

Colors in Idaho

In October old Michael died,
out of grace and three weeks gone before
we found him, stark white
in that black oak bed of his.
It was cold in his cabin;
the winter started there.

Since then only the cabinets
above the stove seem warm,
where pilot lights burn all night
like single blue leaves.

This land, where movement
is only shadow, is weak testimony now.
Somewhere in the valley there are houses.
The wind is full of wolves.

Dark stallions, singing like cold wires
in the night, can't be seen from
the fences, even when the field
is full of snow.