## FAULT LINES

## poem by Margaret Malochleb



To negotiate the terrain of devotion's darker questions, we set out in search of knowledge buried inside the mountain. Together we climbed the treacherous path littered with thistle, bindweed, cheatgrass. Held out our hands to pull each other up to the next outcropping. And as we tended our hunger, our thirst, our need for rest, the mountain watched, held its breath and waited for us to look down and see that the unwritten history inside every living thing is a borderless boundary that can never be breached.



