

To Shigir

When your makers were here on this earth,
In the early hours of the dawn when the mind floats
free from daily worries.

How did they dream you then?
Some say you are a creation myth. A navigational aid or map.
Or a warning not to come closer. Or perhaps a forest spirit.
Or to honor Gods or one's ancestors.

It has been thought for a long time by those in our sciences that your
makers were too young in the history of human making to make art.
It is the tired story of the European attempt to deny art to those who are
outside the classical history of art. Or who were not domesticators of
animals.

But was it not that aching want to unite sky and earth through a body of
earth and sky?

To rejoice in being a borderline between worlds?
Or did the new forests emerging around your makers
cause them to pause and wish to join
and be a tree being?

Now, we cannot stand between sky and earth with our bodies. We have
much repair to make in our destructions of each.
And will beginning modestly be of any help?

Maria Thereza Alves
Napoli, August 22, 2021