

Haunting

The ghosts at your old place
stayed all night

banging on walls
When was the last time

either of us showed that
much devotion?

Desperados

Sun

sets

on horseback

the desert

a cracked

spine

On the horizon

inky silhouettes

sink

West

a murder

of crows

descending

on a canyon

of dreams

Chasing April

I

A goose at my window,

drinking in the horizon

II

Frost on the ground...still

Wendigo waits

with his heart of ice, tall

tales. I laugh at his jokes

put more wood on the fire

The truth? I have gone old

...waiting

III

At dusk, a deer grazes in

my headlights, searching

Three Mile Lake

There are whispers in the

cedar —

out here, cold cuts breath

like bone

Birds crack twilight

effortless as manna

In the morning I will

break camp with fog —

wander listless valleys

lucid as a salmon in rain

Philosophers Walk

Robin
shakes
a song

from
her red
throat —

a half
moon
casts

a cold
light.
In the

valley
I drift
into

still life
A mural
of

endless
echoes

PHILOSOPHERS WALK



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Please recycle to a friend!

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PHILOSOPHERS WALK

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