)

I want more than a word.  
I want to make it last.  
I want it to speak for me no words can speak,  
to put the pieces back together again, one by one.  
I want to know, when I look up at the sky at night,  
that shard I placed there wasn't stained glass after all,  
but a handful of light scattered on the horizon.  
I want to make mistakes.  
I want to hold that tiny, opalescent gem inside my hand  
like the weight of a raindrop  
and know each syllable of water got communicated.  
I want to ask about the small things –  
how this seashell once containing life was shaped  
or if that stone was tumbled by the brook.  
I want to be able to pick it up and turn it over,  
run my finger across its spine  
and question how these fractures got here.  
I want to see myself reflected in that mirror  
and ask myself the same questions.  
How am *I* connected to every living thing?  
I want to make that concrete.

## Tuesday Something

And what does it matter  
I've been sitting at the window all day  
watching fall  
leaves glitter on the water?  
It doesn't really matter,  
does it?

**Sarah Rehfeldt** lives with her family in western Washington where she is a writer, artist, and photographer. Her publication credits include *Appalachia*; *Blueline*; *Written River*; *Weber – The Contemporary West*; and *Presence: An International Journal of Spiritual Direction*. Her work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize in poetry and *The Orison Anthology*. Sarah is the author of *Somewhere South of Pegasus*, a collection of image poems. It can be purchased through her photography web pages at [www.pbase.com/candanceski](http://www.pbase.com/candanceski)