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Gravity

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Gravity

by Lance Nizami

What can I derive from a treeless mountain meadow?

How sunny the alpine meadow, the grasses dry and golden

A high-up alpine meadow feels my boots upon it, no complaints

It pushes back a feeling to my feet

My feet attract the meadow; the meadow pulls my feet, pulls at my boots

A tan-brown deer is watching me from far across the meadow

So safe and calm, she stares, unblinking, curious; a tan-brown deer

Her feet, too, pull the meadow, and the meadow pulls those hard and narrow hooves

Each time she lifts a hoof, the meadow pulls it back

Can we begin to find the peace of an empty mountain meadow?

The she-deer stares at me from far-off woods' edge

She seems to say, *Make up your mind, for I myself was here before you came*

Red moons ago my family came exploring—curiosity, she says, the deer

Or, at least, that's what she thinks—interpreting her wriggling lips is hard

Perhaps she chews her food, ignoring me: *the humans! All the same*

What should I say to this fine doe in this high valley?

Walk too close to her, and she will retreat, too smart for contact

Her distance, far from me, is her protection

The privilege, now, is mine to watch her eat—

Derive a calming moment, a few short minutes, in this mountain meadow.

