

Reclamation

Ken Raines

The Oquirrh Mountains form a finger of land
which rests its tip in the Great Salt Lake. Slopes
behind alfalfa gently rise until they stop
where the motion of ancient waves left benches of sand.
Above these former beaches, abrupt juts
of stone angle into the eastern sky.
Below, we feel delivered, allowed a dry
miraculous passage when water fills the cuts
in the hills and tumbles through the gullies that lace
the bed of this landlocked and receded sea.
And even in extended absence, we
can sense a swell of gravity in this place.
We know the pull of refuge, the call of home;
in our tidal blood we feel compelled to come.