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Transition

It is so quiet I can hear the first faint breath of the cosmos, and the sighs of its mother, relaxing after birth. Stars above me as I walk away. Sirius barking while the dipper pours forth. I move companioned by silence and balanced between worlds. The sound of my steps ripples away and the tuning fork of morning coming alive, grows between the air. It is the moment of transition, the shutter click behind the world, when night bows out and exits, leaving daylight to the stage. It is a grain, a fractional wisp, a parcel of time so elusive that with a thought it is unmade.

Walking the River

I walked the river back through forest, brush, and time. I walked through eons, passed the relics and scribbled residue of all that went before. Eternity flowed beneath my feet and I walked the river back. I walked past the birth of suns and watched them fade to ash. Galaxies formed. heaved across the void to extinction and still I walked the river back. Each step evolved like an embryo, as my needless mesh and lattice work dissolved into essentials. I walked back until born from within and the river led me home.

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Greg Smith's poetry has appeared in The Antigonish Review and Umbrella. He was also awarded the first annual Quinte Arts Council poetry prize. Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Smith received a Bachelor of Science degree in Kinesiology from Dalhousie University. After fourteen years of living in Toronto, Greg and his wife relocated to the small city of Belleville, Ontario, where he currently earns his living providing personal training and physical rehabilitation services.