

# Poems

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Chris Hoffman is the author of two books of poetry: *Cairns* (where both of the following poems are included) and *Realization Point* as well as a book on ecopsychology and spirituality titled *The Hoop and the Tree*. All of his books are available through Amazon.com or through your local bookseller. He works as an organizational consultant, focusing on organizations committed to sustainability. More information is available at [www.hoopandtree.org](http://www.hoopandtree.org). He says, "I am profoundly grateful for Hakomi work. I have found it to be transformative, both personally and professionally."

## Go There

Go there  
for the nothing that is there.  
You may find the lakes,  
minted from sunlight  
or moody in their mists and veils.

You may creep, small and warily,  
under the tall suspended pounce  
of cliffs.

You may stagger ankle-deep  
through the juicy green  
of mountain meadows,  
dazzled by their embroidered robes  
of white and yellow flowers.

Your fingers may feel  
the specific grittiness of this rock.

You may stand up under the stars  
wearing nothing but starlight.

All you behold  
is the universe looking at you.

The wide sweep of the tundra,  
the pine trees stooped by the wind,  
the sharp peaks, the falls of tumbling water—  
the whole land hums the tunes  
of sacred geometry.

Go there opening the miracle  
like a swimmer parting the water.

There, where gravity is the first teacher,  
you push the earth away with each step,  
with each step you return.  
Slowly you discover

you fill your place  
as water fills a cup  
as one hand greets another.

Each part of this universe  
reaches out invisible arms  
anticipating your love.

Go there for the nothing you are.  
The clenched bubble of separate identity  
rises to the surface  
and, with a little sparkle,  
relaxes open.

### Silence on the Desert

Silence on the desert  
is a diamond of the first water,  
brilliantly clear;  
where the only sound at all  
is the tender pulse  
whispering in your ear.

Mature, massy silence  
aged like fine wine  
in cellars of naked rock  
makes of a single birdcall  
a comma between eons.

Settling on that silence  
as a compass needle on its jewel  
you may pivot to your true direction.

At night the stars  
wheeling in the utter deep  
lean their huge weight on this silence  
and—as diamond cleaves diamond—  
split away  
all you thought you were,  
leaving you ever smaller  
and more infinite.