

# A Courtship

*Joseph Fisher*

I remember the great bear  
circling the blue night,  
the black juniper and no motion.

Mornings we stretched  
our shirts over the fire  
and let smoke roll  
up our chests like wool  
and didn't mind the soot.

Then, she was rising  
through still water,  
spreading her body after  
on the bloodrock, the heat,  
the slow drumming of desert.

Afternoons I walked shirtless  
beside her, turning the canvas  
of my back to the sun, the stone  
of my forehead facing east  
to the Escalante, the Circle Cliffs,  
and maybe the Henry Mountains.

Those days were surprised doves  
out of the thick sunflower,  
and long, long past, but still

from the black hills  
of this place coyotes  
stretch their grey throats  
and moan down our walls.