



*In response to Ingrid Tegner*

*Delving*

*Diving Delving Selving*

*“Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it.”*

— Norman Maclean

at the bottom of all  
lives connection  
blue to shore  
shore to ground  
ground to dust  
dust to me  
me to you  
and back to dust

fragile memory threads  
thru dna of ancestors  
a collective unconscious  
woven into  
stardust of our cells  
and selves

holy ground above us  
holy ground beside us  
holy ground beneath us  
holy ground inside us

the universe breathes  
and we are exhaled thru  
spinning gasses of blue  
fermented fluids of life,  
liquified, rarified,  
clarified by creation’s rules,  
simple, flowing  
and searching for home

**Melanie Faithful**  
Roaming Writers



Ingrid Tegner, *Delving*,  
encaustic on wooden  
panel with handmade  
paper (heirloom linen/  
abaca),thread, 14 x 11  
inches