

*Still*

Turn out the lights—

Candle smoke

Rising in ringed

Spirals.

Song of the dead.

Song of the night.

Song of the wolf

Red jaws, yellowed

Teeth

Snow shaken

From racing paws

Mist hanging on

The crests,

The backs of crystalline air

Star-pricked sky

With navy dome

Pulled wide

Pregnant

With the coming dawn.

Speak to me

In riddles

In puzzles

Labyrinths

Crucifix-forms

Celtic architectures

Across the waves

The gale sings—

Her call leaps up

One-two

One-two

Two-two-two

Soft, throaty coo

Against the pristine

Calm

And peeking

Sunbeams

Chasing your ghost

Through the winding trees

As you stride

And leap like a doe

Chasing your heart

Through tangled tickets

Roots and shadows

Clasping at our feet

My lungs burning

And bursting

And still you run—