

## Crossings

by Ravi Shankar

Between forest and field, a threshold  
like stepping from a cathedral into the street—  
the quality of air alters, an eclipse lifts,

boundlessness opens, earth itself retextured  
into weeds where woods once were.

Even planes of motion shift from vertical

navigation to horizontal quiescence:  
there's a standing invitation to lie back  
as sky's unpredictable theater proceeds.

Suspended in this ephemeral moment  
after leaving a forest, before entering  
a field, the nature of reality is revealed.