

Apukám

By Natalie Zend

You have been with me this whole time,
though I can never touch you.

You have come to me in dreams,
at unexpected times as the years pile up since you left,
knocking at the door,
calling me.

Each time I've turned to you,
to your legacy—
as you left it in poems and books, images and melodies—
I've ended up being called back
to your legacy,
as you left it in this pulsing flesh,
this living, dancing, fragile body.

If I take your photo
and look deeply into your eyes,
I see the cosmos
and, zooming into its still centre,
I see myself.

We meet there,
in that cosmic, timeless place
of tender hearts,
of dreams waiting for resolution,
of life aching for itself,
wanting to find its beginning,
wanting to meet its own unfolding.

I am your real life Oāb,
the creation you seeded.
You passed too soon,
and now you cannot rest
until this creation becomes creator in her own right.

You find me in dreams,
in healers' prophecies and prescriptions
to egg me on
to nudge and pull me forward
into my own maturation

until at last, I find you again—

not as daughter with father,
but as creation merging with its own still centre
to become Creator, one with you my creator,
one with the Creator that we both enfold.

I find you so we can form
one unbroken line
of life
unfolding life.

You come back to me in signs,
in the summons of friends,
begging me to heal you,
crying for me to tend, and mend
the YouandI that is,
in timeless time at the hub of the vortex,
a Moebius strip—
two faces,
a single line.

We cry out to each other
across the dark gulf of time,
through the veil between worlds,
the sharp presence of each others' absence,
until our two forlorn voices
become a single infinite cry,
merging into the most potent,
the most fertile sound of all—
silence.

The still darkness of my pupil.

Your finger pointing to
the centre of the spiral.

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