

## 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.