A Proposal

Evertt Williams

When your snow melts, pick a late spring day, and wear your Levis.

I'll find a pair of old boots, fit you in a worn saddle, and take you up my canyon,

pass falls and creeks, crisp with the roar of winter's flow, up through fresh green aspens, stepping over roots and worry, spurring on through rocks and muscle, and the sweaty pull of something bigger than ourselves.

Then we'll surrender to a thousand wild mountain flowers, forcing trails to end.