## TO THE GEYSERS

Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport.

## 1. Sleep by the Hot Stream

Gentle as breathing

down to us it spills
From geysers heard but hidden by the hills.
Those starlit scalps are parched blond; where we lie
—The small flat shelf of earth fed evenly
By warmth and wet—there's dark grass fine as hair.

This is our bedroom, where we learn the air, Our sleeping bags laid out in the valley's crotch. I lie an arm-length from the stream and watch Arcs fading between stars. There

bright! faint! gone!

More meteors than I've ever set eyes on: Flash-heads that vanish as they are defined, Their own end streaking like a wake behind.

I must have been asleep when morning came. The v-sides of our shadowed valley frame The fair hill clothed in sunshine opposite. Park-like, the live oaks standing separate With heavy festooned arches. Now it's day We get up naked as we intend to stay.

Gentle as breathing

 $\label{eq:Sleep} Sleep \ by \ the \ hot \ stream \ broken.$  Bright, faint, and gone. What I am now has woken.

Thom Gunn (First part of five from a small work in progress.)