

MYTHIC PASSAGES
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Poems from *Drawn by the Creek*

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Born in 1942, Robert Giannetti has worked in business and in education, and lived in both urban and rural areas. He is a former Army officer, college teacher and administrator, foundation executive, and managing partner of a human resources consulting firm. Attaining a Ph. D. in English Renaissance literature, he ultimately spent a large part of his life applying his liberal education to very practical ends in business and civic endeavors. Giannetti says that writing is the unifying force in his life.

Greeting

It is inevitable that the wind
whip up poetry,
that the rising sun raise
demands for drama,
that the day pulse
with sudden meaning,
that silent surges of energy
from unknown sources
stir consciousness and expression.
My feet planted on the ground
are part of the same body
whose hand
in a burst of motion
can reach upward and outward
into the limitless expanse
beyond my fingertips, into
a space felt but unseen,
connecting with other motions and forces
in the fullness of time and space.

These lines, now freed from my consciousness,
greet you
at some unexpected time and place
upon this page you turned
with your own hand.
It is a greeting, not to be seen
only as cast in my words,
but felt, in the fluid passage
of this and every moment,
as a force flowing
in a dimension
all its own —
connecting me to you, one to all,
through vast undulating waves,
loose-binding bands
weaving through a universe
both as real and as insubstantial
as the solid earth I press beneath my feet
and the inviting space my fingers feel
as my hand is extended
to you.

Bear

I wait for the bear to reappear
on my steps
as the grey deepens into
the tightening darkness
of a late autumn afternoon.
The shocking shortness of the day
grips something way down
in my phylogeny,
something that fears
the night coming on and the cold.
I retreat back into the warmth
of the cabin, my consciousness
that of someone inside
looking out.
The stillness occasionally
flickers in the fire.
The ticking of the clock
tells me I am somewhere,
waiting to emerge
from the confinement, out
into the light
of a distant hour to come.
For now, the night
is roamed by the unseen bear
who visited my porch,
heedless of the hour,
exhulting in the freedom
of the cold and the darkness —
the forest beyond my door.

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