

### *The Wilderness*

How I loved the wilderness long ago.  
I couldn't wait almost.  
At every chance I ran  
just to the edge of the unknown.  
Pitched my tent  
and ate from *the cup*  
I would use to brush my teeth  
the morning after.  
And from *the cup*  
I drank in *Glorious*.  
There in the womb  
of Earth's embrace.

The wilderness comes to me now  
and to more than me alone.  
And at the edge of the unknown,  
these days...  
a harbinger of angst,  
isolation  
and no Wonder.  
Or do I not perceive  
the *Mystery* before me now  
and before more than me alone?  
Here in the womb  
of Earth's embrace.

By Sister Pam Hinkle