

A Trapper Dreams of Silver Deer

The ridge is crusted with blue snow.
Evening descends, learning its way
to the river, the slow deep core of winter.

It is seven miles into the mountains,
past anything he might have recognized:
the turns in the wind

or the first shadow of the moon.
Under the snow the trapper stirs
in his blankets, his body vaguely aware

that the cold is turning darker.
In a longer journey, through a night
as tall as the wind, he finds

the last curve of transparent light.
The hawk pulls down the stars
and screams the night home.