

Divine Tension

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Not mechanistic, but divine,
 these harp strings taut with tension,
 sing with the Harpist's touch,
 straining from low to high and back again,
 stroking our yearning upward,
 stilling in our sinking downward.

For, physicality demands a base from which to rise,
 some challenge, rooted deep in soil or bone,
 and some ethereal point by which to guide
 compulsions of desire and despair.

Drowning in muck, we rise for air
 even as green tips reach for sky.

Here, from lowly, broken seeds,
 emerge the cells that anchor down,
 and strive, like neurons groping blind
 within the confines of the heart,
 to inch their way toward light.

And so, the unseen Harpist grasps
 tightens, tries and sounds
 tendrils, tendons, nerves, resolve,
 and with infinities of love,
 evokes from us our songs.

*This poem touches on how spiritual longing necessitates
physical existence and vice versa.*