Poems

Chris Hoffman, MEd, MBA, LPC

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. 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.