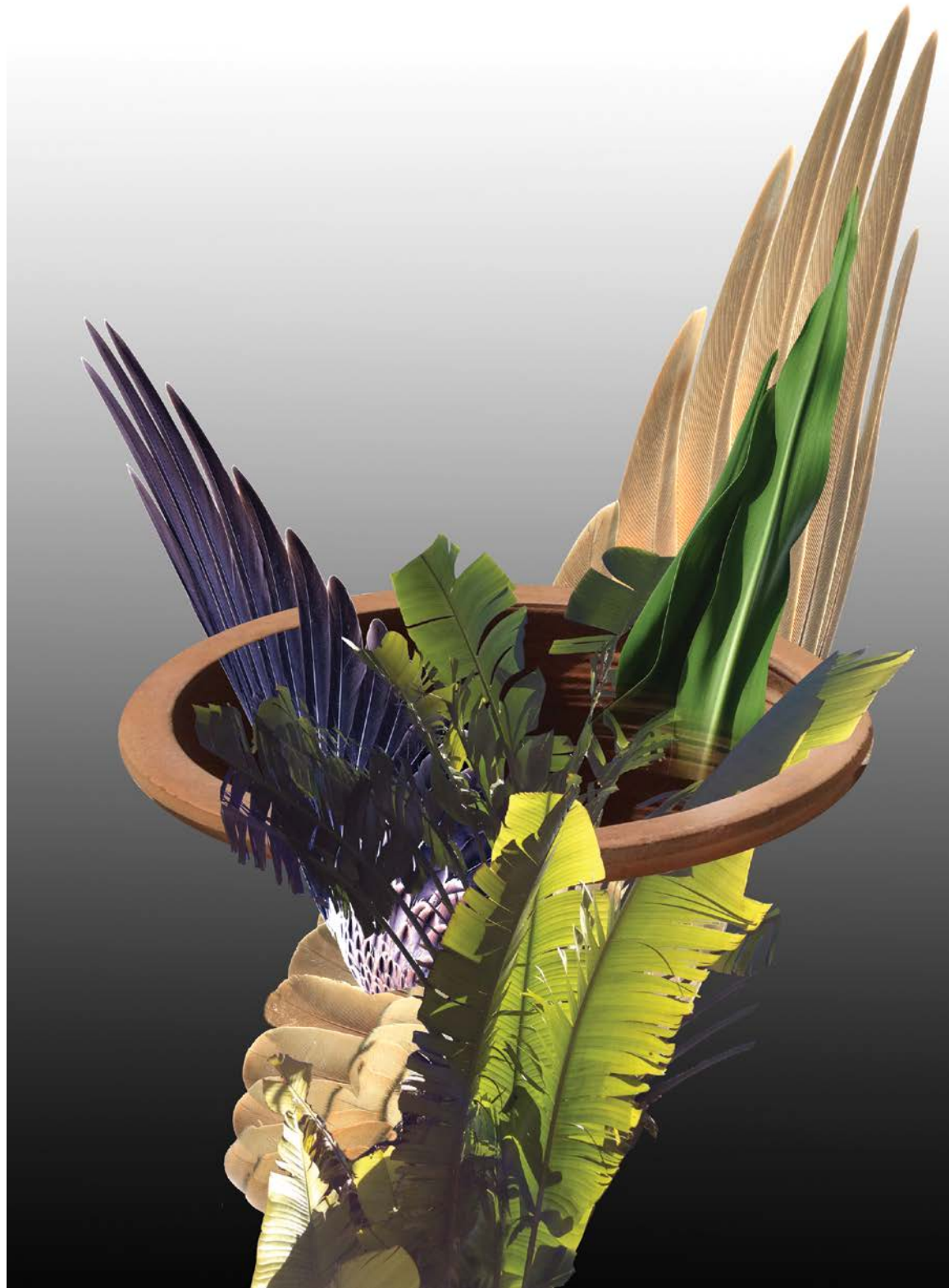


LAWRENCE BACH

PV 4, 2016

Digital image on water color paper, 16 x 22 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

TERRY ADAMS

Flying over the Sierra

I turn to the airplane's window,
away from the crowded,
padded hum,
and the mountaintops below
pull my breath into space,
close as that ancient
gauze sliding door
in the Confessional,
of my youth, where the old,
deaf priest's breath
was the only sound in the holy dark,
drawing those tectonic syllables
from my throat bless me—
remembered now in flight,
bless me Father,
in the burden of my chest,
as I fill and empty myself over the mountains—where I see
myself a rock on that closest peak,
lifted there by the movement of geologic plates, dried oceans,
and I am breaking
from myself, by grace of thin air,
this thrill of personal weight,
grinding the stone of my
thoughts into water
and slurry. Love of the body
pulled, changing every syllable,
my deeds fractured,
bouncing into the canyons,
into the creeks receiving
the sand of myself,
knowing like the mountain
I shall be lifted,
and folded, cracked and layered,
buried and crushed and redeemed
into air, into earth.

Terry Adams has poems in *Poetry*, *Ironwood*, the *Sun Magazine*, *Witness*, *College English*, *Bellowing Ark*, the *Sand Hill Review*, *Quarry West*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, and elsewhere. He emcees poetry events at the Beat Museum in San Francisco and in La Honda and reads regularly at the Waverley Writers in Palo Alto and the Not Yet Dead Poets in Redwood City. His first collection, *Adam's Ribs*, is available from Off the Grid Press. He lives in Ken Kesey's infamous 1960s cabin in La Honda, California, that he rescued from destruction in 1998.