

*A Poetic tribute to Tatiana
Prosvirnina (February 1982 –
October 1998).*

Tatiana

By Frank Kyle

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Frank Kyle

Tatiana



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Tatiana,
you have left this place of time
this enchanted realm
of terrible beauty
and now journey through
landscapes of memory.
The tragedy of human folly
can no longer sadden you.
Still, your presence
would have lightened
the hearts of many.
You were always the sunlight.

Death came for you
and broke our hearts.
So I placed your memory
within the Ark of my soul
and together we visited
Creation's holy places

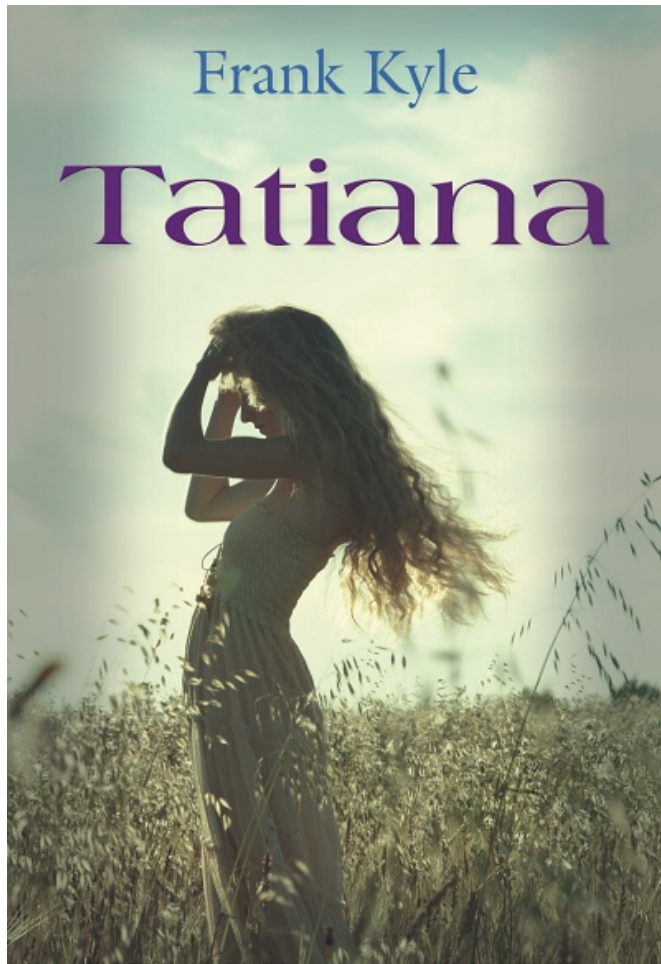
Again I wish to escape
with you
to other timeless places
where memories
of times past
gather.

I seek
those natural eddies
of time
circling into moments
of patient tranquility
beyond the blind rush
of human striving
like that spring meadow in central Texas
where blue bonnets gather in celebration
before an onlooking oak
rooted in earth's wisdom.
It teaches stillness and observation
and oneness.

Foolish me
always hurrying about.
In the distance a meadowlark sings
that beautiful old tune
and my heart vibrates.
Do you feel it?
What more is needed, Tatiana,
than one's heart, eyes, soul
and the earth?
I don't need the Bible to tell me
about God's wrath or human sin.
Sin is everywhere
and punishment abounds.
I shall leave the old book in motel rooms
for lost souls to read.

And I shall not read the Koran.
I've seen its bloody, violent influence.
Why would I visit temples or mosques?
I have flowering meadows
mottled forests of spruce, fir, and aspen
red rock canyons
creation's footprints.
Their hallowed presence
surrounds me.

I need not the words of men
when I can hear the voice
of my other mother
who gave birth to the world
and its creatures.
I see her majesty
in the wind and rushing rivers
mountains and monuments.
I smell her near in the rain
feel her everywhere about me
in the soft sandy soil of undulating dunes
the motionless waves of desert seas.



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